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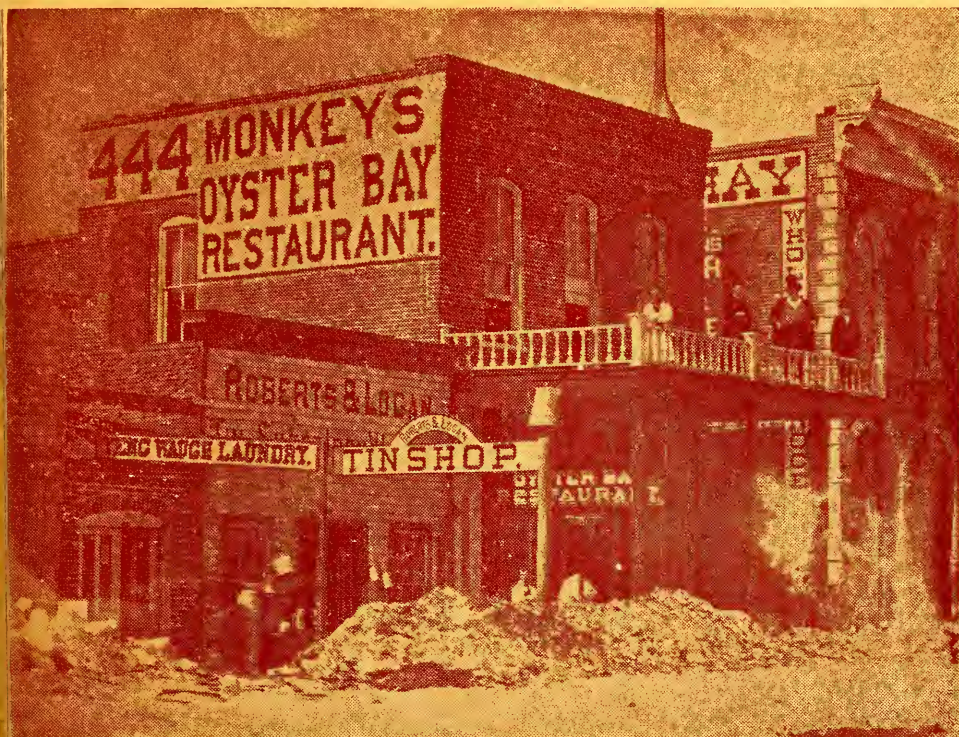


Photo by W. H. Masters, Cheyenne, 1878

PICTURE OF CHEYENNE 1878

Cheyenne as it looked during the first winter of
Governor Hoyt's administration.

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JOHN W. HOYT

*John Wesley Hoyt**

Territorial Governor of Wyoming
1878-1882

Edited by Dr. Henry J. Peterson

1. Pre-Wyoming Years of John Wesley Hoyt.

Whether a man is the product of the circumstances which develop about him or he is the force which moulds the happenings has been debated long and vigorously over the years. In reviewing the life of John Wesley Hoyt we see clearly the proof of both arguments. His high ideal for character, his driving urge for knowledge, his unusual personality, his tremendous capacity for work, his belief that the public servant can accomplish good for society and take joy in that accomplishment, all these he brought to the opportunities which opened for him in various fields. Those opportunities determined the direction of his efforts but his personal qualities determined the results achieved. That this man came to Wyoming seems a peculiar quirk of fate but her citizens can be grateful for the steps in progress taken in the 1880's due to his influence.

John Wesley Hoyt's parents were New England born. Stories of the rich farming lands and extensive forests of Ohio, to be had for a low price, attracted them to that state. In the new home John Wesley, their second son, was born October 13, 1831. His early years on the family farm made him a lover of nature and a student of agriculture and agricultural methods. He thoroughly enjoyed farm activities and, as a member of a very cooperative family, did his share of the farm work and of helping to pay off the farm mortgage. He shared with the family the prevailing American ambition of acquiring more and more land.

Sentimental and always a loyal member of the family, inclined also to rather extreme statements, he refers in his autobiography to his parents as being "as noble and beautiful souls as have found place on the earth since Adam and Eve."¹

*In preparing this paper use was made of a copy of a manuscript autobiography of John W. Hoyt. It was typed by his son, Kepler Hoyt, and is bound in a volume with a manuscript biography of John W. Hoyt's life for the years 1904-1912 by his son, Kepler. The volume is the possession of the Wyoming Historical department. References to the volume in this paper will be by Hoyt Autobiography.

1. Hoyt, Autobiography, pp. 1-2.

Attending country school it soon became known, he says, that his motto was, "First in the school and first in the field", for, he continues, "I was an ardent lover of my studies, and, when these had been provided for, found a supreme pleasure in out-running, out-jumping, out-wrestling and out-somersaulting any and all of the boys of about my age."²

It was the time of big political rallies with barbecues. A rally of this sort was advertised for Dayton, only 21 miles away, with Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden and Tom Corwin as orators of the day. Young Hoyt could not resist the temptation to find his way to the rally. Zacchaeus like, he chose a precarious seat in the fork of one of the four great maples which supported the speakers' platform. He was discovered by Henry Clay, who called him to the platform with the words, "And you, too, I see are a protectionist, my dear boy, and quite likely will support our cause on the platform, one of these days".³

Returning to school the following day John stood before the teacher and pupils to apologize for his escapade but in so doing he made so graphic a picture of what he had seen and heard, that he [the teacher] "glowed all over with pardons", and the whole school appeared to regret that they had not followed his example.

Following his public school attendance and some home study the family decided that John Wesley was to attend the newly established Ohio Wesleyan University. Here he was more than welcomed since his father was an influential member of the Methodist Church.

Telling of the completion of his college course and the breaking of home ties, Hoyt suggests the close relation between the members of the family. In spite of the separation, he writes, "The golden cord that hitherto had made us as truly one as the members of any family ever were, in any land or age—that could never be broken".⁴

Young Hoyt now decided to study law and entered a Cincinnati law school. Salomon P. Chase, later a member of Lincoln's cabinet and of the Supreme Court, was one of his teachers and perhaps influenced him in his anti-slavery sympathies. He says he found pleasure in the law as a science founded on the broad foundation of justice and would have completed his course but for the fact that his visits to the local courts so disturbed him that he often queried whether a lawyer's life would be agreeable.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 3.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 10.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 16.

Turning away from law after his year's study he decided to take up medicine. With the possible choice between an "old" and a "new" school Hoyt characteristically decided to attend classes at both institutions so as better to judge and make his choice. After the test his decision was in favor of the "new" school.

Hoyt lived in a period when new ideas were pressing accepted beliefs and established institutions. The old theory that the chosen few alone had the right to rule and to enjoy the good things of life was being questioned. Jacksonian democracy, a product of the frontier, was based on the theory of equality of opportunity for all men. Moreover, women, under the leadership of Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, were beginning to rebel against masculine supremacy. Hoyt heard Lucy Stone argue for equal rights for women and "felt the force of her invincible argument in favor of better opportunities and requisite freedom of women"⁵ and became a staunch supporter of the idea. The Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, on his promotional trip through the United States for Hungarian independence, came to Cincinnati at this time. Hoyt attended his lectures, became acquainted with the man, and was duly impressed by his ideals and his program for the establishment of an independent Hungary. Like so many Americans of the time Hoyt felt that Kossuth not only represented the democratic struggle in Austria-Hungary but expressed the protest of rising democracy against the despotism of the European continent. It was in such a time and under such conditions that John W. Hoyt had his training and his early public experience. A man of inquiring mind, willing to accept facts and favor changes which to him appeared to be right, he became an advocate of the acceptance of these new ideas and policies.

After the completion of his medical course Hoyt accepted the chair of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at the college from which he was graduated. Horace Mann, the educational reformer, was at this time elected president of the newly organized Antioch College. Looking for teachers in sympathy with his educational theories he visited Hoyt's classes and, as a result, offered him a position at Antioch as Professor of Chemistry and Natural History. After some consideration it was decided that a plan could be worked out which would make it possible for him to hold both positions since Antioch was only sixty miles away.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 24.

Hoyt thus came into intimate relation with the most progressive educator of the period and so became interested in education and educational problems, a field which was to challenge him until the time of his death. At this time it was also arranged that he might lecture at a second medical school in Cincinnati.

As a college teacher Hoyt carefully wrote his first lecture and proceeded to read it to his class. Having little success with this method he threw away his written notes and gave his lecture extemporaneously. His students, who had about decided that he was a failure as a teacher, changed their minds. Hoyt tells us that "There was now a roar of applause, clapping of hands, stamping, and cries of 'Bravo!'—". The experience of that morning put an end to the use of manuscript, and made of me an off-hand speaker for life, no matter what the theme, or the occasion".⁶ His University of Wyoming teachers testify to the fact that as President of the University Hoyt seemed always, with his vast fund of information, able to address the students at the weekly assemblies.

As the unpleasant feature of trying cases in justice courts turned him away from law as a profession so the routine of the medical profession seems to have discouraged his practice of medicine. While teaching at the Eclectic Medical Institute the other professors urged him to go into practice. Hoyt finally decided to follow their suggestion and hung out his sign. Hoyt tells his story in the following words, "The first day, as I was closing my office to go home for the night, I saw a man coming on a round trot and beckoning to me. Of course I halted, learned the delicate as well as vital nature of the case, and went with him to his home. The night was one of deep anxiety as well as trial of skill, but the morning brought gladness and rejoicing, and, at an early hour as would do, I took leave and started for breakfast by way of the office, when, lo, a man who had been trying the door for admission saw me coming around the corner and by entreaties many made me forget both supper and breakfast and constrained me to join him on a like mission precisely. Like trials and like issue ended at 2 p. m.; and, having shared in the gladness of the household, I hastened to my office, tore down the modest little sign and put it in the fire!"⁷

It was in the year 1854 that Hoyt married Elizabeth Orpha Sampson. Like Hoyt Miss Sampson was of New England ancestry and Ohio born. With his usual senti-

6. *Ibid.*, p. 26.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 26-27.

mental and perhaps exaggerated terms Hoyt describes her as "the most rarely endowed, practically wise, generous, devoted and heroic, as well as eventually most learned woman I have ever known".⁸ Strong minded and determined in her ways she had great influence on Hoyt from the time of their marriage and dominated the family. She was in rather poor health and partly blind, due to the use of her eyes in the study of Greek and mathematics by firelight.

Ohio was in a state of political upheaval at this time. It was a center of agitation against the spread of slavery and Hoyt was one of those interested in such restriction. Writing in *Transactions*, annual publication of the Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, Hoyt says that while a student and medical professor in Cincinnati he had "oftentimes looked across the Ohio river to the shadows on the Kentucky side, and now and then by sympathy, felt the smart of a driver's lash on Freedom's shore". There, too, he says he "had earnest part in forming the great political party solemnly sworn to resist extension of the damning curse of human bondage, and thence had gone out, as one of Freedom's advocates on more than a hundred 'stumps' in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin".⁹ While active in the formation of the Republican party in Ohio his relation to the educational institution of Cincinnati kept him from accepting the active post in the national convention offered him. After the nomination of Fremont, however, at the request of the state and national committees, he took part in the campaign in the middle west states. His political activities, however, led to his resignation or perhaps dismissal from his teaching positions.

Having suffered from "fever" from early childhood Hoyt decided to leave Ohio for the "rugged, picturesque and cooler Wisconsin, where fevers were unknown, where fertile soils, vast pine forests and mines of iron formed rich possession, and where it was easy to make for my dear wife and self a home in the most charming little city of America, the capital city of Madison, in the midst of lakes many and most beautiful".¹⁰

Established in Madison he bought an interest in an agricultural journal, the *Wisconsin Farmer and Northwestern Cultivator*, and was made editor. He thought he was well-fitted for this position on account of his early farm experience, his study of the sciences, his fondness for ming-

8. *Ibid.*, p. 28.

9. *Transactions*, Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, Vol. 16, Part II, pp. 1305-1307.

10. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

ling with the people in a practical way and his ambition to lead the whole Northwest into the best methods of agricultural and other industrial pursuits. After he became established as the editor of the paper he believed "it was not too much to say that the Journal, after a little time, became the leading agricultural publication of the entire West".

An incident of this time strengthened his opposition to slavery and its further extension. He was chosen as one of the vice presidents of the United States Agricultural Society. While serving in this capacity he attended the 1856 United States Exhibition at Richmond, Virginia. During his Richmond visit he attended a slave market which he says was to him "a tragedy — the sale of human beings, like cattle, in the market". Being much aroused by the familiarity shown by the buyers to female slaves on sale his sympathy for those put on the auction block became quite apparent to the group. Asked where he was from Hoyt replied, "I'm from Wisconsin, Sir, where we don't sell women like that as we sell hogs in the market". But for his official badge Hoyt thought he "might have been rudely dealt with for there was swearing, with ugly faces".¹¹

During his second year in Madison he was chosen secretary of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society which really made him the agricultural official for the state, with rooms in the State Capitol Building. This position also made him responsible for the state fair and the publication of the annual report of the society.

In those days the state fair program of Wisconsin, as of other middle west states, included a speaker of national reputation. Since the fair attendance was usually from fifty to seventy-five thousand, representing all parts of the state, politicians of national note were glad to accept an invitation to be the speaker of the year. It was the year 1859 and the Lincoln-Douglas debates of the previous year had given Lincoln national recognition. Indeed he was beginning to be mentioned as a possible candidate for the Republican nomination.

Hoyt writes that his interest in Lincoln was due to "his manifestations of opposition to any further extension of slavery over the Territories of the United States — an opposition in which I believe I shared as any American".¹² His presence would enable the Wisconsin people to evaluate his possibilities as a presidential candidate. Moreover, a friendly relation with candidate Lincoln would not be bad

11. *Ibid.*, pp. 32-33.

12. Transactions, Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters. Vol. 16, Part II, pp. 1305-1307.

politics for Hoyt and his Wisconsin political friends. Then, too, with Lincoln as a speaker the fair attendance would be materially increased. Hoyt accordingly placed Lincoln's name before the executive committee of the agricultural society. The committee at once approved Hoyt's suggestion and authorized him to make a trip to Chicago in order to invite Lincoln personally to be their speaker.

According to Hoyt, Lincoln received him very cordially and invited him to his private apartments in the Sherman House, where they "spent a very interesting, I may say delightful, evening together. The invitation was received with a gracious bow expressive of his appreciation of the compliment, coupled with a smile which meant that he knew full well that it was a stroke of policy. He accepted, though with some manifestation of distrust of his competency to meet the demand."¹³

The state fair was in a suburb of Milwaukee and the date for Lincoln's address was September 30, 1859. A few days before the event Hoyt engaged "handsome quarters" for the guest in the Newhall House, Milwaukee's leading hotel of that day. He checked with the hotel's record and felt sure the arrangements were safely made.

Without notice, however, Lincoln arrived just after midnight instead of on the early morning train as arranged. No room was available at the hotel. After some hesitation the night clerk gave him a cot by the side of the office, placing a screen around the more open side.

Meantime Hoyt met the early morning train. Imagine his worry and disappointment when Lincoln failed to appear. He hurried to the hotel to see if, by any chance, Lincoln had changed his plans and had come in during the night. The hotel clerk received him "with flushed cheeks and awkwardly proceeded with the story of the great blunder made, and pointed to the improvised quarters furnished the distinguished guest".¹⁴ Hoyt writes that he could not recall what he said but did remember how he felt.

Hoyt tells the story of his early morning call on Lincoln in the following words, "It was not too early to make my call, since we were to breakfast together. I rapped on the frame of the figured screen. 'Come in' was the simple and emphatic response. The place of entrance was directly in the rear of Mr. Lincoln, whom I found half dressed and in the act of shaving himself, as was his custom. Instead of moving his chair, so as to get an easy view of the intruder, he turned his head directly back over the chair-top, so that

13. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 36-37.

I saw him with his great, strong face upside down, with one cheek only free of lather, and his well tried razor in hand for the finish. We each voluntarily broke into a laugh, which, so far as he was concerned, still further increased the picturesqueness of the scene. The exchange of ejaculations once over — the 'Good Morning Mr. Lincoln' and 'How are you?' in return, I began to express my mortification and indignation at the blunder of the hotel, but was unable to finish because, in his inimitable manner, he put matters to rest in [a] moment by saying, 'No apology, if you please. This nice, soft cot was so much better than the trunk of a fallen tree that lets a fellow roll off two or three times in the night, or even the soft side of a flat rock, both of which have served me many a time, that, sleepy and a little tired, as I was, I crept in with pleasure and slept like a top until a pretty late hour, as you see. How is the State Fair going?' "15

According to Hoyt the breakfast was much enjoyed but even much more, the interchange of ideas, the rare good humor on both sides, and the amusing stories of which he was always the main fountain-head wherever he went.

After Hoyt had attended to his duties as fair official he returned to the hotel to conduct Lincoln to the fairgrounds. After the address and lunch Hoyt and Lincoln had a typical trip about the state fair. Farm products, farm implements and machinery were inspected and the stables and pens where were exhibited the blooded stock were included in their tour. Nor was the race track forgotten. "The dining at the hotel in the evening, and the seeing of Mr. Lincoln off at the railway station made a happy conclusion of one of the most interesting and delightful of days ever enjoyed by the writer and by many others.¹⁶ It was also very happily spent by Mr. Lincoln himself, as he afterwards told me with enthusiasm, in the executive chamber at Washington, where I often had the pleasure of meeting him by invitation — pleasure perhaps all the greater because, notwithstanding the vigorous canvass of several States for his election, I frankly said, upon occasion of my first call upon him, in the White House, that I had patriotically striven for the

15. *Ibid.*, p. 36.

16. Mamie E. Rehnquest, Chief, Reference Dept. of the Milwaukee Public Library, examined the Milwaukee Sentinel for that period and reports the following item from the paper for October 1, 1859: "The Hon. Abram Lincoln of Illinois, addressed a large crowd at the Newhall House, last evening, on the leading political topics of the day. Mr. Lincoln is an exceedingly interesting and effective speaker and commanded the earnest and respectful attention of his numerous hearers."

success of a cause [I] believed to be vital to the future of the country, and should make no request for personal favors."¹⁷

At the beginning of the Civil War Governor Saloman offered Hoyt a commission as Lieutenant Colonel but he failed to pass the physical examination. In spite of his exemption, on being drafted later, he paid the government the usual \$300.00 for a substitute.

In 1862 the World's London Exhibition was held and Hoyt was chosen by Wisconsin as well as by the national government as Commissioner.

After witnessing the opening of the exhibition Hoyt started on a trip of the mainland. Arriving at Geneva, Switzerland, he decided on a night journey across the Alps on foot. "That," he writes, "was a glorious night—without weariness—because my thoughts were not of myself, and without loneliness because I felt companionship as never before with God and all that He had made."¹⁸ About midnight he arrived at a small tavern where farmers were stopping for midnight refreshments on their way to the Geneva market. "Providing myself with like comforts, with the help of the landlord, I was soon in the midst of the happy group, telling them such marvelous stories of farms and farming in America as filled them with wonder and made them loath to let me off when I was ready to resume my journey."¹⁹

After this trip which took him through France, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, he returned to London for the exposition. He was made a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and gave an address to the members on "Industrial Education in Europe and in America". In this address he expressed the belief that the only sure way to make a nation prosperous and happy was to educate the laboring class as thoroughly and practically as possible. This plan would break down the class system as found in society by increasing their producing power, improving their living conditions as well as broadening their interests. The following day he volunteered to speak to the same group as a representative of the New World in favor of equal rights for women.

For the Fourth of July a special program was arranged by the Americans in London at which the American Consul presided. The occasion was used by the government to suggest to the British government that we were very much

17. *Ibid.*, pp. 44-45.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 58.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 57.

interested in the British attitude to the United States which, as we thought, was unduly friendly to the South. Hoyt attended the celebration and was one of the speakers.

On his return trip to the United States Hoyt toured Great Britain and Ireland to observe their educational systems and farming methods. He was especially interested in their system of industrial education.

After his trip through Ireland, on departing from Queensland, where he had taken notice of economic conditions of Ireland under English rule he exclaimed: "Good-by, say I, also, Goodby to Erin, land of crushed hearts and hopes. May the God of mercy and of justice bless thee with the early recovery and wisest use of thy long-lost liberty and independence".²⁰

On arriving home he exclaimed, "Madison! Aye, the little capitol of my beloved State, with its surrounding lakes of a beauty unsurpassed by anything yet seen in the Old or New World".²¹

The Republican party was organized as a party of middle west farmers to advance their interests by opposing the extension of slavery and providing free homesteads, thus making the federal domain a land for free farmers. The platform of the party of 1860 accordingly opposed the extension of slavery and favored free homesteads. As a part of the promised agricultural legislation the Morrill bill for the endowment of State Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was introduced in Congress. This proposed legislation was strongly supported by Hoyt who was in favor of agricultural and industrial education. He traveled through the mid-western states making speeches in favor of the bill, gave the bill much publicity in his farm journal, distributed petitions for voters to sign and send to their congressmen, and also personally urged congressmen of that section to vote for the proposed law.²²

With the Morrill act on the statute books Hoyt believed that Wisconsin ought to have an agriculture and mechanic arts college. He visited all the states which had established such institutions or were preparing to provide for them so as to get information to aid Wisconsin in planning. He traveled all over the state explaining the advantages of an institution of this type and urging the people to take advantage of the national government's offer. While he found

20. *Ibid.*, p. 126.

21. *Ibid.*, p. 126.

22. "It may properly be said," he wrote, "that, in the support of the Morrill Bill, I probably did as much hard work as any man in the country." Hoyt, *Autobiography*, p. 46.

little opposition among the people to the proposed project the legislature did not take favorable action until the legislative session of 1866-67 on account of conflicting claims for the location of the college. Due primarily to Hoyt's influence it was finally located at Madison as part of the University.²³

It was now time for the Paris Universal Exposition. Hoyt was appointed by the governor of Wisconsin as chairman of a commission of twenty-seven men to stir up interest in the state's participation. Afterwards he went to Paris to arrange for the proper showing of the exhibits and was later asked to represent the national government as well as Wisconsin. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, asked him to write a report for the government on "Education in connection with the Exposition". He agreed to write such a report on condition that he be given sufficient time to tour Europe and America for personal study and inspection of educational methods and procedures. While he expressed his willingness to undertake the task he says it took him nearly three years of travel, research, study, and preparation of the material for publication "besides several thousands in money".

As the representative of the United States Hoyt was authorized to receive distinguished visitors who were interested in the American exhibits. He tells us that one morning he had the good fortune to meet the beautiful Empress Eugenie and an attendant in the grand court of jewels, with its many alcoves, representing every part of the world. "It was in the morning, before the incoming of the multitude

23. During the preceding years charges of inefficiency had been made against the university. These charges and the part played by Hoyt in reorganizing the university and getting it established on a good foundation as well as making the agricultural college an integral part of the university are discussed and explained by Joseph Schafer in his Editorial Comments in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, of which he was editor 1922-41. Schafer writes as follows "His [Hoyt's] best years were spent here [in Wisconsin], and he made the State Agricultural Society a power in state affairs. Through if he effected the reorganization of the university in 1866-67. . . . But it is the second division of the Robbins Report which should engage our special attention. Here appears the transition from an accountant's findings to a statesman's proposal. At this point by some inference, we begin to feel the influence of the man who, more than any other, was responsible eight years later for securing to the university the agricultural college grant, and for compelling the reorganization which today everybody acknowledges to have made a new and hopeful starting point for the development of the great modern institution. I refer to John Wesley Hoyt, at that time associate editor of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, later also secretary of the State Agricultural Society." *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Vol. 23, 1939, pp. 207-236.

—before the opening of the Exposition for the day. . . . It so happened that the alcove which I had chosen to enter first was the very one the Empress had especially in mind, and so, while I was in a dreamy delight over the rare scene, the rustling of silk and the sweet voice of Her Majesty startled me and prompted me to a bowing of myself out. But no; the Empress, to whom I had been formally presented at a reception, and who, to my surprise, remembered me, requested that I remain. Did I decline, with many thanks? It was not in my power! No hour could have been more delightfully spent.”²⁴

Leaving the Exposition Hoyt now undertook a trip through Europe to gather information for his report on education for the government. In his Autobiography he reports that “it is needless to say that, after so extended a tour, embracing all the countries of the European continent, except little Portugal and decrepit old Spain, covering observations upon their natural resources, and upon their industrial, social, educational and religious life, with special examinations of every one of their most important schools and universities, the months of my absence seemed like so many years; so that I was really surprised, on my return, to find the great Exposition, . . . still in progress and now only in the zenith of its glory. A good tour. But, if anyone envies me, let him remember the fatigue, the sleepless nights, the severe tax of brain and muscle it cost.”²⁵

Hoyt’s Report on Education, a Bulletin of 398 pages, was published by the government in 1870 as part of the Reports of the United States Commissioners to the Paris Universal Exposition. It was favorably reviewed by many educational journals and newspapers.

On his return to the United States from the Paris Exposition we find Hoyt in 1868 again active in national politics. General Grant was the Republican candidate for the presidency and at the request of the Republican National Committee Hoyt made several speeches in Connecticut, Indiana and New Jersey in favor of Grant’s election.

Hoyt had always been interested in education. He had been a medical teacher and had been associated with Horace Mann at Antioch College. He had been influential in the reorganization of the University of Wisconsin and the location of the agricultural college at Madison as part of the university. At the request of Secretary Seward he had made a study of European and American education. As a result of all this background and particularly this study he

24. *Ibid.*, p. 173.

25. *Ibid.*, pp. 195-196.

had come to the conclusion that America's need was a national university.

Attracted by Hoyt's general interest in education and especially by his investigations for the State Department the National Education Association asked him to give an address at its annual meeting in 1869 at Trenton, N. J. He accepted and chose as his subject "University Progress". In this address he says he "not only presented a concise review of university education in all times, but also included an appeal that led to the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, that, in the opinion of the Association, a great American University is a leading want of American education, and that, in order to contribute to the early establishment of such an institution, the president of this Association, acting in concert with the president of the National Superintendent's Association, is hereby requested to appoint a committee, consisting of one member from each of the States, and of which Dr. J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, shall be Chairman, to take the whole matter under consideration, and to make such report thereon at the next annual convention of said association as shall seem to be demanded by the interests of the country."²⁶

After a preliminary report to the Cleveland Convention of the N. E. A. the following year, which was unanimously adopted by the convention, the committee was continued for further investigation. The St. Louis Convention of 1871 accepted the final report of the committee which favored the establishment of a national university. A permanent committee with Hoyt as chairman was selected by the convention to urge Congress to pass a law which would provide for the creation of such an institution as a capstone for our educational system. After consultation with leading educators and an astonishing number of outstanding men who favored a national university a bill was drawn and introduced in both houses of Congress. The House Committee on Education gave a unanimous report in favor of the passage of the bill and at the opening of the next session the president, in his annual message, favored the "establishment, in the District of Columbia, of an institution of learning or university of the highest order".²⁷ However, Congress took no action.

Having served for ten years as secretary to the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society Hoyt now thought it was time to resign. His salary had been small and the needs of his family "had outgrown the present means of supplying

26. *Ibid.*, p. 202.

them". An offer of a position from a neighboring state would more than double his present income. Governor Dewey, however, suggested that he continue his position with the Agricultural Society with the condition that they let him accept the offered position with the Chicago Historical Society. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad also gave him free transportation, with facilities for working on his trip between Madison and Chicago. This arrangement being mutually acceptable he continued in his Wisconsin position. His work with the Historical Society called for the installation and management of the library in their new building.

It was also at this time that Hoyt with a group of friends "interested in original research and investigation" organized the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Hoyt was made chairman of the group and served in that capacity for six years. The society was given charge of the museum and library which Hoyt had built up during his years as secretary to the Board of Agriculture. This organization has continued during the years with "**Transactions**" as its annual publication.

Hoyt now felt the need for a vacation. Also he wanted to look around for possible investments in the fabled west. With this double purpose in mind he planned with friends a trip to the Rocky Mountain country. Arriving at Graysmont, Colorado, at midnight Hoyt proposed that they make their climb of Gray's Peak. In reply to the objections of his companion who felt the need of a night's rest, Hoyt said, "Did we not set out for Gray's Peak . . . and did you ever know me to abandon an enterprise?"²⁸ Twice he said he had crossed the Alps on foot and alone and in the night and he proposed to make the climb. Alone and in the dark night he ascended the peak, arriving at its top in time for rest and a view of the glorious sunrise before returning for a late breakfast with his friend.

In 1873 the Vienna Universal Exposition was planned. There is no suggestion that Hoyt was asked to represent our country at this exposition but he says that "in view of the fact that considerable numbers of American exhibitors were to take part in the great Exposition and might need my assistance, I pushed right on from Washington, so as to take it all in".²⁹ Like the proverbial small American boy he could not keep away from the circus. And he was one of the notable figures of the Exposition! It seems that

27. *Ibid.*, p. 230.

28. *Ibid.*, pp. 223-228.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 231.

the American exhibitors could not agree and there was danger of their "becoming unbearably conspicuous". With this situation he was asked, because of his "much experience in expositions", to act as umpire. He says he carefully inquired into the matters of difference and his decisions, promptly reached and delivered in person, were unanimously accepted. On account of his satisfactory handling of this delicate situation he was appointed by the government as a member of the executive commission which was charged with the general management of the American department and the promotion in general of American interests at the exposition. Before the exposition closed two of the members of the American commission returned to the United States, leaving Hoyt to make final settlements of accounts and to provide for the re-shipment of the American exhibits. This work he did so well that the American exhibitors passed a resolution expressing unanimously their gratitude as follows:

"The undersigned exhibitors and others interested in the success of the American Department at this World's Exposition, would, on the eve of its termination, express their heartfelt regards as a token of gratitude to the Hon. Professor J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, U. S. Commissioner to this Exhibition, in order that it may be known that arduous labor, high sense of honor, and sterling integrity in the performance of duty, which at all times have been the highest harbingers of success at home, were practiced here by the Hon. Professor J. W. Hoyt, to the credit of our Republic, to the honor of the Government of the United States, to the interest and benefit of exhibitors, and to the success of the American Department of this Exhibition."³⁰

At this Exposition Hoyt was also signally honored by the Austrian government. He was appointed as "President of the International Jury for Education and Science, a body composed of the most distinguished representatives of all civilized lands, in the various departments of science and learning".³¹

The Austrian Director-General of the Exposition wrote to thank him for himself and on behalf of the Imperial Commission "not only for your valuable services in assisting to secure to an important Department of the Exposition the respect and recognition it really deserves, . . . but also for the efforts you have so consistently and successfully made in support of the great purpose of the Imperial Commission to secure justice to all exhibitors and to all interests.

"I have pleasure in further saying that His Majesty

30. *Ibid.*, p. 234.

31. *Ibid.*, p. 231.

has not been unmindful of your services, and that it is his purpose to recognize them in fitting manner . . .

"His Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty, in his own high name and under his own imperial and royal hand, has graciously decreed the bestowal upon Dr. John W. Hoyt, North American Commissioner, the Commander's Cross of the High Order of Francis Joseph."³²

It might be added that during his stay at the Exposition he was much wine and dined by the officials in charge.

While Hoyt was in Europe at this time he made a trip to Italy and was received by the king. He made a special trip to Turin for a visit with Louis Kossuth who was living in that city. Altho more than twenty years had passed since Kossuth's visit to America he still remembered Hoyt and on seeing him exclaimed, "You are the radiant young man whom I first met at Cincinnati . . . who was so quick to respond with sympathy, and whom I have all these years . . . gratefully and lovingly remembered. You are thrice welcome."

"When at length the time for saying farewell had fully come," writes Hoyt, "the General again did me the honor to take my hand in both his and say, 'I thank you warmly, sir, for this visit. It has been to me one of the most interesting, refreshing, and comforting that I have had for many a year. I trust it may not be the last.'"³³

After a hurried trip through France Hoyt returned to the United States. At the Madison station he was met by the governor of the state, William R. Taylor, who insisted on taking him to his office for a conference. The railroad situation in the state was bad. The railroads had grown increasingly arrogant and were charging excessive rates. Moreover, they had engaged in wholesale bribery of legislators as well as certain executive officers, including even the governor, in order to secure favorable legislation. The result had been that the aroused voters had swept the Republican party out of office and put a combination of Democrats and liberal Republicans or so called Grangers into power. A drastic law for lower rates had been passed but the railroads refused to obey the act and threatened to "roll every wheel out of the state". The legislature, at the suggestion of the governor, had created a railroad commission to inquire into the whole subject and report the result of its investigation to the governor.

Such was the situation when Governor Taylor met Hoyt at the station. After he had explained the state of affairs

32. *Ibid.*, pp. 235-236.

33. *Ibid.*, pp. 255-256.

the governor asked Hoyt to accept membership on the commission. Said Governor Taylor, " 'Dr. Hoyt, this commission must be accepted before you get out of here! Say 'Yes' and I will promptly drive you to your home.' " Needless to say it was a problem that appealed to Hoyt and he accepted the position.

The members of the railroad commission concluded that the investigation could best be carried on by one man and it was agreed that Hoyt should assume that responsibility. His preliminary report was well received by the press, the legislature and the governor and he was authorized to continue his study for another year. On the basis of Hoyt's final report the state legislature amended the drastic law it had previously passed by a unanimous vote of both houses. Hoyt writes that the announcement of this fact marked the proudest day of his life up to the Centennial Year of American Independence.³⁴ Governor Taylor wrote Hoyt that "it is, perhaps, as high commendation as I can bestow to say that you have been equal to the emergency. Apparently incapable of partisanship in a matter where judicial qualities were so largely in demand, you have been true to the interests of the people, while respecting the rights of the railroad companies and have fairly earned the confidence of both. More than this, I believe that, with a good fortune as rare as it is deserved, you have actually won the respect and confidence of all parties to the conflict; while your reports and your able discussions of principles before the Legislature must remain enduring proofs of such ability, large information, industry, and practical wisdom as cannot fail in the future to command for you yet wider fields of usefulness and honor."³⁵

The presidents of the railroads concerned also wrote him appreciative letters in regard to his work as commissioner. The president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company wrote that, "I am glad of the opportunity to express my appreciation of your endeavors to so discharge your duties while Commissioner as to convince me of your wish to be not only faithful as a public officer, but fair and just to the railroads".³⁶

Having completed his work as Chairman of the Railroad Commission Hoyt was chosen as United States Commissioner to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The jury members having disagreed in their work and resigned Hoyt was also appointed as acting Chairman of the International

34. *Ibid.*, p. 267.

35. *Ibid.*, pp. 267-268.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 269.

Jury for Education and Science, a field in which, from past experience, he felt quite at home. In this position his task was to finish the work of the resigned jury members and prepare a Report on Education, as found in the countries participating, for the United States government.

Before writing his Report on Education, however, he was asked by the National Republican Committee to take part in the campaign of 1876. The Republican party was in a bad way. Grant's administration was discredited. The party was split into factions. The Liberal Republicans who had supported Greeley in 1872 must be won back to support the party. As an "available" candidate the usually astute Ohio organization had secured the nomination of Rutherford B. Hayes as the Republican presidential candidate. Hoyt was a loyal Republican and the promises of both Hayes and the party platform of reform in the party appealed to him. Moreover, his Wisconsin friends were in favor of Hayes and the Republican party. We find Hoyt saying that he had been "accustomed to take part [in the Republican political campaigns] on purely patriotic grounds, believing as I most sincerely did that the country would as yet be safer in the hands of the Republican party". He was first asked to make a thorough canvas of Wisconsin. His speeches, he says, were "prolonged according to the circumstances and demands of the occasion, from one or two to several hours".³⁷ In those days people seemed to enjoy political speeches.

An interesting illustration of political methods of that time and of Hoyt's ability as a campaigner is the incident of his appearance at Friendship, county seat of Adams county. Several counties had arranged for a grand joint barbecue with speeches from a number of campaign orators. Coming from a Portage meeting by stage a heavy rain caused the stage to become mired in the mud and further progress was impossible. Being near a country tavern his companions decided to wait for the storm to stop. Hoyt, however, says that "coming, as I did, of a stock that scorned to be counted among failures, and myself endowed with a persistency which had for its motto, 'Perseverentia omnia vincit', I hired the best saddle horse to be had, mounted him, regardless of the storm, and went through, to the surprise and delight of the gathering crowds at Friendship".³⁸ No other speakers appearing Hoyt talked from two until six in the afternoon to a group estimated at 15,000 to 20,000.

37. *Ibid.*, p. 271.

38. *Ibid.*, pp. 271-272.

After the inevitable barbecue, parade and music, with the other expected speakers still missing, Hoyt was urged to continue his speech. Not at all averse he continued his address from a little before nine o'clock until "when mercy demanded relief for the thousands, most of whom had stood for seven hours, listening to one man, a conclusion was made, accordingly, at the midnight hour".³⁹ The local newspaper gave a very favorable report of Hoyt's address and said that "his peroration was eloquent beyond description, grand beyond measure. Few persons could have left without feeling deep down in their hearts that the salvation of the country depended upon the election of Hayes and Wheeler."⁴⁰

Several newspapers made very favorable comments on Hoyt's participation in the campaign of 1876. **The Badger State Banner** reported that "he held his audience until nearly midnight when they were loath to let him off even then . . . [Hoyt is] a most scholarly and thoroughly posted man. He is probably the most accomplished orator in the Northwest."⁴¹ Hoyt reports his political friends as saying that his campaign was the "most thorough, exhaustive and effective canvass from the platform ever made in Wisconsin". He also campaigned in a number of other states that year.

In introducing Hoyt to President Hayes after the inauguration Carl Schurz said, "Here is a man who has worked with a vim I have never seen equalled."⁴² Hoyt says that his visit to the President at this time was not to ask him for an office as a reward for his efforts but simply to offer him his congratulations and best wishes for the success of his administration. Hoyt's friends, however, had different ideas on that subject. The United States senators of Wisconsin and General Jeremiah Rusk, later Secretary of Agriculture, who "with common voice declared their appreciation of 'my remarkable work in the late presidential campaign' demanded to know what place in the president's gift was desired by me. The answer, 'not any, I thank you, my good friends,' was as much of a surprise to them as their visit had been to me, for I was probably the only man they had ever seen who did not crave a public office of some sort, and they sincerely desired to see me recognized and duly honored. And hence it was that Gen-

39. *Ibid.*, p. 272.

40. *Adams County Press*, quoted in Hoyt, *Autobiography*, p. 273.

41. *Badger State Banner*, quoted in Hoyt, *Autobiography*, p. 274.

42. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 275.

eral Rusk ('Jerry', we used to call him) who was a man of strong will and great earnestness, took up the matter with his usual determination, saying: 'Now, look here, Dr. Hoyt, this won't do. You did more hard work and effective work in the late campaign than any other citizen of Wisconsin, or, I believe it safe to say, in the country. The Senators will agree with me that in the Wisconsin fight you were the most gallant and conspicuous figure. And so it has been right along from the day of Lincoln till now. We want you for our own satisfaction to name some prominent federal office that you would accept if offered you.'

"It was an earnest speech, and so much like an appeal that I was of necessity moved by it. And, after the Senators had heartily endorsed the General and added words of their own of a like complimentary character, I finally said, 'Well, I am too sensible of the high appreciation manifested to make a stubborn refusal. If I must, I must. Should the Austrian mission be open, send me to Vienna. It is one of the most charming places in Europe, while Austria-Hungary is an empire of high rank. Besides, you know it is but a few years since I represented my country there, am personally known to the Emperor, who conferred upon me the highest honors conferred upon any foreign commissioner, and in my capacity of president of the international jury, made the special acquaintance of a multitude of the most distinguished of the imperial city. You may send me to Vienna. I would be welcome there.'

"'By George, we'll do it!' said the resolute Jerry, and the three foremost men of Wisconsin, also among the very first in Congress, made their way to the White House,"⁴³ Unfortunately for Hoyt as well as for our country the Vienna post had already been promised to John A. Kasson of Iowa as a reward for his help in guiding the Electoral Commission in its decisions in the Hayes-Tilden election dispute. President Hayes offered Hoyt the choice of a number of other diplomatic posts but he felt no position of lesser importance and dignity would satisfy his sense of what was due him in return for his services to the party.

A major problem of the Republican party following the mal-administration and corruption of the Grant regime was civil service reform. It was on the promise of a house cleaning in the party that the liberal Republicans had returned to the fold and supported Hayes for President in the

43. *Ibid.*, pp. 276-278.

44. Stanwood, *A History of the Presidency, 1788-1897*, p. 370.

campaign of 1876. Moreover, the Republican platform of that year favored civil service reform.⁴⁴ In his Letter of Acceptance Hayes had likewise expressed his strong opposition to the spoils system. Being one of the forward looking members of the party Hoyt now made a study of the civil service and its problems. As a result he says he "soon became more deeply than ever convinced of the necessity of a new departure".

Calling on President Hayes one day Hoyt expressed his interest in the problems of the civil service. President Hayes was at once interested and wished to know if he had ever written anything on the subject. Hoyt replied that he had just written two papers. The President immediately asked him to come to the White House for lunch the following day to be followed by a ride during which Hoyt might read the papers to him so that "I shall learn what you think concerning a matter that profoundly interests me." Considering the attitude of the average American to the Hayes family and remembering Hoyt's European experiences it is interesting to note that Hoyt says that he "had been received at table by some of the most distinguished men of the world, even by princes, kings and emperors, but never had a more agreeable lunching than this with President Hayes and the lovely and queenly first lady of the land, who so handsomely and with rare independence did the honors of the White House in those days".⁴⁵

As they were driving toward the Soliders' Home after their luncheon their carriage stopped at the entrance gate. Hoyt noticed the driver's problem and proceeded to get out of the carriage to open the gate. "But the President . . . proved himself the master by pulling me back into the seat, placing the manuscript in my lap: (saying politely but firmly, 'You are my guest, sir'): opening the door on his side of the carriage, and opening, as well as holding, the gate, while I, under salute from his lifted hat, drove through in state."⁴⁶

On the following day Hoyt again had lunch at the White House and during a second ride finished the reading and discussion of his second civil service paper. After their drive President Hayes said, "Those two papers have deeply interested me. They are truly valuable. Won't you let me have them for publication?"⁴⁷ Later Hoyt's civil service papers were published by the government.

45. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 291.

46. *Ibid.*, p. 292.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 292.

II. John Wesley Hoyt, Governor of the Wyoming Territory, 1878-1882 — Appointment

Hoyt was now living with his family in Washington, promoting the establishment by Congress of the proposed national university in which he was greatly interested. He had refused the various diplomatic posts offered him by President Hayes as not being commensurate with his experience abroad or his services to the party. Indeed there is no reason for believing that he was interested in any political appointment except to the diplomatic post at Vienna.

He was very much astonished, therefore, one day when, "like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, came the announcement in the morning paper that my name had gone to the Senate for its approval of my appointment to the office of Governor of Wyoming!"⁴⁸ Governor Thayer, who was serving the Territory, had become involved in a local political situation which threatened to add to the soiled record of the Republican party and to discredit President Hayes' proposed reform of the much abused civil service. To save the situation President Hayes removed Governor Thayer from office and appointed Hoyt, whose character and standing he hoped would clear the party name.

Hoyt writes that the appointment did not appeal to him at all. He wanted to stay in Washington to work for the national university. His wife was none too well and not at all prepared for a life under pioneer conditions. Then, too, Wyoming was an unknown wilderness far away, inhabited by a few thousand white people interested only in exploiting the new country and by Indians who were ready to cause trouble.

Perhaps the fact that he had not been consulted before the announcement of his appointment also influenced his reaction. With his varied experience and national and international reputation, the position must have seemed to him a very unattractive one, to say the least. According to Hoyt President Hayes blushed "as I entered the executive chamber, for the expression of my face, as he afterwards told me, gave instant proof that he had failed of the mark . . . a fact made very certain when, after such acknowledgements as both courtesy and good-will demanded, I said to him: 'But Mr. President, why did you not give me a chance to decline? I do not wish to go to Wyoming. Please withdraw my name at once.'"⁴⁹

To Hoyt's request President Hayes replied: "I am

48. *Ibid.*, pp. 300-301.

49. *Ibid.*, p. 301.

indeed sorry: first, because I thought you were just the man for the place, and, secondly, because your appointment has seemed to me the surest means of disposing of the present incumbent, whose course as Governor is not approved. He was a member of the Senate for six years, and is already here to rally his friends in that body to the end of preventing the confirmation of any appointment of a successor. A withdrawal might be misunderstood and might injure you. Your character, public career, and superior service in successive political campaigns all give assurance that your confirmation cannot be defeated; and, accordingly, I ask, as a favor, that you remain quiet, with this understanding, that, if confirmed, as I am confident you will be, you go out and look the country over to your own satisfaction, and, if you should then not care to remain, I will repay all your expenses out of my own pocket. I am told that Wyoming is a magnificent territory, vast not only in its area of nearly 100,000 square miles, but also in the character, variety and extent of its resources, agricultural, grazing, forestal and mineral, to say nothing of its grand and beautiful scenery."⁵⁰

Hoyt was one of the organizers of the Republican party, had taken part in every Republican presidential campaign, was a very loyal party member who believed that, in spite of the bad record of the Grant administration, the welfare of the country could still be best promoted by the party. Moreover, he was a member of the faction which was trying to purge the party of its exploiters and restore it to its former glory. In view of these facts and the present situation he decided that he could not refuse the urgent appeal.

However, when the Senate Committee on Territories, responsive to the pressure of Governor Thayer, the opposition of the anti-administration Republicans, and the Democratic members of the committee, gave an unfavorable report on his appointment and the senate confirmed him only by a small majority, he hesitated in accepting the position. **The Laramie Weekly Sentinel** reported that Hoyt wrote Judge Andrews, an old friend, that he did not seek or desire the appointment and that he had not yet agreed to accept the position although the commission had been in his hands for several days. In his letter Hoyt gave as reasons for his hesitation his wife's health, Governor Thayer's popularity in Wyoming and the peculiar circumstances of his removal, which could result in an "uncordial" welcome for a new man. **The Sentinel**, however, believed

50. *Ibid.*, p. 301.

that, from the tenor of the letter, he would accept and come out to investigate.⁵¹

Indeed the Wyoming situation was not encouraging for Hoyt. Governor Thayer had made many friends in the Territory and they felt that President Hayes had not given Thayer a square deal. During the controversy in the Senate over the approval of Hoyt's appointment the **Laramie Weekly Sentinel** had written that "a general feeling of surprise was manifest among all our citizens when the news was received that a new governor had been nominated to succeed Governor Thayer, and not only surprise, but regret and disappointment were freely expressed. If the new governor, Mr. Hoyt, shall be confirmed, we shall have a most excellent executive. But the people of this Territory did not desire a change. Governor Thayer had outgrown the feeling of hostility and prejudice which every new Federal officer has to encounter from the pioneers when he first comes among them and everybody had come to like him. Besides Governor Thayer was a western man . . . for many years a resident of Nebraska. He knew the ways and the wants of the West. His splendid record in the army, his services in the United States Senate and his influence and acquaintance with our national statesmen put it in his power to do much for our young Territory.

"Under Governor Thayer's wise and judicious influence all personal and political feuds have been healed and peace and prosperity has been secured, as far as it depended upon the influence of the Chief Executive. We hope the move may be reconsidered by the National authorities and Governor Thayer be permitted to remain and in this sentiment we believe nearly all our people will unite, irrespective of party."⁵²

The **Cheyenne Daily Leader** declared that "we regret to lose Governor Thayer as Chief Executive as he has endeared himself to our people whose friend he has ever been since the organization of Wyoming Territory."⁵³

More mildly the **Cheyenne Daily Sun** suggested that "The removal of Governor Thayer, if it was due to the action in the Peck matter is an act of injustice, for in this he was more to be commended than censored. But his successor is not responsible for the rebuke administered, and, if a worthy man, should receive the confidence of our people."⁵⁴

51. The **Laramie Weekly Sentinel**, May 4, 1878.

52. *Ibid.*, March 18, 1878.

53. The **Cheyenne Daily Leader**, April 12, 1878.

54. The **Cheyenne Daily Sun**, April 11, 1878.

Into such an atmosphere came Mr. Hoyt. According to the *Cheyenne Daily Sun* he arrived on May 29, 1878, in company with A. H. Swan. He was met at the station by Governor Thayer "and others". "Our first impression of the gentleman," said the *Sun*, "is that he has marked characteristics, possesses a strong will, and has had a varied experience in the world's affairs. He is evidently fond of conversation and during the brief time that he has been here, he has manifested a disposition to become acquainted with the resources of the Territory and the inhabitants thereof."⁵⁵

Commenting on the arrival the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* suggested that Hoyt "is very pleasing in conversation and manners and evidently a gentleman of culture and scholarly attainments who will make his mark in the honorable position to which he has been appointed".⁵⁶

In spite of his cautious statements before coming to Wyoming it seems likely that the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* was correct in suggesting that Hoyt had made up his mind to accept the governorship. Governor Hoyt did say, however, that on arrival he "was so captured by what the President had justly styled the magnificence of the country, that I surrendered and took the oath of office",⁵⁷—an event which took place May 29, 1878 with Chief Justice Fisher of the Territorial Supreme Court administering the oath.⁵⁸

That Hoyt left Wisconsin with the good wishes of the people of that state is indicated by a quotation from the *Madison State Journal* as given in the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*. "Hon. John W. Hoyt, the newly appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory, is spending the day in this city and received a cordial welcome from his many friends here. Dr. Hoyt is on the way to assume the duties of his new position in the far West, and the people of Wyoming are to be congratulated on having sent them a Governor so thoroughly qualified, from eminent ability, ripe scholarship, and long and varied experience, as is our old friend Governor Hoyt. In uprightness of character, and in energy of action, he will be found all that any people can wish. In a day or two he will leave for his mountain home. Success to him."⁵⁹

55. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1878.

56. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, May 29, 1878.

57. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 302.

58. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, May 30, 1878.

59. Quoted in *The Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, June 1, 1878.

Preparation for the Governorship

John Wesley Hoyt was now launched upon a new career. It was characteristic of him that he at once tried to understand and master the job which he had undertaken. He decided to explore the area which he was to govern so that he might intelligently and wisely consider its problems and plan for its development. Perhaps even a greater motive for his decision was the fact that the Secretary of the Interior had asked for a report on the resources and needs of the Territory. While he had seen general accounts of the character of the region he was "nevertheless desirous of proving their correctness by my own observations, and of gaining such definite knowledge of the Territory's resources as would enable me to report upon them to the general government on first hand information."⁶⁰

Since the Cheyenne office seemed to need little attention for some time he decided to undertake, as soon as the weather permitted, a "series of geographical, geological, natural history, and practical surveys, on horse back and alone, returning to the capital from time to time for the discharge of any duties that might await me".⁶¹ He says that he knew before coming west that Wyoming was, with but few exceptions, larger than any other political divisions of the country but he had not realized that between all these mountainous elevations were valleys and plains so well watered by many streams as to afford extended ranges for livestock and for the cultivation of crops common to the northwestern region of the country.

For his trips he "procured the finest saddle horse and equipment to be had and took the field, determined to know the whole of Wyoming, from east to west and from north to south . . . plains, mountain ranges, and the valleys between. When mounted for a month's absence, with an outfit including everything an explorer might want . . . means of protection from the rain; a change of clothing; a narrow oil blanket to lie on, and a rubber pillow for the night; modest supplies of the more portable kinds of food, with conveniences for cooking a bird, squirrel, or rabbit, a lariat for my horse; hatchet, geological hammer, and one of Remington's best rifles, kindly sent me with the manu-

60. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 303. Governor Hoyt must share with Robert E. Strahan the credit for a detailed report on the resources of Wyoming. Strahan, an official of the Land Office of the Union Pacific Railroad, spent several months in the territory before Hoyt's arrival and wrote the *Hand-Book of Wyoming and Guide to the Black Hills and Big Horn*, published in 1877.

61. *Ibid.*, p. 302.

facturer's compliments; the latest map of Wyoming and the means of recording my observations . . . with all these so skillfully provided for that they did not seem to burden the horse, I was so much of a curiosity, when mounted and sitting under my sombrero, that my neighbors gathered to wish me God-speed and to receive my parting salute".⁶²

That Governor Hoyt's explorations of Wyoming and its resources were approved by the people is apparent from a reading of the newspapers of the time. **The Laramie Weekly Sentinel** reported that "Governor Hoyt has traversed the Territory east, west, north and south as well as the lines of communication would permit and sometime astride of a horse he has ventured into the very haunts of renegade bands of hostile Indians. Fortunately he escaped to tell the story of the fertile lands and delightful streams he beheld, and this he is now doing with much care, having visited the various mining camps, the soda lakes, the iron mountains, the coal mines and traversed the cattled hills and streams, likewise those which should have cattle utilizing the grass going to waste. He is well prepared to make a full statement setting forth the advantages offered by Wyoming to the capitalist and the pioneer. His long experience as the editor of a journal devoted to national resources admirably qualifies him for this self-imposed task, and we are certain that the publication of this official document and its circulation as designed will contribute largely to increasing the population of the Territory. We are glad to see the Governor putting his shoulder to the wheel."⁶³

A few weeks later the *Sentinel's* editor again emphasized the importance of Governor Hoyt's explorations and his forthcoming report to the Secretary of the Interior. "Our present governor, is, we believe, the first to inaugurate the procedure of making an official report of the Territories, their condition, prospects and resources. The document will be printed by the government and widely circulated and must of necessity result in much good to our Territory.

"No Executive we have ever had has taken so much pains to make himself familiar with all parts of our Territory and its resources as Governor Hoyt."⁶⁴

Relation with the Legislature

Governor Hoyt rather prided himself on his ability to get along with people, a feeling which was, on the whole,

62. *Ibid.*, pp. 303-304.

63. *The Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, November 16, 1878.

64. *Ibid.*, January 10, 1879.

justified. As a student of government he had certain opinions as to the proper relation between the legislative department and the chief executive in a democratic commonwealth. He had studied the needs and the problems of the Territory in general as well as those of the various groups making up the population. His messages to the Legislative Assembly reflect his beliefs and his conclusions.

It was November 4, 1878 and time for the meeting of the Sixth Legislative Assembly. To a joint meeting of the two houses the president of the Council, H. Garbanati, acting as presiding officer, introduced Governor Hoyt, who then delivered his message, a communication quite lengthy, with many suggestions for improvement in legislative procedure as well as for legislation.⁶⁵

"In compliance with law and custom," said the governor, "I am here to greet you as the honored representatives of the people, and to unite my efforts with yours in the important work of legislating for their welfare."⁶⁶

Calling the attention of the legislators to the prosperous condition of Wyoming as compared to other sections of the country Governor Hoyt suggested that now, at the dawn of a new day, they were ready for the great task of territorial advancement, 'with energies all unimpaired and with the enkindling of a new hope. I congratulate you on the brightness of the future that now opens before us.

"I also congratulate you, gentlemen of the Assembly, on the unanimity and promptness with which you have organized the two Houses, respectively. This augurs well for harmony and productiveness of your labors. They confirm the hope that you are each duly impressed with the responsibilities imposed and have taken up your task in the spirit of a patriotic devotion."

Since the Territory was yet in its pioneer stage he thought that perhaps they lacked the experience in public affairs of the older commonwealths and so mistakes and errors would no doubt be apparent in their work. "We have to work at the foundations of the future State," he said, "and upon the wisdom, fidelity, and completeness of our labors will depend in a great measure the perfection of the superstructure in coming years. What greater incentive to conscientious and faithful effort could be presented to men who really have at heart the future well-being of the

65. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

66. *Ibid.*, p. 3.

commonwealth?"⁶⁷

Having called the attention of the legislators to the problems of procedure and the difficulty of proper consideration of proposed legislation in a session limited to forty days he warned against hasty action. He reminded the members of the fact that as governor he was responsible with the Legislative Assembly for the enactment of good laws and he would not feel at liberty to approve measures which had not been allowed sufficient time for careful scrutiny.

After he had explained what he considered the necessary program for the legislators Governor Hoyt declared that he had the fullest confidence that, though they would hardly agree with him on all points, they would give his recommendations the consideration they merited. He trusted, therefore, that wise and useful legislation would be the result of their deliberations, "in the interest of their beloved Territory, so vast in its resources and glorious in its possibilities".⁶⁸

After listening to Governor Hoyt for more than an hour W. J. Hardin introduced House Joint Resolution 2, tendering "a vote of thanks to Governor John W. Hoyt for his able message". With one member absent the House passed the resolution by unanimous vote.⁶⁹ Later similar action was also taken by unanimous vote of the Council.⁷⁰

Commenting on Governor Hoyt's message the **Cheyenne Daily Sun** referred to it as "a lengthy but carefully considered message . . . [in which Governor Hoyt] made many valuable suggestions to our law makers. He dwelt more particularly upon the resources of the Territory, in which he has from the date of his arrival manifested a commendable zeal. . . . All will admit that he expressed [his opinions] with admirable candor and clearness."⁷¹

Governor Hoyt's relation to the Seventh Legislative Assembly was as happy as had been his relation to the Sixth. His term of office was drawing to a close. President Garfield's death had brought to the presidency Chester A. Arthur, a member of the Grant-Conkling wing of the Republican party. Arthur was not friendly to Governor Hoyt. Learning that he would not continue Hoyt as governor the legislators decided that he should be made aware

67. *Ibid.*, p. 4.

68. *Ibid.*, p. 39.

69. Territory of Wyoming, Sixth Legislative Assembly, 1879, House Journal, p. 18. Wyoming Session Laws, 1879, p. 167.

70. Territory of Wyoming, Sixth Legislative Assembly, 1879, Council Journal, pp. 58, 70, 71. Wyoming Session Laws, 1879, p. 167.

71. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, Nov. 7. 1879.

of their wishes in the matter. At this time the Council was Democratic while the House of Representatives was Republican.

Taking action first the House passed by unanimous vote the following resolution:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives of Wyoming Territory:

"That the representatives of the people of this Territory without distinction of party take pleasure in bearing testimony of the wisdom, fidelity and integrity with which His Excellency, John W. Hoyt, has administered the duties of the office of Governor during the last four years and to the fact that he enjoys the confidence and respect of the representatives and of the people of this Territory.

"I hereby certify that the above resolution passed the house by unanimous vote, March 8, 1882.

Wm. C. Lane, Speaker of the House."72

The resolution passed by the Council reads as follows:

"Be it Resolved by the Council of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming:

"First, That John W. Hoyt has administered the duties of his office with fidelity, integrity and wisdom, that he has acquainted himself with the resources of the Territory and the wants of the people, and has thereby prepared himself for greater usefulness, that the best interests of the Territory require his retention in the office, and his reappointment by the President of the United States would be heartily applauded by the people of the Territory.

"Second, That the Honorable Secretary of the Territory is hereby requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to Hon. M. E. Post, Delegate of the Territory who is hereby requested to present the same to the President of the United States, and to personally urge the reappointment of John W. Hoyt as Governor of Wyoming Territory.

I. P. Caldwell, President of the Council.
J. R. Whitehead, Secretary of the Council.
Council Chamber.

Legislative Assembly.

Wyoming Territory,

Cheyenne, March 10th, 1882."73

Such action was said to be without parallel in the history of the Territories of the United States.⁷⁴

72. Session Laws of Wyoming Territory, passed by the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, p. 220.

73. *Ibid.*, pp. 221-222.

74. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 330.

Governor Hoyt and the Indians

On a reservation in the western part of Wyoming Territory lived two Indian tribes, the Arapahoes and the Shoshones. In the summer of 1879 word reached Governor Hoyt that the Indians were showing signs of unrest. It was feared that they were planning to attack the neighboring settlers. A report from the Indian agent confirmed the rumor and the agent requested that federal troops be sent at once. Believing that the threatening attitude of the Indians was due to real or fancied wrongs they had suffered the governor decided that no soldiers should be sent, since the result might be a war with the loss of many lives and homes. Instead he would first meet with the Indians, find out what their grievances were and try to pacify them. He therefore replied to the agent, "not a soldier until I have seen the chiefs face to face. Will start immediately."⁷⁵

Calling his attention to the dangers of such a plan friends tried to persuade him not to make the trip. Hoyt, however, believing it was his duty to make the attempt to conciliate the Indians before using force, did not heed their warning. A railroad trip on the first train to Creston and a horseback ride of more than a hundred miles by trail brought him to the Agency in such a short time that the agent was "startled as by a sudden appearance from ghost-land".

Without a rest and after a hurried breakfast he sent a message to the Indians, who were encamped three miles from the reservation boundary, to tell them that the governor had come as a friend and was on his way to discuss their grievances with them. With an Indian interpreter he arrived at the tent of Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, at the appointed time. According to Hoyt's story he approached and "with doffed hat and a friendly smile he saluted the two stately sub-chiefs, who stood on either side of the entrance, and who, to their honor, returned my salute in a style that would do credit to a French diplomat at the most exacting of foreign courts. To me it was a welcome omen, due, as I afterwards learned, to the respect and confidence my message and personal presence had inspired."⁷⁶ As Hoyt and his interpreter entered the tent all the Indians present "rose to their feet, with signal of welcome, while, from his throne-like dais of many skins, at my left, the noble old Washakie came forward to meet me half-way with a friendly grasp of the hand, and to conduct me to a huge

75. *Ibid.*, p. 309.

76. *Ibid.*, p. 310.

bear-skin at the center of the tepee, from which I was to address them".⁷⁷

Motioning them to be seated Governor Hoyt addressed them as follows:

"Most able and noble Great Chief of the Shoshones, and you, his supporting chiefs, faithful and valiant:

"As you have learned already, I came, something over a year ago, by the earnest request and official appointment of the Great Father at Washington, to preside over this vast and magnificent region, known as Wyoming to execute the laws enacted by the great Council at Washington and the lesser council at Cheyenne, to foster and encourage all right endeavors, to insure the prosperity and happiness of all who dwell within our borders. To this end, I have explored Wyoming in nearly every part, recommended to the council at Cheyenne such measures as seemed to me wise, and reported to the Great Father all that I have seen and done.

"That I have not earlier come to you and learned all about your condition and needs is because of the great distance and of my understanding that you had been well provided for and were contented and happy. I am here today because of information that the contrary is true . . . so true that you have resolved upon severe measures of some sort, as a means of securing a just recognition of your claims upon the Government. For the present, then, please consider me the Great Father's representative, anxious to hear in its fulness all that you would say if you stood before him at Washington."

After universal exclamations of "How! How!" all around the circle of eager listeners, the majestic Washakie, slowly and with deep but well restrained emotion, rose to make his response, saying:

"Sir, . . . We are glad that you have come among us, and thank you with all our hearts.

"In the time of our fathers, the Shoshones were a great people, occupying a vast extent of country, limited only by other tribes of the same great race of Red Men, who for the most part kept within their own boundaries and let others alone. They grew Indian corn and other kinds of grain for bread, ate the flesh of many wholesome birds, fishes and beasts, and also feasted on the many delicious fruits. They knew well how to tan the skins of the wild animals killed for food, and both they and their loving squaws had the art of making clothes that served them

⁷⁷. *Ibid.*, p. 310.

well. The bow-and-arrow, the knife, and the tomahawk served them well for both hunting and war, in which they were masters surpassed by none. For the little ones they had games and songs which made them glad.

"More than all, the country they so freely roamed over was their own, as it had been from a time far beyond the knowledge of any. There was no one above them, save the Great Spirit. They were proud and happy.

"But how is it with us, their children? Alas! (sadly laying his hand upon his heart, and looking upward, as an appeal to the Great Father in Heaven) Alas! The White Man, with better weapons and hearts of flint, came from we know not where and began his cruel work of killing and driving our own fathers and their families further and further back with the plain purpose of killing them all unless they should lay down their arms and accept such terms as he chose to grant them. And these white men were not alone companies of settlers, against whom we might have defended our country. But armies of soldiers—sent out by the Government at Washington, joined the settlers, and they all were too strong for our fathers. So it is that, in this small part of what once was theirs, you find us. We are not allowed to go beyond the Big Horn Valley, on the one side, or the Wind River Mountains on the West.

"This limited region, however, was to be all ours, it was said, and white men could not come in and kill our game or in any way disturb us. But the great men at Washington did not keep their word.

"It was also provided that, if we would stay inside of what they call our reservation and make no trouble, we should have generous provision for all our wants. But the antelope, the deer, the elk, and the buffalo are not so many as once, and promised supplies of food and clothing do not come. Hence it often happens that our squaws and children are nearly starved, and that we must go half naked, as you see us.

"What, then, shall we do but, in some way, force attention to our unhappy condition? We cannot endure it longer, and must break away, in hope of finding among the whites outside the things not furnished us here. If we kill a lot of them, in getting what belongs to us, the fault will not be ours."⁷⁸

Washakie's speech was endorsed by all present by the usual expression, "How! How!"

In reply Hoyt told the Indians that he had always sym-

78. *Ibid.*, pp. 310-313.

pathized with them and deplored the wrong which they had suffered. The Great Father at Washington was a kind man, intent on fair dealing. He was a good friend of Hoyt's and when he learned of their mistreatment he would at once attend to their needs. Hoyt gave Washakie his word that supplies would soon come if they would remain quietly on their reservation. "I speak to you," said Hoyt, "and to these your brave chiefs out of my heart, and ask the Great Spirit, whom we all worship, to witness my vow."⁷⁹ Loud applause greeted Hoyt's promises and with deep emotion, in shaking hands with Hoyt, Chief Washakie said, "We believe you, and will wait as you desire."

With the lesser chiefs approving the agreement Hoyt was escorted by all the chiefs to his horse and assisted to mount by Chief Washakie himself.

His meeting with the Arapahoes was even more cordial, due, perhaps, to reports of his agreement with the Shoshones. A similar agreement was made with them.⁸⁰

Messages were sent by Governor Hoyt to the President and to the Secretary of Interior urging that supplies be sent at once, after which he had his long delayed night's rest.

"It was indeed a night's rest, for I had averted a war with the Indians, and fell asleep, perfectly confident that all my promises to both tribes would be made good as early as possible.

"And so it was. The supplies of every sort were soon moving westward as fast as the railway wheel could carry them, and every means adopted to reassure the Indians of the sincerity and good-will of the Government."⁸¹

In his message to the legislature Governor Hoyt reviewed his experience with the Indians. As a result of his meeting with them, he said, there had been no complaints during the past season on the part of the settlers. In fact, following the rumor of a union between the Utes and Shoshone bands to attack the settlers Washakie had sent a telegram to the commissioner of Indian Affairs giving assurance that his people were quietly attending to their affairs with none but the most peaceful and friendly intentions.

The Governor and the People

Governor Hoyt had always been interested in people and taken active part in the social and religious activities of the group of which he happened to be a member. During

79. *Ibid.*, pp. 314-315.

80. *Ibid.*, pp. 315-317.

81. *Ibid.*, p. 317.

his term of office as Governor of Wyoming Territory he showed this same interest in the usual social activities, in the schools, and in the churches.

Shortly after his coming to Wyoming Laramie was laying the cornerstone of a new school building. Governor Hoyt was orator of the day. In his address he made an appeal to community pride. According to the **Laramie Weekly Sentinel** he expressed great surprise at "their immense procession" and at the great public interest in the occasion. He saw in that gathering of all classes and occupations to dedicate the school building the manifestation of a spirit that would one day make Wyoming Territory a great state. He was finding everything so different from what he had expected that he could hardly believe his eyes. He thought he was coming to a frontier community with children attending school in log houses and people living in wigwams. Instead he had found thriving cities with elegant and substantial buildings and people intelligent, cultivated and refined. Looking for the Great American Desert he had found hills and plains covered with countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

The same year saw him again in Laramie, one of the guests at the Grow-Iverson wedding, Laramie's social event of the year.⁸² Many speeches were made, as seemed the custom of the time. In his Governor Hoyt expressed himself in regard to the equality of sexes in government as practiced in Wyoming. He presented the bride with a "beautiful silver basket and flowers".

When he was unable to attend a reception given by Judge and Mrs. M. C. Brown in Laramie in honor of the new Presbyterian pastor, Mrs. Hoyt and son went over from Cheyenne to represent him.

The **Laramie Weekly Sentinel**, commenting on Governor Hoyt's community spirit, suggested that "Governor Hoyt who takes a lively interest in everything which pertains to the welfare of our Territory and particularly to educational matters paid our city a handsome compliment upon our achievement in the success of our Literary and Library Association and expressed a desire to do something for it.

"To this end he volunteers to deliver one or more lectures here this winter. Governor Hoyt's high rank as a scholar and his years of experience as a college professor and educator will insure us some literary entertainments vastly superior to those of the traveling brethern who come

82. The **Laramie Weekly Sentinel**, September 28, 1878.

along here.”⁸³

In Cheyenne Governor Hoyt was often called on for school commencement and Fourth of July addresses as well as talks for other occasions.

Both Governor and Mrs. Hoyt had been reared in the Methodist church and had taken very active part in its work. Later, he says “we attended religious service as we found it most agreeable, or most helpful to the cause of religion, and were glad to receive the welcome always accorded us by each and all of the churches where we for the time resided”. He thought it was on account of their not being regular members of any one church in Cheyenne that the Reverend Dr. Saunders, pastor of the Congregational Church, asked him to take charge of his Sunday School class of thirteen young men and women while he was in Florida for his health. Governor Hoyt was much surprised and replied, “Why, Dr. Saunders, this is an astonishing proposal. I would do almost anything within my power for your relief, but have you not all this while known that I am a heathen? With something of a smile, yet with an earnestness not to be thwarted, he replied, ‘Yes, but then you are just the sort of a heathen that I want to teach my Bible class! Will you not say, Yes?’ Doctor, these earnest words and that sorry face are too much for me. I will consent to do my very best, but on these two conditions: (1) That I shall be privileged to adopt my own scripture subjects and methods without any regard to the International Lessons, which you doubtless have been using; and (2) that you shall be present on the occasion of my first trial.”

Dr. Saunders agreed to the conditions and the following Sunday Governor Hoyt took charge with all members present.

He says that his purpose had been to limit himself to “that supreme body of ethical and religious teaching, Christ’s Sermon on the Mount; and on this first occasion we began at the beginning: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

“In answer to my prayer for spiritual insight and power of impression, I seemed to have inspiration out of Heaven, for new and tender and, my hearers said, beautiful thoughts came to me like whispering angels from on high, so that, ere the conclusion of the discourse, there were tears on nearly every cheek, and, as I had reason to hope, a new resolve in every heart.

“Thus it was right on through the period of my teaching from the matchless discourse of the Christ, with the

83. *Ibid.*, November 16, 1878.

result that, at the expiration of my time, twelve out of the thirteen members of the class joined the church.”⁸⁴

The relationship with people who differed in political thought is rather difficult to find. In his autobiography Mr. Hoyt makes no mention of conflict with individuals and gives no hint of feeling against those who differed with him, not even toward men who were loud in denouncing him. He seemed to believe enough in himself and the course he was taking to enable him to let attacks pass.

Perhaps the most trying incident of the governorship was the visit of ex-President Grant, his wife, and party in Cheyenne in 1880. It will be recalled that there was a deep split in the Republican party at the time, Hoyt joining with the liberals to rid the party of the corruption of the Grant-Conkling regime. He had campaigned for Hayes and had received his appointment from him. The bitterness extended from party leaders on down to local voters. From all accounts the decision of the Grants to include a stop at Cheyenne on their way home from a world tour was made late so their arrival had short notice. The Hoyts both hurried home from out of town to welcome the guests and prepare for their entertainment. The governor seems to have extended the invitation but whether the military staff of Fort D. A. Russell or the citizens took charge is not clear. However, General Brackett seems to have assumed some responsibility. At least **The Leader**, a Grant organ, reported with obvious relish that “The governor was conspicuous by his absence” from the luncheon, so apparently he was not included in that plan. **The Leader** seems to have enjoyed adding that when the luncheon was over General Brackett asked General Grant if he would step up on the balcony in order to be seen by all present. “Is that governor up there?”, asked General Grant quickly.

“I believe not,” replied General Brackett.

“Then let’s go up.”⁸⁵

The local rancor was evident the following day when **The Leader** held forth on the theme that the governor was no representative of Wyoming people.

President Hayes was expected to visit Cheyenne in the near future. “We desire,” said **The Leader**, “to utter a note of warning: The arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the president must be made by the people, or their representatives. Our citizens will not consent to play puppets, with a supercilious, conceited official turning the crank as on another occasion. . . . The officious per-

84. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, pp. 327-329.

85. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, August 24, 1880.

sonage referred to is in no sense a representative of the people—he simply represents the federal government. His petty, brief authority emanates from Washington; not from the body of the people in Wyoming, nor with their consent. He has no right to welcome anybody here in the name of the people of Wyoming, and he transcends the bounds of his circumscribed privileges when he extends a welcome ‘for and in the name of the people of Wyoming.’”⁸⁶

When President Hayes and his party came to Wyoming Governor Hoyt was a member of the group to welcome the president and he made a brief speech to the assembled crowd but the formal introduction was made by the mayor of the city.⁸⁷ In his address Governor Hoyt spoke in part as follows: “I have the honor this day to introduce to you the chief magistrate of the nation, equally regardful of all sections of the union, and desiring now to acquaint himself by observation more fully with the resources, conditions and wants of the new and remote states and territories. He pauses at this gateway of the mountains for an hour, that he may extend friendly salutations to all the people. Mr. President, speaking not alone for this multitude here assembled, but for all who dwell within our borders, for myself, and in their name, I extend to you the most sincere and hearty welcome. . . . We stand at this moment, as it were, in the midst of what but yesterday was known as the great American desert. You see that the desert was a creation of the fancy; that this is in fact a region of vast resources, whose extended plains afford the best stock regions in the world, and whose many rich valleys are capable, with irrigation, of producing abundant harvests, and whose mountains are vast storehouses of mineral wealth; and when you have seen more of this wild Rocky Mountain region, you cannot fail to call to your intelligent mind that we are the germs of great states, designed to contribute much to the future grandeur and glory of our common country.”

Following this the mayor took over and formally introduced President Hayes. Local independence and pride were thus satisfied.

Territorial Problems

LEGISLATIVE ORGANIZATION AND PROCEDURE.

The proper legislative organization and procedure have re-

⁸⁶. *Ibid.*, August 25, 1880.

⁸⁷. *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 5, 1880.

ceived much attention from those interested in effective government. Governor Hoyt had given these problems much thought and consideration. In his message to the Sixth Legislative Assembly, he shared his conclusions with the member.⁸⁸

"It is a maxim of the wisest statesmen," he said, "that the world is too much governed." Laws should be framed so as to interfere as little as possible with the natural rights of the individual citizen consistent with the best interests of the whole community. Proper legislation should be carefully considered and discussed before enactment. Due to excessive legislation the statute books of nearly all states and territories were filled with useless laws or laws that were injurious to the people. Having been carefully considered and solemnly enacted all laws should be allowed sufficient time to prove their wisdom or unwisdom—their suitability to the ends proposed. Only when it was clear that the laws were unnecessary or inadequate should they be amended or repealed.

Local and special laws he thought a great cause of excessive legislation. In many situations which seemed to call for such statutes wise general laws would bring better results. The legislators must remember that they had a two-fold responsibility—the welfare of their local groups or special interests and also the general welfare. In case of conflict the general interest must have first consideration. Nor must the representatives consider the immediate situation alone but rather the future and permanent welfare of the people.

Then, too, he thought a representative should be able to "approach every legislative question with a judicial mind, prepared to weigh every consideration involved with a statesman-like breadth and impartiality". Such an attitude would save the community both time and money. The interest of special groups or localities as well as that of the public at large would then be considered fairly, the evil of log-rolling would be eliminated and the evil practice of leaving local legislation to the judgment of local representatives alone would be discontinued.

The governor believed that "no wise legislator will lose sight of this important truth, that in every community there is a correlation of interests, even where not at once apparent—that the true policy of classes and sections is that of friendly and hearty cooperation, to the end that all

88. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

may advance and each one rise with every other. This is especially so in a new community like ours. There may well be a generous rivalry, for this promotes activity, increase of energy, and greater rapidity of development. But there should be none of that blind and selfish strife which surely leads to waste and demoralization."⁸⁹

Hasty legislation was also a fault to be avoided. With a legislative session limited to forty days he thought it would be well if bills, and especially appropriation measures, were prepared in advance of the legislative meeting, or at least with as little delay as possible after the opening of the session, so that proposed laws might receive careful consideration before final action.

He reminded the legislators of the American theory of the proper relationship between the legislative body and the executive department as represented by the Governor. As Governor he was jointly responsible with the Legislative Assembly for the enactment of good laws. He would not feel at liberty to approve measures which he had not had sufficient time to scrutinize. Governor Hoyt, in other words, did not propose to shirk his responsibility in the enactment of laws.

TAXATION. Governor Hoyt had lived his formative years a member of a thrifty pioneer family in Ohio where economic conditions called for prudence in the use of money by the individual as well as by public authorities. His Wisconsin years had added to his caution in financial matters. As a public official in Wyoming Territory he showed the same characteristics. He believed in economy in spending as well as in the avoidance of debt. "Pay as you go," he thought, was a good motto for the state as well as for the individual. The auditor's report for 1879 disturbed him as it indicated a territorial debt of more than \$17,000.

In his message to the Legislative Assembly he suggested the damage which debts kept afloat on account of no provision for their payment would cause the credit of the Territory.⁹⁰ Since there was no subject in which the people felt a deeper interest than in that of taxation they must not fail to give the most laborious and conscientious effort to the planning and perfection of measures calculated to lighten and equalize the burdens of the taxpayers.

To secure a fair system of taxation the legislators must consider the following problems: the prevention of

⁸⁹. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

⁹⁰. *Ibid.*, pp. 8-12.

tax dodging, a fair system of equalization, the advantages of a low evaluation with a high rate as compared to a full cash valuation with a very moderate rate, reduction of public expenditures, and a more efficient system of collection of taxes in the counties. County officers must be held responsible for the collection of taxes as levied. Wyoming being a cattle area the taxation of cattle was a chief problem. There must be not only an enumeration of cattle, but they must be classified as to age and breed, with separate valuations.

Addressing the Seventh Legislative Assembly Hoyt was more optimistic in regard to the financial condition of the Territory.⁹¹ Wyoming was sharing the general prosperity of the country. With this more favorable financial situation there came to them, as the people's representatives, new opportunities for promoting the territorial interests but also increased responsibilities for guarding against the natural tendency to extravagant expenditures in time of plenty. Although they were clearly privileged to engage in some of the undertakings which, because of the newness and poverty of the Territory, had been denied their predecessors it behooved them to act not only with exceeding care and prudence but also with that wise foresight and courage which was demanded by the needs of the present and the future. The finances of the Territory, he reported, were in excellent state; their debts had been taken care of; the tax valuation for 1881 was \$13,866,118.06 as compared to \$11,835,563.40 for the previous year. Indeed, he believed that approximately \$20,000,000 was the more correct valuation of their general property. It was evident, therefore, that a large amount of taxable property was escaping the assessor. While this was true of all taxable property he believed it was especially true of cattle. Discrepancy between the returned and the real number of cattle needed explanation, so that owners would be acquitted of attempts to defraud the treasury, for the returns were sworn to by as honorable and upright a class of men as could be found in any community of the world. He thought the reasons for the situation were the uncertain county and territorial boundary lines and the time of the year when assessments were made. A requirement that owners make legal location of their herds in such a way as to make conflict of claims between assessors impossible would remedy the first situation; the second problem would

91. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, pp. 3-32.

be taken care of by making the assessments after the round-ups when owners could make an accurate count of cattle.

ELECTION PROCEDURE. The most direct popular control of government in a democracy is through the use of the ballot. Unfortunately the value of the ballot has not always been appreciated by the voter. There are not a few citizens who still fail to realize the fact that the privilege of choosing men to public office was gained only after centuries of struggle. As in other states and territories there were in Wyoming Territory charges of election fraud and corruption. In fact, with Wyoming but recently organized as a territory, with men and business interests seeking favors more openly than in older communities, election conditions were, very likely, worse than in the earlier settled areas.

In his first message to the legislature Governor Hoyt called attention to election conditions in the Territory.⁹² He believed that, in a government aiming at the largest freedom of the individual and the highest welfare of the whole people, there would be found an earnest purpose on the part of all good citizens, regardless of mere party considerations, to preserve the purity and independence of the ballot. The ballot box must represent the verdict of the people or the state would sooner or later become a "rudderless ship on a tempestuous and treacherous sea". While he did not think that election frauds such as colonization and fraudulent counting of ballots were worse in Wyoming than in other states, there were hazards which must be guarded against with the greatest possible care. He favored registration of voters as a means of maintaining the purity of elections.

He also made another recommendation which he thought would tend to improve election conditions. He favored cutting down their number and frequency to save expense and also avoid "that great evil of American politics—that perpetual ferment of political excitement in which the people were kept from the beginning to the end of their lives". If there were any good reasons why the election of delegates to Congress, members of the Assembly and local officers should not be held on one and the same day, he did not know what they were.

THE LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY. The live-stock industry was the first stable industry of early Wyoming. The

92. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 35 and 36.

topography of the Territory and the character of the men in the industry, combined with the fact of its early start, gave the live-stock group a dominating position which has tended to continue even to the present time. The vast extent of free public grazing land offered inducements which were attractive indeed. Wyoming, especially in its territorial days, has been referred to as the cattlemen's commonwealth. A reason for this is the fact that of the live-stock group the cattlemen have usually been the more aggressive. Recognizing the close relationship between economics and politics the cattlemen or their representatives became members of the Legislative Assembly where they usually secured the legislation they desired.

With his agricultural background Governor Hoyt took great interest in the welfare of the cattle group and in legislation which was desired by that interest. The section of his first report to the Secretary of Interior which deals with the live stock business indicates an extensive study of its methods and sympathy for its problems. The friendly relation between Governor Hoyt and the cattlemen is suggested by the fact that at the meeting of the Wyoming Livestock Association in 1879 he was the principal speaker and, following his address, he was elected to honorary membership. In addressing the Seventh Legislative Assembly he referred to the Association as having a membership that "for number, high character and amount of capital employed is believed to be without rival in this or any country".⁹³ However, he did not hesitate to protest when the cattlemen were too arrogant, as men with so much power and little feeling of responsibility are apt to be.

In his first report to the Secretary of Interior he discussed at length the condition and importance of the "pastoral resources of the Territory".⁹⁴ Pastoral activities were, he wrote, the present great source of income for Wyoming. Careful inquiries concerning stock raising and grazing in other states and territories had led him to the conclusion that the advantages of Wyoming as a pastoral region were "without parallel". Wyoming had the advantages of a fertile soil and a "tempered climate" while almost the entire surface of the region was "clothed with the most nutritious grasses". This area, larger than the whole of New England, was capable of sustaining and fattening mil-

93. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, p. 9.

94. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1158-1166.

lions of domestic animals. The remarkable distribution of water made it possible to open innumerable ranches and cattle-ranges, which made almost every square mile of pasture available. The surface was of such a character as to protect the herds from storms and at the same time, with the wind blowing away the snow, cattle and sheep were never long without easy grazing. Finally, the fall season was such that rich grasses were cured so gradually and perfectly that all winter long they were as standing hay and even much better since the ripened seed which they retained on the stalk made the grass more like grain. With such unequalled conditions Wyoming was without doubt the finest pastoral region in the world. Also, along the streams grew taller grasses suitable for hay, which could be used for winter feed.

The geographical location of Wyoming was fortunate for stock raising. The Union Pacific, the only transcontinental railroad at this time, gave the cattlemen access to markets and to the grain of the Missouri river corn belt. He believed that the Wyoming stockmen would soon find it profitable to send their nearly-matured cattle to Nebraska or even farther east for finishing for market.

As to the profits in the cattle industry, there were several factors to consider. They depended on choice of location, terms of purchase, skill of management and marketing shrewdness. In the past enormous profits had been realized—in some cases even fifty to one hundred per cent on the investment. However on account of the increasing number of herds introduced, the advance in price of cattle purchased, and, above all, the present low price of beef, the profits now were more likely to range between twenty and forty per cent. Nevertheless the live-stock business in Wyoming, for security and profit, was still unequalled by any other business of the west of which he had any knowledge.

Looking to the more distant future, Governor Hoyt believed that the time was near when, in the more favored pastoral districts, the encroachment of herds and flocks upon each others' accustomed ranges on the public domain would make it necessary for Congress to pass legislation to enable proprietors of stock to acquire, on reasonable terms, either ownership in considerable bodies of pasture lands or renters' rights to their exclusive use. Such a law would be an advantage even now to the cattlemen in some localities. After a while it would become a necessity. Wyoming was finding that the Homestead Act, passed for middle west farmers, could not be applied under western conditions.

In an area having insufficient rainfall the problem of water is an ever pressing one. The early cattlemen had taken over the public land adjacent to streams and fenced it, thus making access to water for later comers difficult. In his message to the Sixth Legislative Assembly Governor Hoyt called the attention of the legislators to this situation.⁹⁵ "In some localities so much of the valley land has been taken up," he said, "under one act or another, and fenced, that stock not within the enclosure thus made, are, for miles up and down the streams, excluded [from access to water]. Humanity unites with the common interest of stock growers in requiring immediate legislation on this subject."

As a possible solution to their water problem the governor called attention to the fact that Congress had recently authorized the sinking of test artesian wells in Colorado, and Wyoming should have these experiments extended to their Territory.⁹⁶ He believed the legislature ought to join him and their delegate to Congress in urging such action.

In his journeys through England and Scotland Governor Hoyt had been much impressed by the high quality of the cattle. He was interested now in noting that Wyoming cattlemen were taking action to improve the quality of their herds.⁹⁷ Fewer cattle were being brought in from Texas and more from the western states where considerable attention was being given to the improvement of the native stock by the infusion of better blood. Local cattlemen were importing bulls of the best known breeds from the east and even from Great Britain.

In his second report to the Secretary of Interior Mr. Hoyt warned against "unreasonable expectations".⁹⁸ When he made his first report to the Secretary of Interior there were between 250,000 and 300,000 cattle in Wyoming. Now there were not less than 540,000. It must be understood, therefore, that the best localities, those more convenient to shipping points and nearest to settlements, had been appropriated. But areas were vast in Wyoming and there was still room if one looked around. On his explorations of

95. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, p. 13.

96. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, p. 13.

97. Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1880, Vol. II, pp. 525-526.

98. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. II, p. 526.

the Territory he had travelled whole days through sections of northern Wyoming, in every way desirable for grazing, without seeing a single animal.

Next to the cattle business ranked the sheep industry as a source of profit and it seemed well established.⁹⁹ While sheep needed more care than cattle and the loss from storms, disease, and accident was somewhat greater, less capital was needed to start in the business and some who raised both cattle and sheep claimed that sheep were the more profitable.

AGRICULTURE. Governor Hoyt had spent his boyhood days on a successful Ohio farm. For a number of years he had been editor of the middle west's leading farm journal. He had always shown great interest in state and national legislation to promote the interest of farmers. As Governor of Wyoming he displayed the same interest and favored legislation that would advance Wyoming as an agricultural commonwealth. After his exploration of the Territory he came to the conclusion that the popular notion of sterility of the area was not at all correct.¹⁰⁰ In fact the rock formations underlying its plains were of the very character to produce fertile soil. Moreover, contrary to general belief, the climate of the plains of Wyoming, both east of the mountains and within them, compared favorably with that of the middle states. He admitted that agriculture was not possible in the Territory without irrigation and that corn and the larger fruits such as apples and pears could not be produced. However, Wyoming could grow and had actually produced excellent crops of about every other product of the soil commonly grown in the northern states. As an example of the possibilities of small grain production he reported that on his recent explorations he had seen, in the Lander valley, "wheat standing over five feet high and so thick that I walked through it with difficulty".¹⁰¹ The owner later reported a yield of more than fifty bushels per acre. Garden products were simply marvelous for size and yield.

As to the amount of land suitable for agriculture he concluded that "calculating with carefulness the length and average width of the principal valleys proper . . . the aggregate area of lands that can be brought under cultivation is probably not less than 11,000 square miles or say

99. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-79, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1164-1166.

100. Executive Documents, Third Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of the Interior, Part I., pp. 1166-1168.

101. *Ibid.*, pp. 1166-1168.

eight million acres. It may be ten million acres." In fact he thought that with the progress that was being made production would very soon "render our population self-dependent, as far as the food staples are concerned". A good beginning had been made and the assessors' books of 1878 reported 42,638 acres of land as being "improved".

Dairying was also a profitable branch of husbandry. It could be carried on without irrigation and, with their most nutritious grasses, could produce a superior quality of butter and cheese. He was surprised that more did not follow the example of the enterprising farmers of the southwestern part of the Territory.

In his message to the Sixth Legislative Assembly, however, Governor Hoyt admitted that agriculture had advanced but slowly in the Territory.¹⁰² For a prosperous agriculture Wyoming must have a large population and accessible markets. Immigration must be encouraged through publicity of the area's advantages, mines must be opened and manufacturing must be developed. Agriculture would bring to Wyoming a stable class of people, who would give security to their laws, institutions, and the good order of the community. He believed that their failure to attract settlers was due to the assumed superior profitableness of the live stock industry and lack of confidence in the possibility of a successful agriculture at so great an elevation.

The struggle between the cattleman and the farmer for the land was in its early stage. The cattlemen had taken possession of the public domain as theirs of right. Control of water carried with it control of the land. Already many of the streams and valleys were being fenced so as to exclude the farmer. In his report to the Secretary of Interior the governor wrote that there was nothing in existing laws to prevent a monopoly of water-privileges by a comparatively few owners of large herds of cattle and sheep, to the practical exclusion of the agriculturalist.¹⁰³ This was a matter of great importance, not so much in the actual present as in the early future. It was clear that if stockmen were permitted to acquire absolute control of the valley lands, not with a view to their cultivation but rather as a means of preventing it, agricultural development would be impossible. He hoped that the subject would have the early attention of Congress.

102. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 16-17.

103. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. II., pp. 531-533.

Governor Hoyt also called attention to the failure of the general government to push the survey of public lands.¹⁰⁴ Settlers were repeatedly appealing to him for help in this matter and he hoped Congress would appropriate more money for this purpose. He thought it was a strange sort of economy which refused to open the public lands to settlers who desired to improve them, simply because it would cost a few farthings per acre to fix a boundary line. He hoped that the day was not far in the future when agriculture would become an important element in their wealth and prosperity.

MINERAL RESOURCES. Prospecting has always been a fascinating adventure. The possibility of finding riches without too much effort has a great appeal for many as has the desire to take a chance. The gold discoveries of California and Colorado aroused interest in neighboring communities. If gold was found in Colorado why not in Wyoming? South Pass and its brief history seemed to confirm the hopes of prospectors in search of precious metals.

Interested as he was in all economic activities in Wyoming Governor Hoyt on his exploration tours of the Territory, gave much attention to the mineral possibilities. Occupied as Wyoming had been until recently by hostile Indians, the mineral resources, he wrote the Secretary of Interior, had been but little developed or even ascertained with any great definiteness. Enough had been found out, however, to determine that they were "vast and varied". Moreover, the mineral resources were widely distributed.

In addressing the Sixth Legislative Assembly, the governor called the attention of the legislators to the importance of mining for Wyoming, not only on account of the mineral resources as such but also because other industries essential to the future prosperity and greatness of Wyoming were to a large extent dependent on the development of mining.¹⁰⁵ Unless mining was first developed neither a vigorous agriculture nor a prosperous manufacturing industry would be established. He thought that especially in coal, soda and petroleum Wyoming was destined to pre-eminence among all the states and territories, if not indeed among all the countries of the world. These industries alone could insure to Wyoming a large population, varied

104. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1178-1179.

105. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 14-16.

opportunities for the citizen, and all those conditions of a high social status upon which the well-being of the Territory must depend.

He believed that gold and silver mining had good possibilities. The only questions that remained to be settled were those of extent and richness of ore. He was convinced that great loss had been suffered by the people through the incompetence and dishonesty of men claiming to be assayers who had no qualifications for such work or who, having knowledge of the methods, for a little gain were ready to make a favorable and incorrect report. Cases could be cited in which large investments, based on false reports of assays or pretended assays that were never made at all, had been totally lost. Proper assays later made showed the so-called "rich ores" contained not so much as a trace of either gold or silver. To correct the situation he had secured for the Territory a competent assayer, who was also an analytical chemist, metallurgist and mining engineer, to furnish reliable mining information.

Governor Hoyt also reported to the Secretary of Interior that great quantities of copper, iron, graphite, sulphur, petroleum, asphalt and "vast accumulations" of soda were to be found in many localities, while material such as granite, sandstone, fire clay, limestone and marble were to be found in all parts of the Territory.¹⁰⁶

It was, however, in regard to the coal deposits of Wyoming that the governor was especially enthusiastic. From all the minerals he had mentioned Wyoming would benefit but little if they were without corresponding supplies of coal. There must be coal for the smelting of ores, for the processing and refining of crude materials, and for the generating of motive power. Wyoming was the possessor of coal fields hardly second in extent to those of Pennsylvania and superior in quality. With the geographical position and other advantages possessed by the Territory the coal guaranteed a supremacy which needed only the "wisdom of practical statesmanship" to achieve. The Territory was practically "one vast coal basin". Certainly it would hardly be extravagant to say that nearly one-fifth of the whole area was underlaid with more or less continuous beds. Considering the quantity and quality of the coal as well as their other minerals they were justified in hoping for a great and prosperous future for the Territory. ¹⁰⁷

106. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1144-1154.

107. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, pp. 1-11.

Of coal about 300,000 tons were being mined each year. Petroleum was being used by the Union Pacific as a superior lubricating oil. Their other mineral resources, however, were still untouched. Capitalists were either ignorant of them or claimed that on account of bulk and cheapness of the products they could not profitably be utilized until they could get lower freight rates.¹⁰⁸

MANUFACTURING. Governor Hoyt visioned Wyoming as the leading manufacturing area for the Rocky Mountain region.¹⁰⁹ He believed the Territory had many advantages which would aid its development as that center, such as natural resources necessary as a basis of great industries, inexhaustible supplies of coal and potential water power, conveniently distributed, exceptional geographic position, and an excellent transportation system. With mountains of iron lying side by side with excellent coal, Wyoming people would not always import their railroad iron, their merchants' iron, their stoves and heavy hollow wares, and their ponderous machinery from less favored localities one and two thousand miles away. While they had at present only small factories, their natural resources suggested great manufacturing possibilities. No pains should be spared to give those resources a vigorous expansion.

Their great present need was cheaper transportation. The Union Pacific Railroad ought to adopt a more liberal policy in regard to rates and such a policy, with the resulting greater volume of freight, would increase the company's income. It would aid manufacturing and also give mining and grazing new life and prosperity. He was glad to report that some railroad officials had indicated their intention to encourage industries for the Territory by rate concessions of the most liberal terms within their power.¹¹⁰

TRANSPORTATION. The value and importance of good transportation for a community cannot be over estimated. It means access to markets, schools, church, neighbors, places of recreation. In his first report to the Secretary of Interior, Governor Hoyt shows a good understanding of the need for a solution of the transportation problem for the Territory and suggests some interesting ones.

He first considered the importance to Wyoming of the Union Pacific Railroad. The settlements established, the

108. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. 2, p. 527.

109. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1157-1158.

110. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, p. 17.

improvements made and developments begun in the region were due to its construction. Without the Union Pacific Wyoming would still be as wild and unproductive as it was a hundred years ago. The railroad ought not to be considered merely as a means to handle international or even transcontinental traffic. It ought to be the policy of the company, by the lowest possible rates and a guarantee of such rates for a period of years, to encourage the investment of capital all along its line. Even if there were no immediate returns to the company it would subtract nothing from the profits now made on through business and would result in the early creation of local industries and consequent local traffic that would eventually be a far greater source of revenue.¹¹¹

With the main line built it was very desirable to build branch lines to develop the interior of the Territory. The immediate need was a branch from Cheyenne to the mining region of the Black Hills, to take the place of the very expensive wagon road transportation. If the road were built by way of Ft. Laramie that part would mean the first link in the eventual road to Montana. Until the time of building the railroad into Montana it would serve the needs of both the Territory and the national government to convert the present trail to Ft. Custer into a good military wagon road and mail route. The saving to the national government would pay the whole cost of such improvement in a very few years. Such a project would open to settlers the whole magnificent section of Wyoming lying east of the Big Horn mountains.

Governor Hoyt also had a plan for opening up the western part of the Territory for the benefit of the mining region and the agricultural areas there. He would have the national government construct a first class wagon road from a point on the Union Pacific into the Sweetwater mining area and along the east side of the Wind River mountains to the Yellowstone Park and on into Montana.¹¹²

In his second report to the Secretary of Interior, he discussed the proposed railroad into North Park.¹¹³ This area was inaccessible from the settled portions of Colorado while it did open into Wyoming. In fact it was a natural tributary to Wyoming. It was very desirable as a summer range for stock and was rich in coal.

111. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I, pp. 1179-1181.

112. The possibility of constructing a wagon road to Yellowstone Park is discussed more fully in the section on Recreation.

113. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. 2, p. 529.

CONSERVATION. In his travels through Europe Governor Hoyt had observed the careful use of the soil and its products by the people. After centuries of cultivation the soil seemed more productive than the virgin soil of America. The forests, instead of being despoiled as in the United States, were cultivated and cared for more carefully than the cultivated crops here.

In his government report he exclaimed, "How long it will be ere we come to look at practical questions with a wisdom that embraces the future in its calculations. I shall not assume to say, but I am certainly safe in asserting that unless we amend our course in forestry matters, as well as in agriculture and many other departments of American industry, the future will have just cause to reproach us with a recklessness and prodigality unparalleled in the history of enlightened nations."¹¹⁴

Governor Hoyt, however, was not an extremist in conservation. Addressing the Sixth Legislative Assembly he discussed the desirability of supplying settlers with their needed forest products.¹¹⁵ He believed that settlers ought to be permitted to purchase timber lands in small tracts and at fair prices. If surveys had not been made the settlers ought to be permitted to cut timber at moderate prices under government regulation. Green timber, however, ought not to be cut if sound dead timber suitable for their purpose was available. The freest use of down timber for domestic purposes ought to be permitted both to supply the needs of the people and to prevent forest fires.

There had been much destruction from cupidity and recklessness of persons engaged in speculating in the products of the forest. "The preservation of our forests", he said, "is a matter of very great moment not only because of the constant necessity we shall have for timber, as population increases and industries develop, but also for climatic reasons; since forests both promote the fall of rain and snow, and, by detaining the accumulated moisture for gradual drainage into the valleys, insure to the streams a perpetual flow. So grazing, agriculture, mining and manufacturing, as well as the lumbering interests, demand a most serious consideration of this subject. At the present rate of destruction our splendid forest will soon have been swept

¹¹⁴. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., p. 1177.

¹¹⁵. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, Nov. 4, 1879, pp. 17-18.

from our mountains.”¹¹⁶ He favored legislation which would penalize any carelessness in regard to fires since the law on that subject was wholly insufficient.

It is probable that his hearers and his correspondents did not become much excited over Mr. Hoyt's warnings and predictions, at least no legislation indicates it. But now that seventy years of rapid depletion of our soil resources have brought most of the people to a dismayed realization of what has happened, we appreciate deeply the foresight of this keen and devoted public servant and only wish that his suggestions had been followed then.

RECREATION. As a boy Governor Hoyt had enjoyed games and sports and athletic contests of all kinds. He liked horseback riding and had in mind being a horse man. He was an excellent swimmer. He loved to tell about his exploits in mountain climbing. As Governor of Wyoming Territory he delighted in its scenery and possibilities for outdoor life and outdoor sports. Its plains, plateaus, forests and mountains intrigued him.

“Many a Wyoming herdsman”, he wrote in his report to the Secretary of Interior, “grazes his cattle, and many a shepherd watches his flock in the midst of scenery that would challenge the genius of a Turner or Salvator. He is the better for it, and the children who play about his cabin door and gambol on the bank of the beautiful stream flowing past will be the better citizens for these silent lessons. I cannot here attempt even to locate these glories of the landscape; one finds them on every mountainside and in nearly every valley. When better known they will make of Wyoming, including that ‘wonder-land’ the Great National Park, a region of resort for pleasure-seekers from every part of the world.”¹¹⁷

Dreaming of Wyoming as the playground of the nation, if not of the world, he believed that Yellowstone Park must be made more accessible. Entrance to the park was at that time by the round about way through Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana. Why not have the national government build a road from some point on the Union Pacific Railroad directly through Wyoming to the Yellowstone Park? Such a road would save tourists hundreds of miles of travel and offer, on the way, the enjoyment of magnificent scenery with the finest hunting and fishing for the

116. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 2, 1882, pp. 14-15.

117. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., p. 1172.

sportsman. Besides it would head off any tendency to make Montana the entrance gate to the park and retain control of it in the hands of Wyoming, where it rightfully belonged. There was already a wagon road to Ft. Washakie. An extension to Yellowstone Park could be built at very low cost.

Early in June, 1879, Governor Hoyt applied to the War Department for such a detail of soldiers from Ft. Washakie as would enable him to make an investigation of the intended route.¹¹⁸ General Sheridan, to whom the request went, favored the plan so Major Julius F. Mason and a few privates were assigned to work with the governor. On July 23 the expedition was on its way.

On entering the park the group was taken in charge by the park officials. He says that Yellowstone Park far exceeded his expectations and he thought that, without doubt, it was destined to attract a constantly increasing number of visitors from all parts of the world.

The party entered the park by the Wind River Valley route and returned by the Stinking Water route. Either, they decided, was entirely practicable for a good wagon road, each having advantages, and the cost would be very moderate.

Not only did Wyoming have much to offer the vacation bound tourist, but it also had unusual attractions for the sportsman. "The fauna of Wyoming", the governor reported, "includes vast numbers of the most valuable species; and, to the sportsman, is one of the most attractive fields on the continent, as is manifest from the great numbers, both from various portions of the United States and from Europe, who resort to its plains and mountains for the pleasures of the chase and the angler's art."¹¹⁹ The streams everywhere abounded in fish of choice varieties including the speckled trout. There had been wanton destruction of fish and game by non-residents who liked to boast about their big kill. More stringent laws must be passed to prevent such destruction and interested citizens must help in the enforcement of such legislation.¹²⁰

PUBLIC EDUCATION. Governor Hoyt was a product of public schools. He believed in public education as the basic foundation of democracy. No community, he thought, could hope to maintain a free government unless the people

118. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, pp. 318-327.

119. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., p. 1156.

120. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

were well educated. He not only believed in general education as a preparation for participation in popular government and as a training for a richer life but also favored agricultural and industrial education as a means of preparing people for making a better living and breaking down any caste system which might tend to develop. He was well prepared to discuss with the Wyoming legislators their educational needs and problems. He had been a teacher at Antioch College under Horace Mann. At the request of the State Department he had made a study of the educational systems of Europe and the Americas. This report had been highly praised by American educators as well as by laymen familiar with educational problems. Addressing the National Education Association on "University Progress" his advocacy of a national university had met with the approval of the association and he had been appointed chairman of a committee to promote the establishment, by the national government, of such an institution in the District of Columbia.

The educational system he had found in Wyoming had been a surprise to him, he reported to the Bureau of Education, and later to the Secretary of Interior. With his usual enthusiasm he declared that after a careful inspection of nearly every school in the Territory and attendance upon some of the examinations and public exercises he was constrained to say that the graded schools gave evidence of an efficiency that would do honor to the older schools of the East.¹²¹ Looking forward to the establishment of a university for the Territory he reported that the gradation was complete from the lowest primary to the end of the high school so that when the university was established it would rest directly upon a firm foundation.

It was also worthy of note that the public at large felt a great pride in the public schools and was ever ready with liberal means, as well as with active moral influence, to promote their advancement. In fact he had never known a community in this country or in Europe more zealously devoted to the cause of popular education than the people of this new Territory.

The schools were directed and taught by persons well qualified for their responsibilities by study in the academies, colleges, and, in several instances, normal schools of

121. Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1877, pp. 296-297. A Bureau of Education footnote to Governor Hoyt's report is somewhat doubtful of the general correctness of the statement. It suggests that "Governor Hoyt seems to have the schools of Laramie and Cheyenne in view in making these remarks and comparisons."

the East and in general were doing excellent work. The school buildings were good, showing that the people were ready to spend their money freely for the comfort and culture of their children. He regretted that no provision had been made by Congress to allow territories some of the advantages in aid of education with which they were favored when they had been admitted into the union.¹²²

In his message to the Seventh Legislative Assembly Governor Hoyt expressed the opinion that the counties were fortunate in their choice of school superintendents who were unusually competent and deeply interested in education. He thought, however, that their work could be advantageously supplemented by the services of experienced educators.¹²³ Just what official place these "educators" were to have is not made clear.

As a further aid in the education of the people he favored the establishment of libraries.¹²⁴ There ought to be established and maintained a strong and flourishing free public library at the chief center of population in each county. In the adoption of such policy, however, great care must be taken to guard the rights and interests of the neighboring villages and outlying settlements in their use of the libraries. A tax of only a fraction of a mill, together with gifts from interested people and organizations, would soon produce results that would richly compensate every contributor. Some of the communities had reading rooms which were much frequented and were doing excellent service "by attracting young men from the haunts of vice or places of trifling amusements to those means of intellectual culture and social refinements". He also favored a better exchange system for the territorial library with other states and territories as well as with foreign countries.

The Territory needed an historical and scientific museum housed in its own building.

When he was a resident of Wisconsin he had fathered the organization of an Academy of Science, Arts and Letters. Such an organization, he believed, promoted the culture and educational development of a community. He reported to the legislators that he had organized a similar group in Cheyenne.¹²⁵ The club had for its object the encouragement of historical and scientific research, the promo-

122. Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1877, pp. 296-297.

123. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, pp. 21--22.

124. *Ibid.*, pp. 23-25.

125. *Ibid.*, p. 25.

tion of the practical industries of Wyoming, the collection and preservation of authentic records of territorial history, the formation of historical, scientific and industrial museums, and the enlargement of the territorial library.

PUBLIC HEALTH. With his love for the outdoors and his medical background, it is no surprise to find that Governor Hoyt considered it a duty for the community to assume some responsibility for the physical welfare of the people. Addressing the Sixth Legislative Assembly he admitted that even Wyoming "with its undulating surface, affording natural drainage, its rapid streams of crystal water, its pure mountain air and ever sunny skies" requires an intelligent, watchful and efficient supervision of public health.¹²⁶ He thought, however, that a public health program would be too great a financial burden for local communities and would therefore need to be planned as a part of the Territorial program. He would have a Territorial Board of Health, made up of professional men of high standing, which would have the functions common to such a board. In addition he would have the members act as public instructors in hygiene as well as in the duties of citizenship in regard to sanitary laws and regulations. Finally, he would have the board collect vital and social statistics. The board should be paid by the Territory, their services being free to the public.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE. Equal rights for women was beginning to be advocated by some pioneer leaders in that movement when Governor Hoyt was a young man. He heard Lucy Stone "argue for equal rights for women and felt the force of her invincible argument in favor of better opportunities and requisite freedom of women".¹²⁷ The First Legislative Assembly of Wyoming had given women the right to vote, an action which pleased the governor. In his message to the Seventh Legislative Assembly he reviewed the results of the law. "It was a bold and gallant stroke on the side of reason and justice long delayed, that act of our first legislative assembly, and what wonder that the eyes of the world have been turned on Wyoming ever since—under it we have better laws, better officers, better institutions, better morals and a higher social condition in general than could otherwise exist, . . . that not one of the predicted evils, such as loss of native delicacy and disturbance of home relations, has followed in its train, . . . that the great body of our women, and the best of them, have accepted the elective franchise as a precious boon and exercise it

126. *Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

127. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

as a patriotic duty, . . . in a word, that, after twelve years of happy experience, woman suffrage is so thoroughly rooted and established in the minds and hearts of this people that, among them all no voice is ever uplifted in protest against or in question of it. For these reasons, also, there rests on us the obligation to so guard and elevate the social order as to make of Wyoming an ever-brightening star for the guidance of this new grand movement in the interest of human freedom."¹²⁸

PUBLIC MORALS. Much discussed is the question of the right or desirability of the state to legislate regarding morals. Governor Hoyt believed that it was the function of the legislature to consider not only economic problems but moral ones as well. Addressing the Seventh Legislative Assembly he suggested that it was the duty of the legislators to consider and adopt every proper measure for the suppression of vice and the encouragement of virtue. Such a program would determine to a great extent "not only the personal security and happiness of the individual but also the stability, prosperity and glory of the State".¹²⁹

THE NATIONAL MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION

Denver had for some time considered a mining exposition. It was not until the spring of 1882 that a board of directors was organized to consider and carry out the plan. A general invitation was issued to possible exhibitors. The Legislative Assembly of Wyoming had adjourned before plans were completed so no financial provision for participation was made. Governor Hoyt's term of office had expired and he was only awaiting a successor. Nevertheless the governor felt that Wyoming must be represented. Besides the governor did enjoy expositions. Accordingly he issued a proclamation calling for the financial assistance of county commissioners and private citizens so that Wyoming might have a creditable showing of its resources at the exposition. Personally he traveled over the Territory to collect desirable exhibits.

On July 29 *The Cheyenne Daily Leader* reported that "Governor Hoyt returned yesterday afternoon from a trip to Rawlins, Ft. Steele and the Seminoe mountains in the interest of Wyoming's exhibit at the Denver exposition. The Governor's trip was a hard one, embracing eighty miles in the saddle for one day's work besides the harder work at Seminoe camps in looking over the ground for sample of

128. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, January 12, 1882, pp. 26-27.

129. *Ibid.*, p. 25.

ores from that section. . . . The obstacles which had to be surmounted to make any kind of an exhibit of Wyoming resources in this exposition can scarcely be computed or comprehended."¹³⁰

That he was more than successful in his efforts to secure and arrange a creditable showing of Wyoming's resources is indicated by the news stories of the Denver papers. As a matter of fact Governor Hoyt stole the show and the Denver papers admitted it. The **Denver Tribune** of August 19 states that "every day shows a big improvement in the Wyoming exhibit, which will be one of the most interesting in the exposition when it is completed".¹³¹

A few days later the **Tribune** was even more enthusiastic. Referring to the difficulties in arranging for Wyoming's participation in the exposition the paper continued, "How well he [Governor Hoyt] has succeeded in his efforts to make known the many wonderful resources of this Territory is shown in the remarkable and beautiful display of her ores, economic products, industrial material and vast resources in the tasty pavilion at the north end of the main building. On each corner of the square occupied are monuments from eight to ten feet in height; one of the rich red hematite ore found near Laramie City and used by the Union Pacific Railroad rolling mills, one of pine, larch and spruce, excellent representatives of 15,000,000 acres of forest, one of gold and copper ores and last that wonderful cube of soda sulphate the existence of which the Eastern newspapers still doubt. This soda, which is a sample of the fifteen foot bed of the Sweetwater valley, had to be cut up into large cubes, which made the most novel and interesting monument in the building. On the sides are arranged eight glass cases filled with gold, copper, silver and iron ores, that rank well with other exhibits; chunks of bicarbonate of soda, chemically pure, and found in vast deposits; alabaster and gypsum, from lodes that will last a generation; mica of good quality and quantity; with much other material of economic and industrial value. In the center of the square stands a large column of coal, made up of the representatives of the vast veins, varying from four to forty feet in thickness, that are found in almost any section of Wyoming.

"From the top of this pyramid festoons of red and white bunting droop gracefully down to the ends of the cases next to the corner monuments, binding and grouping all in a harmonious whole. Inside the square are tables with

130. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, July 29, 1882.

131. **The Denver Daily Tribune**, August 19, 1882.

piles of asbestos and alabaster, and large and ornamental glasses filled with choice samples of mica, fine china kaolin, mineral paint, natural quick lime, crude petroleum, sulphur, graphite, bicarbonate of soda, sulphate of magnesia, and so on. Around the base of the coal monument are grouped piles of unsurpassed granites, marbles and building stones; and samples of work from the Union Pacific Railroad rolling mills at Laramie.

"Ornamental fronts have been built on the east and west sides, which bear appropriate inscriptions calling the attention of its visitors to the fact that Wyoming has already 700,000 head of cattle, 450,000 sheep, 40,900 horses, 15,000,000 acres of pine lands, and vast resources in the way of material of industrial value, while her liberal laws, excellent climate, tillable soil and progressiveness offer every inducement to the settler.

"Along with her mines and minerals, Wyoming claims the best cattle and sheep ranges in the United States. The Wyoming exhibit has several points worthy of mention. Being entirely open, the whole exhibit can be easily seen and attracts attention from the galleries; the monuments at the corner afford a view of the interior, as one comes along the aisles before reaching the entrance proper; while the combination of monuments, cases, tables of glassware, etc., and the artistic taste shown in the combinations of color, not only in materials and decorations but even in the carpet and trimmings of the tables, make it the most attractive of all the exhibits. Not one presents a more diversified or interesting collection of products that will attract the attention of the manufacturer than Wyoming. Besides the mineral exhibits there are two cases filled with its rare fossil turtles and other choice petrifications, for which the Territory is famous, while photographs and specimens call to mind the 'enchanted land' of the Yellowstone Park. Wyoming has been but little known, and her products have been overshadowed by the little giant Colorado, but she is rapidly coming to the front and has no doubt a brilliant future. . . . The Wyoming exhibit is a beauty—the best arranged, most tasteful and artistic of all. It reflects great credit not only upon the Territory, but also upon Governor Hoyt and his co-laborer, Professor Bailey, who have been untiring in their endeavors to make it a success. They have fought a good fight, and now find their reward in the high encomiums given by all visitors."¹³²

The **Denver Daily News** also commented favorably

132. The **Denver Daily Tribune**, August 27, 1882.

on the Wyoming exhibit. In the August 26 issue of that paper a lengthy story reads in part as follows, "The commissioners of Wyoming have completed the arrangement of their exhibit with very satisfactory results. The pavillion is one of the finest looking in the whole building. . . . The plan and arrangement of the exhibit, and the artistic taste shown in the grouping and in the coloring, reflects great credit upon Governor Hoyt who designed it. Governor Hoyt and Professor Bailey have taken their coats off and worked like beavers to make their exhibit a success, and are now enjoying the fruits of their labors in the unstinted praise given by all visitors to one of the handsomest and diversified collections."¹³³

The Salt Lake Tribune, quoted in **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, was also impressed by Wyoming's exhibit. "Governor Hoyt of Wyoming," reports the **Tribune**, "although at the close of his term of office, has earned the lasting gratitude of the people of that Territory by his labors for a representative collection of Wyoming resources at the Exposition. Realizing its value he has gathered an excellent display of minerals, woods and other articles essential to a complete exhibit and has them attractively arranged."¹³⁴

Governor Hoyt arranged with the Denver officials of the Exposition for September 12 as Wyoming Day and secured from the Union Pacific a special rate for those who attended from Wyoming.

In his message to the Eighth Legislative Assembly Governor Hale, who succeeded Governor Hoyt as chief executive of Wyoming Territory, made the following comment, "I need not, in this connection, more than allude to the great honor and advantage which have resulted to the Territory from the patriotic efforts of my worthy predecessor, and from the generous contributions of county boards of commissioners, in this behalf. To many thousands of visitors from all parts of the country, and to numerous representatives of the press, the admirable illustration of resources there made, was a new and astonishing revelation of the vast wealth and future greatness of Wyoming."¹³⁵

133. **The Denver Daily News**, August 26, 1882.

134. **The Salt Lake Tribune** quoted in **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, September 1, 1882.

135. Message of William Hale, Governor of Wyoming, to the Eighth Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 10, 1884.

PUBLIC REACTION TO GOVERNOR HOYT'S RETIREMENT

According to Governor Hoyt nothing had been said to him in regard to the intention of the legislators to petition President Arthur for his reappointment. While the desire and expectation for his continuance in office was known to be universal, he writes, many feared that the president might decide to make an appointment "on his

own account, regardless of public considerations; unless something unusual should arrest his attention".¹³⁶ It was for this reason that the legislators passed, by unanimous vote, resolutions asking for his re-appointment.

The Cheyenne Daily Sun, in its comment on the legislative action, no doubt reflected public opinion in the Territory. "The Territorial Council", reported the **Sun**, "exhibited yesterday an amount of broad-gauged prudence in a matter that concerns the public interest which calls for more than the passing commendation of the **Sun**. It is important to our growing Territory that we have capable, honest and public spirited officials, and it is of greater importance to retain such officers after they have become fully acquainted with the situation and the wants of the people.

"We think, therefore, we voice the opinion of the entire Territory when we say that the thoughtful, honest and able administration of Governor Hoyt ought to be extended for another term. During the past four years he has traversed the entire Territory and labored assiduously to acquaint himself with its resources and capabilities, and his valuable reports to the Secretary of Interior upon Wyoming have received the highest commendations from the Secretary and the public."¹³⁷

The Cheyenne Daily Leader also expressed similar sentiments. "Both houses of the legislature have adopted resolutions expressive of confidence in Governor Hoyt, and requesting his re-appointment. The governor has been an excellent official, and has steadily improved in worth and usefulness to the Territory, so that the passage of the resolutions referred to, by unanimous vote, was a matter entirely to be expected. . . . Now that the people have spoken through their representatives, President Arthur will have no trouble in ascertaining whom to appoint governor, if he would aim to do the greatest good to the greatest number."¹³⁸

136. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, pp. 329-330.

137. **The Cheyenne Daily Sun**, March 8, 1882.

138. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, March 14, 1882.

President Arthur and the governor were members of different factions of the Republican party. Arthur was a cog in the New York Conkling machine while the governor had been appointed by President Hayes, whom Senator Conkling and his group hated most cordially. Under the circumstances Governor Hoyt could not expect re-appointment. President Arthur ignored the legislative petitions, as well as the suggestions of the newspapers, and selected William Hale, who took office August 12, 1882.

John W. Hoyt had taken his work as governor of Wyoming most seriously and had put forth his best efforts to further the interest of the Territory. His theory of a public servant's place in the life of a state was well expressed in his first message to the Legislative Assembly. "It [Wyoming] can hardly fail of a great future how much so-ever we, to whom its destinies are for the time being committed, may fail of our duty; for, in such event, others, wiser and more faithful, will take up the unperformed task, and work out the unfailing plans of Him who gave us so rich a heritage. But should we not rather so perform our part in this grand work of material, intellectual and social development as to earn the hearty approval of the Present and the undying gratitude of the Future?"¹³⁹

The time for the selection of public officials in Wyoming was approaching. Among the officers to be chosen was the Territory's delegate to Congress. The Cheyenne newspapers suggested that for the Republican party Governor Hoyt would be a desirable candidate. *The Laramie Weekly Sentinel* agreed. "The Cheyenne papers", it said, "suggest the name of ex-Governor Hoyt for delegate to Congress from Wyoming. The idea strikes us favorably for several reasons.

"In the first place no man . . . has spent so much time and labor in acquainting himself with the resources of Wyoming as Governor Hoyt and no one has labored so hard and successfully to attract attention to these from the outside world.

"The superhuman exertion which Governor Hoyt made to bring our territory into notice through the medium of the great Denver exposition, the grand success which, almost unaided and alone, he has achieved, calling forth encomiums from the press of Colorado and the whole country, and giving to the world a more exalted idea of our resources than it could otherwise have obtained in a quarter of a century,

¹³⁹. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 38-39.

certainly ought to inspire some sense of gratitude among the people of Wyoming.

"And again the people of Wyoming owe it to themselves, as their own assertion of self-respect and a proper rebuke to the powers that rule over us, since they united as one man, irrespective of party or faction, both by petition and by a unanimous vote of both houses of the legislature, in asking for the re-appointment of Governor Hoyt, and their requests and petition were insultingly disregarded. In view of this fact alone the people of Wyoming ought to unite, irrespective of party, and send Governor Hoyt to represent them in Congress as a proper vindication of their own self-respect.

"We do not know whether Governor Hoyt desires or would accept the position at all, but we are justified in saying that no man would labor more faithfully for the interest of our Territory, and no man could accomplish as much for us as he."¹⁴⁰

Writing a few days later, however, the *Sentinel* was not so sure that Governor Hoyt would receive the Republican nomination.

"We conscientiously believe him [Hoyt] the best fitted for the place, and a man who could and would do more for the Territory than any other man whom we could send, but he is not likely to be selected for two reasons, first, because he will not figure or wire-pull for the nomination, because he has not as much money to spend in carrying on the campaign as some others."¹⁴¹

The *Cheyenne Daily Leader* reported that "The men most prominently mentioned [as candidates for the office of delegate to Congress] are Hon. J. W. Meldrum, chairman of the Republican Territorial committee, and ex-Governor John W. Hoyt. Either will accept the nomination, it is believed, in case it is tendered him."

Governor Hoyt attended the Republican convention and, as the *Leader* had suggested, would, very likely, have accepted the nomination if it had been offered him. As the *Sentinel* had intimated, however, he was not a practical or professional politician nor a member of the "inside" group of the party. Then, too, in spite of his great services to Wyoming, he was considered a federal official and an outsider. His name was not even brought before the convention and Meldrum received the nomination on the first ballot.

140. The *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, September 2, 1882.

141. *Ibid.*, September 16, 1882.

In welcoming William Hale as the new governor of Wyoming **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, which had not always been friendly, gave the following estimate of Governor Hoyt's service to the Territory.

"In taking leave of the executive chair, Governor Hoyt can do so with the satisfaction which comes of knowing that he has worked hard and earnestly to bring Wyoming into the position in the eyes of the people at large which her resources entitle her to. His personal effort has been tireless in this work and good should come of it."¹⁴²

Frances Birkhead Beard, in her **Wyoming, from Territorial Days to the Present**, gives a good characterization of John W. Hoyt and estimate of his work as governor. "At the beginning of this era", writes Mrs. Beard, "there came to Wyoming a new governor, a man of exceptional qualifications as a publicist, educator and writer. . . . He brought to Wyoming the experience and attainments of a man of the world. . . . He had many intellectual interests and contacts, was a great traveler, a keen observer, and his facility as a writer made him a supreme 'press agent' for Wyoming. . . . In all his official writings Governor Hoyt visions the development of a great state, based upon the fullest utilization of its natural resources—mining, manufacturing, agriculture and stock raising. His enthusiasm is subject to no blame because economic development of the Territory took a somewhat different course from what he so enthusiastically outlined."¹⁴³

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH — Dr. Henry J. Peterson, formerly Professor of Political Science and Chairman of the Department, University of Wyoming, Laramie, was born on September 3, 1878, at Story City, Iowa. He received his higher education at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, the University of Chicago and the University of Iowa at Iowa City. He came to Wyoming in 1909 to assume the position of Superintendent of Public Schools at Diamondville, for one year. From 1910 to 1920, Dr. Peterson was Professor of Political Science at Iowa State Teacher's College, Cedar Falls.

In 1920, he returned with his family to Wyoming, having accepted a position with the University of Wyoming.

¹⁴². **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, August 11, 1882. Herman Glaefcke, editor of **The Leader**, had been appointed Secretary of Wyoming by President Grant in 1870 and served until 1873.

¹⁴³. Beard, **Wyoming, From Territorial Days to the present**, Vol. I. pp. 292-295.

He and Miss Katharine W. Constant, of Buffalo Hart, Illinois, were married on December 26, 1914, and they have one son, Robert Constant. Dr. Peterson is a Mason and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

He is the author of Chapter IV, headed "Wyoming: A Cattle Kingdom", in a volume entitled **Rocky Mountain Politics**", edited by Thomas Claude Connelly and published by the University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1940, also a 30-page paper, entitled, "The Constitutional Convention of Wyoming", published in the University of Wyoming Publications in May, 1940, and distributed as a supplement to the October, 1940, number of the Annals of Wyoming.

Since 1947 Dr. Peterson's position at the University of Wyoming has been Professor Emeritus of Political Science.

Pioneering Western Trails

A PIONEER FAMILY

As a prelude to the following article by Mr. Clarence B. Richardson we are desirous of giving a brief resume of the Richardson family, one of the oldest and most distinguished of Wyoming's long ago and present day as well.

It was in 1869 that Warren Richardson Sr. came to the Wyoming Territory, having been sent by Mr. W. N. Byers, owner of the **Rocky Mountain News** of Denver, Colorado, to take charge of and edit the **Cheyenne Daily Leader**, which is now the **Wyoming State Tribune**.

During the early 70's this spirited pioneer held many positions of trust and responsibility. He was the Chief Clerk of the House in the Legislature of 1871, and Secretary of the Territorial Council Legislature of 1873. He was elected County Clerk in 1872. Mr. Richardson was City Clerk in the early 70's and was elected a member of the Cheyenne City Council. It was here he achieved outstanding recognition. He was appointed Chairman of the Park Committee and it was through his efficient efforts and correspondence with Mr. Sidney Dillon, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, that the site of the City Park of Cheyenne was obtained. For fifteen years he was the auditor and assistant cashier of the First National Bank in Cheyenne, which position he retained until 1886. He was elected Superintendent of Public Schools in 1884. He was the author of several books, one of which, **Doctor Zell and the Princess Charlotte**, went through several editions. He had one of the largest libraries in the State containing many rare books, some of which were several hundred years old. Mr. Richardson died in March of 1908.

Mrs. Richardson arrived in Cheyenne April 17, 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson not only possessed the fine and courageous and generous qualities of the early pioneers but instilled them in the hearts of their seven children, Victoria A. D. (Mrs. Iver) Johnson, Warren Jr., Clarence B., Emile, Laura V., Arthur and M. Valeria. Arthur, the youngest of the brothers, died in 1900 at the age of twenty-four years. He was City Editor of the **Cheyenne Sun**, now the **Wyoming State Tribune**. He had been elected a member of the State Legislature but died before he was able to serve.

Mrs. Richardson's motto was, "Do the best you can". She never talked of the hardships of pioneering but of the



An Early Day Stage Coach On Western Trails

wonderful sunshine and wild flowers in Wyoming. To her belongs the distinction of planting the first flower garden in Cheyenne. It had to be watered by "The barrel water system." Water was brought from Crow Creek at a cost of twenty-five cents a barrel. Her first summer here she planted the seeds which she brought from the east and had sixty-three varieties of growing plants, shrubs, trees and vegetables. Many of the lilac bushes found in Cheyenne today grew from the slips she so generously gave to lovers of flowers. Mrs. Vivian A. B. Henderson in *Women of Wyoming* paid a beautiful tribute to this kind and noble person and bestowed upon her the well deserved title, "The Madonna of the Plains".

Saint Mark's Episcopal Church was the first one built in the Territory of Wyoming. The Richardson family have always been devout members of this church and Warren was the first altar boy to serve there. Mrs. Richardson's children gave the chimes to Saint Mark's as a memorial to their most beloved mother.

The truest picture of Warren Richardson Jr., can best be obtained by quoting an article from Community Builders in the *Wyoming Eagle* of August 27, 1927: "Warren Richardson has constructed a number of fitting monuments while living, no other will ever be needed." Cheyenne Frontier Days, now national in its scope, was largely developed by Warren who was chairman of the first committee. From 1914 to 1920 he was Chairman of the Laramie County Commissioners during which time the City and County Building and the Memorial Hospital were constructed and the first three hundred and fifty miles of graded roads were made in Laramie County. Warren was also associated with the Detroit people in the construction of the Lincoln Highway from the Nebraska line to the Utah State line. During his term as president of the Cheyenne Country Club he sponsored the construction of the club house, which only recently has been remodeled. He is a member of the Historical Landmark Commission since its inception in 1927 and has been president for the past six years. His enthusiasm and keen interest have been responsible for the erection of monuments at many of the historic points of interest in the State of Wyoming today.

The Richardson family has been and still is identified with Salt Creek and other oil fields in Wyoming since 1888. They are also interested in the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company of which Mr. Clarence B. Richardson was President for some years and is now the Chairman of the Board. The Company has paid continuous dividends for over thir-

ty-three years, amounting to more than \$6,570,000 to date.

Emile Richardson, a most successful business man, is the manager and secretary of the Richardson Brothers Company, a position which he has held for the last forty years. Due to his efficient managerial ability and keen discrimination in business adventures he has achieved outstanding success for his company. "Pioneering Western Trails" depicts the glowing life of Clarence.

PIONEERING OVER WESTERN TRAILS

Address delivered before the Cheyenne Rotary Club
December 18, 1929, by Clarence B. Richardson

Mr. President and Members of the Cheyenne Rotary club:

Of all the varied experiences I may have had while traveling over western trails, I assure you that after dinner speaking has not been one of them. When Judge Matson requested me to relate a few of my personal reminiscences, I of course felt highly flattered, but at once declined, thinking, however, that he would probably mildly insist and that I could then after being properly urged, accept with becoming modesty but instead of that, the Judge said, "They won't expect much anyway, and you will get by all right." A few days later, in relating rather boastfully to my friend and associate, Governor Brooks, in Casper, who is also a Rotarian, that I had been invited to make this address, he rather naively remarked, "Well, Clarence, don't let that swell you up too much, it only indicates that you are getting old."

A short time ago I attended a meeting of a Woman's Franklin club in Casper. They insisted that I give them the high spot (as they termed it) of my recent trip to Honolulu and I told them this story. The boat was ready to land in Honolulu, it was about 5 o'clock in the morning, still dark, the light just beginning to come through the port holes of my cabin. My brother Emile was asleep in the opposite berth, when the door opened and a woman came in. I spoke to her but she evidently did not hear me, she walked right over to my bed, sat down, put her arms around me, stooped over and kissed me and said, "Aren't you going to get up, dear, it is lovely out." I hesitated a moment and said "What is the rush, let's talk it over." She jumped up and said, "Have I made a mistake?" and I said "I hope not," and she flew out of the room. I am still wondering whether she was looking for her father, husband or could it have been my Brother Emile.

I am only going to try and give a few of the high spots

of my various experiences in Alaska, Mexico and the Salt Creek field, and have jotted down those that I thought might be of interest as they occurred to me.

My first experience as a very young boy was that of carrying papers on the **Cheyenne Leader**. My brother Warren had the regular paper route for which he received \$2 a week. He sublet it to me in the winter time to do the work for 50c a week, and I worked at this for several months. It taught me one very important thing, and that is that a large part of the profits in most deals goes to pay overhead management and I have tried to stay on that side of every deal as much as possible since that time.

I worked at the printing business for about six months while I was going to school, learned the printing trade, joined the Wyoming Typographical Union No. 184, got to be the local reporter on the paper and then after a philosophical conversation one day with the proprietor of the paper, Colonel E. A. Slack, one of my very best friends, in which he assured me there was no money in the newspaper business at that time in the western country, I decided to quit it and get into something that promised more adventure and a greater profit.

About that time they were developing the mines at Silver Crown and I got a position out there as time keeper and running the boarding house, with Mr. Iver Johnson, my brother-in-law. He spent a great many thousands of dollars in trying to develop those mines.

They had built a smelter and a large stamp mill out there. The mill alone cost over \$90,000.00, and they were working about 200 men. The first and only car load of copper matte ever produced there I sold at Bellville, Illinois that fall for \$2,600, but it only paid back a small part of my claim for boarding the men and the money due me from the company. Subsequently the mill was sold to pay the claims of the creditors and about three years later it was purchased by my brother and myself for the sum of \$550 to pay the sheriffs fees for selling the property.

About the year 1892 we were running the Tivoli cafe which was at that time the headquarters for a very exciting and extraordinary political campaign that had grown out of the cattlemen's invasion and it overturned the political complexion of the state. Several of the active candidates for United States senator made it their headquarters, among them General John Charles Thompson, who is the only man that I recall in the United States that came within one vote of being elected United States senator, and the entire cost of his campaign which I assisted in conducting,

amounted to \$48.35, most of that being spent for meals, cigars and possibly a few drinks.

About that time I went to Colorado and built a stamp mill at Granite, near Leadville, and moved a part of the stamp mill there that we had purchased at Silver Crown, but there are two very necessary things that every prospector must have, one of them is of course some kind of a mine to exploit and the other is to find someone who has the money and is willing to put it in to developing the mine. In search for the money I went east and then on to Paris where I lived the greater part of a year and finally succeeded in interesting a French Count who had a little money and considerable influence in the enterprise. We afterwards operated the mill for four or five years, sometimes at a profit, most of the time at a loss. When I left Paris and returned to Cheyenne I had a return ticket and \$6 and spent \$2.50 of that for meals before I reached the boat. I related some of my Parisian experiences to a fellow passenger sitting beside me at the dining table. He was truly a Rotarian and a very kind and considerate gentleman, being Mr. McCutcheon, whose firm has been famous in New York for the past hundred years for the sale of magnificent Irish linens. He came to me in a very fatherly way and said, "My boy, would you mind doing me a favor," and I said of course I would not. He then said it would be a very great pleasure if I would allow him to cash a check for me or let him lend me enough money to get home on, and being a little uncertain about my bank account, whether I had enough to cash a check, I suggested that he make me a loan which he did and which I very gratefully accepted.

It was about this time that we became interested in the oil fields in central Wyoming and I made several trips overland with Mr. Iver Johnson and Emile Richardson from Cheyenne to Salt Creek, which took about 10 days in those days where now the trip is made in much less than 10 hours.

Mr. Johnson spent a fortune in the Wyoming oil fields and made the trip overland from Cheyenne to Salt Creek by team every winter for 22 years doing assessment work on oil placer claims.

The problem of securing money to develop the field was of course the one important thing, as it always is. The only two men in the world who seemed to have any money that I had ever heard of were John D. Rockefeller and Russell Sage, so I went down to New York and tried to get an interview with them and interest them in the Wyoming oil fields. I had a mistaken boyish idea that I could walk right into their offices and present the proposition to them

off hand without any trouble whatever. As a matter of fact it was a very difficult thing to do and while I did not at that time get to meet them, I did get acquainted with some brokers in New York, which led to me becoming a member of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange and I was a floor trader and broker on the exchange for the firm for five years. Subsequently through the kind offices of Senator Warren, who went to Senator Aldrich, I believe, a relative of Mr. Rockefeller, I secured the coveted interview, but without getting any money. He did, however, make a very impressive prophecy to me, which was this. He said, "we know there is oil in Wyoming, but it will be 20 years before it comes into the market, and when it does, our companies will be there." It was about 20 years before these fields were developed on anything like a profitable scale.

In 1895 I went to England to try and interest the English people in the Salt Creek field and again in 1897. We brought three different expeditions out from London and among them Dr. J. Boverton Redwood, who, at that time, was one of the greatest geologists of international reputation. He reported on the Baku oil fields in Russia for the English people, which had made them a great many million dollars. We had options on nearly all the oil land in central Wyoming, representing something over 300,000 acres, and it covered most all of the Salt Creek field and practically all of the now famous Teapot Dome. Included in the land was the famous Section 36 that has since produced so many millions of dollars for the state of Wyoming. This land had been located for oil long before Wyoming was admitted to statehood when the state received it as school land. Practically all of this land was being offered on a basis of \$3.50 an acre. We succeeded in selling to the English people in 1900 the Shannon refinery at Casper and a large part of this acreage for the sum of \$325,000. The first payment of \$25,000 was made to Mr. Shannon at the Waldorf hotel in New York in June of that year, when he took me to dinner and said, "My boy, we have made a wonderful deal, but I never expect to get the rest of the money." He did, however, get all of the money and since that time the property has produced many millions of dollars.

In 1898 the great Klondike excitement was on throughout the country. The temptation was entirely too great for me to remain in New York, so I started for the Klondike. That is, you know, a cold, bleak, barren country where the thermometer goes down to 40 and as low as 70 degrees below zero and where the snow in places was possi-

bly hundreds of feet deep. I arrived at the summit of Chilcoot Pass late in February of that year, in a blinding blizzard, and it occurred to me that I would give almost anything I possessed for a cup of hot coffee. I realized that there were probably more than 100,000 pilgrims behind me that would be coming over that same trail and feel the same way. I went back and bought a 12x14 tent and moved it up to the Scales, which is the name of the last camp where the 1,600 steps cut out of the snow start up over the pass. I got a recipe from a German baker in Dyea for making doughnuts, with a small four-hole stove I would sit up all night making doughnuts without eggs, milk or butter and sold them to these weary, hungry, struggling Argonauts going over this trail for the price of \$1 for a cup of coffee and two doughnuts. Many days at noon time I would have a string of men in line as long as from here to the union station, waiting to get in, and in less than 30 days I had taken in over \$9,000, during which time I had hired my outfit carried over the pass, as everything had to be carried on men's backs. On April 3rd, 1898 the great Chilcoot Pass snow slide took place, which killed over 80 of the gold seekers who were camped at this point and buried up my tent and the remaining portion of my outfit that had not been moved, under 40 or 50 feet of snow and ice. After crossing over the pass we cut down trees at Lake Linderman to build a boat, and sawing lumber by hand from small trees is a very difficult and laborious job. We camped there for a short time and I met a miner who had known me at Granite, Colo., and he told me that all the good claims on the Klondike had been taken and if I wanted to make some money, to take in some cigarettes and lemons, as nearly everyone had scurvy and craved the acid taste of the lemon juice and that cigarettes were selling at \$2.50 for a package of 10. I sent the order out to Seattle and got back 50,000 cigarettes and 3,000 lemons and took them 70 miles over the snow and ice to our camp, just as the ice was beginning to go out of the Yukon river (a very dangerous trip), early in June of that year.

Probably by far the greatest thrill that I have ever experienced in my life was the shooting of the White Horse Rapids, which is about 300 miles inland down the Yukon river. Many lives were lost at that point. Another almost equally thrilling experience was in crossing Windy Arm, where there were hundreds of boats wrecked. Our boat was being driven on the rocks, but by extremely good luck, after having worked all night in the storm and while we were rapidly drifting toward a rock bound

beach, expecting that each wave would throw us on the rocks and break the boat into splinters, some of the men who had been wrecked there the night before us, about 20 of them got two large trees and as we drifted toward the shore, they waded out in the water and held our boat off so that it was skidded upon the poles high and dry on the rocks, some 10 feet high and we escaped without even springing a leak in the boat.

When I reached Dawson City, we were one of the first boats to reach there, I disposed of half the lemons for \$1 apiece, over 1,500 of them, and sold all of the cigarettes to one man wholesale, 50,000 of them, for 50 cents a package and he weighed out to me the gold dust for the purchase. I bought a mine at the forks of Eldorado and Banaza creeks, about 20 miles up from Dawson City. It immediately adjoined the claim of Clarence Berry, which was at that time known as the richest claim in the Klondike. It was necessary to go a distance of about three-quarters of a mile to cut down trees and drag them in with a rope over your shoulder, making almost a day's trip to get in one large tree, and cut it up for fire wood, to thaw the ground. Our shaft was about four by six feet, and one tree would thaw out enough ground to sink the shaft about four inches and inasmuch as we had 30 feet to go to bedrock, it took several months to do the work.

The winters are nine months long and 22 hours a day continual darkness. The summers are very short and 22 hours daylight. The night life in Dawson was extremely thrilling and interesting. Of the 200,000 people that started for the Klondike about 10,000 of them eventually reached there. I visited every mining camp in Alaska and became convinced of the fact that the big money in that country would be made 25 years later by those who waited long enough to ride in there on a Pullman car, when proper machinery could be brought into the country to develop it, and the same ground that we thawed out by burning trees has since been mined at an enormous profit by steam shovels and modern methods.

Mr. Henry Rothberger, photographer, who had a large studio in Denver, was with me on this trip. We took photographs of many places of interest along the trails in Alaska which with short descriptive articles I sent to my brother Arthur Richardson, who was at that time city editor of the **Cheyenne Sun-Leader** and some of these articles were syndicated and published in many papers throughout the country, as it was a topic of great interest at that time.

My next experience was that of being Commissioner-

in-Chief for the state of Wyoming to the St. Louis Exposition and subsequently to the Exposition at Portland, and that led up to my going to Mexico in 1906. We had a very large lucrative business in Mexico, employed about 1,500 men. We made everything that is made out of wood and controlled about 80 per cent of the lumber business of northern Mexico, besides supplying the railroads with something over a million ties a year. The country had been at peace for 30 years under the reign of Porfirio Diaz, but in 1910 the Mexican revolution broke out and it has probably existed more or less ever since that time. I first met the bandit, Francisco Villa, when we were trying to take a relief train from Chihuahua out to our camp at San Juanito. There had been no train over the road for several weeks. There were two men with me who were managing mining companies in that part of the country. We had five cars of provisions in the train and in the coal box behind the stove in the caboose we had our payrolls, covered with coal. The money amounted to about 120,000 pesos, 20,000 pesos of it belonging to our company. Villa held up the train. He did not find the money at that time. A year or two later, the bandit had become a general and was in charge of almost the entire northern part of Mexico. I was the acting United States Consul at Chihuahua, a position I filled for a short time during the absence of Marion T. Letcher. Secretary Bryan sent me a message to intercede with General Villa for two Spaniards who had been taken from the train and ordered to be shot, and he instructed me to ascertain what they had been charged with. Villa had taken possession of one of the largest and most magnificent palatial residences of the city and it was more difficult to get access to him than any potentate in Europe, but when I was finally received by him, he stood off in one corner of the room, apparently so that I could not stab him in the back, and held a six shooter on me all the time I was there. He felt a very great contempt for both President Wilson and Secretary Bryan and did not hesitate to show it, and very haughtily and insultingly dictated the message that he wished me to send to them, saying, "Tell Wilson and Bryan that these men are charged with being Spaniards and that when I get to Torreon I will kill or deport every Spaniard in that city." I sent the message as he dictated it, but the next day the Associated Press carried an article stating that the government had received ample guarantees for the security of the lives and property of all the Spaniards at Torreon. Later when Villa reached Torreon, he did exactly what he told

me he would do, and all of them lost their property and many of them lost their lives.

A few years later Villa was in control of all northern Mexico. The American mining men had been requested to re-open their mines and return to work. The train carrying 23 of these men was held up by Villa at the same place he held our train up three years before. Most of the Americans on the train—I knew them all personally—were mining engineers and managers of mining companies, a very high grade lot of men, and what might be said to be the flower of the American colony in the state of Chihuahua. They took all of these unarmed Americans from the train, stripped them naked and had them all shot; 23 of them were murdered in cold blood. They brought the bodies to our factory at Chihuahua and had rough pine board coffins made for them there. The only charge against those men was they were American citizens.

I had frequent occasions to make trips overland to El Paso. The city of Chihuahua had been under siege for 10 weeks and there had been no communication whatever with the outside world. I got hold of a Ford car and tried to make the trip over the sandy desert, something over 425 kilometers, and had reached within 210 kilometers of El Paso, when we broke the pinion that holds the universal gears together, and it was impossible, of course, to go any farther. When we left Chihuahua, I had one man with me. They would not permit us to take any food from the city, although we did have a small shoe box containing a few sandwiches, which we had eaten before the accident occurred. We hired a Mexican with two mules to take us on to El Paso. I had a grip which contained a great many valuable papers and about \$40,000 in money, that I was trying to take out of the country, and I buried it in the sand, first measuring off to the spot the exact distance from two telegraph poles, and it remained there for something over 18 months. When I went back, although the sand dune had grown several feet, I found the grip intact. The Mexican taking us out told us we could get water about 30 miles from where we were, but when we got there we found several dead animals in the mud hole and we were unable to drink the water. He said there was a well about 75 kilometers beyond there, and when we reached that place, the ranch house had been burned and everything around there had been destroyed and as the well was over 100 feet deep it was impossible for us to get any water there. We had no food of any kind and no water for nearly four days. Just as we reached the Rio Grande river, we met the superin-

tendent of the American Smelting & Refining company coming in with an automobile and several men. They were well supplied with provisions and mineral water, all of which they offered to us, but I was unable to eat a single bite, but the water was very delicious and refreshing.

I frequently visited with General Pershing at Fort Bliss, and on one occasion when we were having dinner together at the Hotel Del Norte in El Paso, a relative of Francisco Madero, the president of Mexico, I believe at that time, came over to our table and wanted me to advance the money to pay the export duty on 4,000 head of cattle that the Revolutionists had confiscated from Don Louis Terrazas. The profit in the deal was approximately \$40,000, which he offered to split with me. Our company having a large property interest in the country, and for many other reasons, I knew it would be unwise to enter into the deal. The cattle were claimed as the legitimate spoils of war and were being sold under the direction of the de facto Mexican government. The general then entered into a philosophical reverie and said he had been a great many years in the service and was then a Brigadier General, with a very modest salary, and that he often thought he would like to resign and get into business where he could make some money. Of course you all know what happened after that. It was a very fortunate thing for both our country and General Pershing that he did not follow out that idea.

Referring back to one of my visits to New York in 1895, I finally secured an interview with Mr. Russell Sage. Just before that time someone had thrown a bomb into his office and had blown the entire side of the building down. It was exceeding difficult to get an appointment with him. We were trying to float a bond issue of \$500,000 to develop the oil lands in Wyoming. A few days ago when I was looking through some old papers I found a copy of the prospectus offering these bonds. The issue covered 61 square miles of land, and the prospectus said that probably 15 square miles would produce oil. It concluded with this statement. "The opportunities for oil men in Wyoming are today as great as they ever were in the far east, or in Pennsylvania. There is greater oil area, and by far a greater variety of oils. The probabilities in the full development of this land are stupendous, the possibilities almost beyond compute." These bonds were guaranteed as to principal, by the Bond & Mortgage Guarantee company of New York, one of the best companies of the kind in the country.

Mr. Sage received me with a great deal of interest and treated me in a very kindly manner. He asked me a

great many questions and talked to me for some time over an hour. He said that he understood that most of that land out here was very sandy and covered with sage brush and cactus, and that nothing could live on it with the possible exception of prairie dogs and rattle snakes, and it did not appeal to him as good security for the kind of bonds that he liked to buy, but he said, "Do not let this discourage you because there are a great many bonds being sold down here that have much poorer security behind them than that."

He was a very eccentric and interesting man, and did a great many things, I think probably, just to amuse the public.

On one occasion when we were showing a party of Englishmen over this land a bad snow storm came up and a regular blizzard was blowing. We were out all day and nearly all night before we reached the FL ranch, where we secured food and shelter. At one time it looked as though one of the party, a rather frail man, might perish before the ranch could be reached, as we were lost and far off the road for over ten hours. My brother Warren was riding on the front seat of a spring wagon trying to drive four horses and insisted on chewing tobacco. The wind was blowing a gale and tobacco juice was flying around everywhere and on one occasion Mr. Frank H. Gilbert, a very dignified, and fine English gentleman, spoke up and said, "I say, Warren, you have filled my eyes with tobacco juice." Warren apologized and promised not to do it again, and then forgetting himself, within a few moments proceeded to repeat the offense. An Irishman by the name of Moffat was along with us, who had some land that we were trying to sell for him. He rode over to me and said, "For God's sake, get your brother to quit chewing tobacco or this deal will be all shot to . . ."

I returned to the Salt Creek field in Wyoming about 1916 and in 1917 after the discovery of the Muddy oil field, Wyoming seemed to be the center of attraction for all the oil men in the country. Hundreds of wildcat oil companies were organized and every day their stock seemed to sell at a higher price. Trading was very lively and the lobby of the Henning Hotel was a small stock exchange where several hundred thousand dollars changed hands every day. After that we had the leasing bill which meant the opening up of the great Salt Creek field. For a time nearly everybody made money quickly and considerable of it. Practically all the small companies that were organized at that time have since gone out of business. I believe the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company and the Western Exploration Company are

the only two of the smaller companies that remain on the dividend paying list.

A few years ago Mr. Smith, a very wealthy man and a director of the United States National Bank in Omaha, paid Governor Brooks a visit in Casper and with a great deal of enthusiasm went over all our resources and told me that he thought it was a great place for young men like the governor and myself to locate. In the course of our conversation it developed that he was 92 years old and I asked him what had been the most interesting ten years of his life. He said that by far the most interesting ten years had been the last ten. I am sure this is true so far as my experience goes in traveling over Western Trails.

I have tried to recall to my mind what might be considered as the most beneficial and constructive advice that I ever received from the numerous large circle of friends that I have met traveling along the Trail, and I think that probably it is this. When sailing across Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean on returning to the States from Alaska I met an Englishman who was I believe at that time the Governor General of the Northwest Territory, a very cultured, refined and interesting gentleman. We used to play cards nearly all day and all night. The popular game being Black Jack, which is about the same as the game of 21. Sometimes there would be 20 or 30 people in the game. On one occasion I had been sitting beside him, and I got up from the table showing considerable irritation as I said I had lost \$11.00, and he turned to me and said, "My boy, you gamble, I play for amusement. The trouble with you American Klondikers is this; that you are always rushing breathlessly along trying to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It is a great mistake, you should learn to enjoy the thousands of little things that happen as you go along the trail, whether it is eating, drinking, or loving, you should make it last as long as possible. I have just invited you to have a drink with me and you have gulped it all down at one draught while I leisurely sit here watching the boy bringing the ice and the mineral water and mix it slowly sipping it a little at the time, tasting it, and appreciating it as I drink it."

I have made a lot of big mistakes traveling along the trail, but when I recall being a young, enthusiastic carefree boy twenty-three years old, studying art and pictures (mostly living pictures) in the Latin quarter in Paris, where you could buy a fine dinner served with a small bottle of wine for three francs, I realize now what a darn fool I was to leave Paris before I had spent the balance of the \$6.

I went to church, once. The sermon was on "Service", the motto of this club. The minister, he may have been Dr. Bennet, I do not presume to quote him, however, said, "there comes a time when every man and woman should reach that good old age, where the greatest pleasure in life comes from embracing religion and philanthropy." (My brother Warren whispered to me, I hope he is thinking of Methuselah.) Then the minister added, "Service, my friends, service to God, your country, your family, and your friends is after all, the only thing worth while."

The Midwest Oil Company

Foreword

The writer entered the services of the Verner Z. Reed group in April, 1905, as bookkeeper in the First National Bank of Fort Morgan. He became assistant cashier in 1908 and in 1911 was transferred to Sheridan, Wyoming, as secretary of the Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company. In the Spring of 1912 he was transferred to the Reed Investment Company office in Denver, and in the fall of that year he was sent to Casper as bookkeeper for the Midwest Oil Company. In 1913 he was made Treasurer of the Franco Petroleum Company and in 1914, when the Midwest Refining Company was organized, he was given the position of cashier and purchasing agent in Casper. In 1915 he was transferred to the main office of the Midwest Refining Company in Denver as assistant to Tom Dines, the Treasurer. Later in the same year he resigned to enter business for himself. He was with the Reed interests for ten very important years.

Credit for some important history is given to Harold Roberts of the firm of Dines, Dines and Holmes in Denver; Mr. Roberts knows the early Midwest Oil Company by heart and has files of documented history. He expects to write a detailed story of the Midwest Oil Company after he retires.

Some information has been obtained from the Report of the Federal Trade Commission on the Petroleum industry in Wyoming, published January 3, 1921. Public records were also used.

THE MIDWEST OIL COMPANY

by Ben H. Pelton

The story of the Midwest Oil Company had its introduction in the great gold mining camp of Cripple Creek, Colorado.

In his book **W. S. Stratton, Midas of the Rockies**, Frank Waters tells of the business relationship between W. S. Stratton and Verner Z. Reed. Stratton was a carpenter in Colorado in the latter part of the last century and was also an inveterate prospector. He followed most of the gold strikes but never had much success until he went up to Cripple Creek from Colorado Springs.

Verner Zevola Reed came to Colorado Springs when he

was twenty-two years old. He sold cheap lots on a commission basis and later built about fifty inexpensive homes which he sold on the installment plan. This was a new idea in those days. He formed the Reed Building Company and later, with C. C. Hamlin, Reed formed the Reed and Hamlin Investment Company. This firm promoted the sale of stock of mining companies in the Cripple Creek district.

At this time, Oliver H. Shoup was Reed's personal secretary, and later he became manager of the Reed Investment Company. After the oil days, Mr. Shoup was elected governor of Colorado. Stratton distrusted all promoters, but he trusted Verner Z. Reed enough to give him an option on the Independence Mine which had paid its way from the grass roots. Much ore had been blocked out and the Independence mine was in a very saleable condition. With the option in his pocket Reed went to London and sold this option to the Venture Corporation of London for eleven million dollars. Stratton's share was about ten million dollars, Reed's one million.

After Reed returned to Colorado Springs with his million dollars, the Reed Investment Company became very active, and a substantial interest was acquired in several banks. Among these were the Grand Valley National Bank at Grand Junction, the First National Bank at Fort Morgan, the Alamosa National Bank at Alamosa and the Palisades National Bank at Palisades. The Reed Investment Company also acquired large farm land holdings at Garden City, Kansas; Loma, Colorado; and Sheridan, Wyoming. The Sheridan ranch comprised about six thousand acres of grain land between Sheridan and Big Horn. All these lands were acquired for colonization purposes.

To develop the Sheridan project, the Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company was incorporated on February 23, 1906. The incorporators were J. R. McKinnie, Oliver H. Shoup and E. C. Sharer. Par value of the capital stock was \$250,000 (this company was dissolved on July 17, 1913).

Christmas of 1908 was long before the Reed group dreamed of the Salt Creek field, but this Christmas later proved that there was a Santa Claus for several of the men associated with the Reed Investment Company. As a Christmas present Reed gave to each several shares of Reed Investment Company capital stock. Those favored were the following:

Newt Wilson, who had been Reed's field superintendent in the Cripple Creek mining district and who later became field superintendent of the Midwest interests in the Salt Creek oil field. O. H. Shoup, manager of the Reed Invest-

ment Company. J. L. Warren, office manager for the Reed Investment Company. A. M. Johnson, cashier of the First National Bank at Fort Morgan, Colorado.

The above list cannot be verified as to the exact recipients or the amount of stock received, but the writer was in the First National Bank of Fort Morgan with A. M. Johnson and knows that Johnson received ten shares of \$100 par value stock. This \$1000 worth of par value stock was worth between \$400,000 and \$500,000 several years later. Some Santa Claus and this was before the days of income tax!

In 1910 Reed was living in Paris, and Shoup was the very active manager of the Reed Investment Company which controlled all the above-mentioned activities. Berne Hopkins had become identified with the Reed Company to assist Shoup.

The sugar industry was growing rapidly at that time and the Reed Company made tentative plans to build a sugar factory at Sheridan and to build a railroad from Sheridan south to the Union Pacific in the neighborhood of Rawlins. In Paris Reed had raised about \$300,000 for this program, all subscribed by French financiers.

A. M. Johnson, cashier of the First National Bank of Fort Morgan, was to go to Sheridan as manager of the new development, and the writer did go to Sheridan as secretary of the Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company. Lem Martin had been for some time the superintendent of the ranching operations of this company. After Martin died, his wife, Minnie Martin, became the superintendent of the girls' school in Sheridan.

This school now occupies the very fine residence that Verner Z. Reed had built as a summer home for himself. This residence and twenty-seven acres of surrounding land were later traded to the state for state owned land on Powder River.

Shoup sent Berne Hopkins to Sheridan to make a traffic survey along the route of the prospective railroad to see if there were sufficient farm produce and live stock shipments to make a railroad pay. Hopkins had to travel by horse and buggy south from Sheridan and consequently had to pass through the newly discovered oil field. Hopkins was young and very energetic and, when he saw the several flowing oil wells, he knew that there were greater possibilities in oil than there were in a railroad which would have a struggle to survive.

Oil was in his blood and when he got to Casper he soaked up information at every bar on Center Street, and before he left town he had an option on the Benjamin Hertz-

man lease on the V I Sheep Company land in the southern part of the Salt Creek field. Pat Sullivan was the owner of the V I Sheep Company.

Fired with enthusiasm, Hopkins returned to Colorado. Shoup was in California, but Hopkins saw Schuyler and Schuyler, attorneys for the Reed interests, and they wired Shoup. Things were moving fast now.

Cassius Fisher of the University of Nebraska was about the only well-known geologist in this part of the country. Fisher joined the group, and he in turn got in touch with William M. Fitzhugh, who was an engineer and geologist working for William G. Henshaw, a banker whose sister Mary had married Fitzhugh. Through placer locations and other dealings, Henshaw and Fitzhugh controlled the greater portion of the Salt Creek field, outside the Stock Oil Company and Iba 80.

The history of the Salt Creek field prior to the Berne Hopkins visit to the field is essential to comprehend the entire picture. The first oil discovery in Salt Creek area was in the Shannon field in 1889. This field is just north of the Salt Creek field. To refine this Shannon oil the Pennsylvania Oil and Gas Company built a refinery at Casper in 1895. It was located on Wolcott Street, south of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad main line track. The capacity of this refinery was sixty barrels per day.

The Shannon crude oil seemed to have been better for lubricating oil than it was for kerosene and gasoline, and consequently the refinery did not do too well. In 1903, Joseph H. Lobell, a Chicago lawyer, acquired the Shannon field claims.

In 1905, Lobell transferred these claims to Societe Belgo-Americaine des Petroles du Wyoming, a Wyoming corporation financed by Belgian and French capitalists. This company did not control the entire Shannon production, and Lobell secured control of claims held by Cy Iba and transferred them in 1907 to a Dutch company, Petroleum Maatschappij Salt Creek. The field superintendent for this company was Coenraad Kerbert, who employed an Italian geologist named Caesar Porro, and Kerbert also got Jim Stock to come up from Florence, Colorado, as field superintendent. There had been an oil field at Florence for some time, and Jim Stock had obtained his experience there.

Porro selected Section 26 for the first drilling site in the Salt Creek field, and the well was completed as a producer from the first Wall Creek sand at 1020 feet on October 8, 1909. (This information was given by Mr. Roberts.* The

writer had always understood that the original Salt Creek well was Bartheloni No. 1 in section 23.)

On October 28, 1907, the Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company was incorporated for 1,000,000 shares par value \$1.00 per share. The incorporators were: Sikko Berend Selhorst, E. Percy Palmer, Coenraad Kerbert, Camille M. A. de Ryckvander Gracht, and Graddus R. Hagens. on December 5, 1907. This was a prospector's lease, and (This company was dissolved on October 27, 1936.)

The above company obtained the first lease from the state of Wyoming on the famous Section 36 (36 - 40 - 79) the annual rental was \$32.00. This lease expired on December 5, 1912. The lease was cancelled before expiration and a new prospecting lease was given to William M. Fitzhugh on January 4, 1910 at an annual rental of \$500. This lease was assigned to the Midwest Oil Company on June 3, 1911. A new lease was made to the Midwest Oil Company on January 1, 1915 at an annual rental of \$3,000. An operating lease was given to the Midwest Oil Company on October 1, 1919 for 33 1-3 per cent royalty and the lease of October 1, 1924, carried a 65 per cent royalty to the state.

Coenraad Kerbert, one of the incorporators of the Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company, was superintendent and also superintendent for Petroleum Maatschappij, mentioned above. The Petroleum Maatschappij Salt Creek assigned its interests to the Wyoming Oil Company, a New Jersey corporation, and this company in turn assigned its interests to the Wyoming Oil Fields Company, a Wyoming corporation, in 1912.

The Wyoming Oil Fields Company was incorporated on September 14, 1911, and was capitalized for \$10,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$1,000 each par value. The incorporators were: Amos W. Barber, Henry Mason, William R. Dubois, Otto Gramm, Patrick Sullivan, Wallace C. Bond and R. P. Fuller.

Lobell was a promoter and apparently had no idea of making a paying proposition out of his promotions. The affairs of these Belgian, Dutch and French interests became very involved, and it was through the efforts of C. W. Burdick of Cheyenne that they were straightened out and made into a paying concern through the formation of the Franco Wyoming Oil Company. The Franco Wyoming Oil Company was a Delaware corporation and was capitalized at \$6,500,000, divided into 275 shares of common at \$20.00 par and 50,000 shares of 6 per cent cumulative preferred at \$20.00 par.

In 1911 the Natrona Pipe Line and Refining Company

was organized and built a refinery just east of the Casper cemetery. The company also built a six-inch pipe line from the Salt Creek field to Casper. The Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company was a Wyoming corporation, and the capital stock was \$250,000 divided into 12,500 shares at \$20.00 each (on July 3, 1912, the par value was changed to \$50.00 and the number of shares raised to 20,000, making a new capitalization of \$1,000,000). The incorporators were: P. E. Caplane, H. Foulo de Vault, A. de Fontgalland, L. J. A. Philippott, D. A. Ehrlich, C. W. Burdick and B. O. Lummis.

*Refer to the second paragraph of the forward.

The Franco Wyoming Oil Company, organized in 1912, obtained a majority of the capital stock of the Wyoming Oil Fields Company and nearly 80% of the capital stock of the Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company. The remainder of the stock was held by Petroleum Maatschappij. The Franco Wyoming Company represented the Belgian and French interests and the Petroleum Maatschappij, the Dutch interests.

The Midwest Oil Company was incorporated in Arizona on February 6, 1911, and capitalized for 6,000,000 shares par value \$1.00. There were 4,000,000 shares of common stock and 2,000,000 shares of preferred with equal voting rights. The preferred stock was preferred only as to 8% of the earnings and an additional 20% of the earnings after the 8% cumulative preferred had been satisfied.

The original incorporators were as follows:

President	O. H. Shoup
Vice-President	A. M. Johnson
Secretary	J. L. Warren
Treasurer	O. H. Shoup

The home office was in Colorado Springs, which was the home office of the Reed Investment Company. J. B. Barnes, Jr., of Casper, Wyoming, was appointed agent for the Midwest Oil Company on February 15, 1911.

In the year 1911 the home office of the Midwest Oil Company was moved to the second floor of the First National Bank Building in Denver, Colorado, with the above officers actively in charge of the company's affairs.

The working capital of the company came from the \$300,000 French money which Verner Z. Reed had raised for the Sheridan sugar factory and railroad and which was diverted by eager consent of the subscribers to the speculative Midwest Oil Company. In addition to these funds, the Reed Investment Company put in some of its own cash and borrowed \$300,000 from the International Trust Com-

pany of Denver, pledging ten cents per barrel of oil refined to retire this debt.

Henry M. Blackmer was head of the International Trust Company, and it was through the above deal that he became associated with the Midwest group.

In June of the year 1911, William M. Fitzhugh assigned the interests which he had acquired from William G. Henshaw to the Midwest Oil Company. These interests amounted to about one-fourth of the Salt Creek holdings. Fitzhugh also assigned the remaining three-quarter interest to the "associated" or "little" companies. The capital stocks of these little companies were given as a stock dividend to the stockholders of the original Reed Investment Company, and that was why the Reed Investment Company stock was so valuable.

The capital stock of each of these nine little companies amounted to 500,000 shares of \$1.00 or \$500,000 for each of the following companies: Barbados Oil, Bluestone Oil, California Oil, Control Oil, Crescent Oil, Fitzhugh Oil, Henshaw Oil, Pinero Oil, and Seattle Oil. The reason for the incorporation of these nine companies was the passage of the corporation income tax law; the earnings from Salt Creek production would be split nine ways. The incorporators were the directors of the Reed Investment Company: O. H. Shoup; K. C. Schuyler, C. A. Fisher, A. M. Johnson and J. L. Warren. The date of incorporation was February 14, 1913.

The tenth company was the Castle Creek Oil Company, which had taken over the Berne Hopkins holdings mentioned earlier in this article. The capital stock of the Castle Creek Oil Company consisted of 10,000 shares of \$10.00 each or \$100,000.

There was a great deal of promotion stock in the Midwest Oil Company and those who received this stock began to dispose of it through a young and energetic broker in Denver named A. E. "Bert" Wilson. (He was later the senior member in the brokerage firm of Wilson-Cranmer Company.)

The first offerings Wilson made were preferred at par (\$1.00) and, as an inducement, an equal amount of common was given as a bonus. Soon the common stock started selling at \$1.00 and eventually sold for about \$2.50 per share. (Midwest Oil Company stock at \$1.00 par has at times been confused with Midwest Refining Company stock which was \$50.00 par.)

The operating staff of the Midwest Oil Company at Casper consisted of the following: Ralph D. Brooks, gen-

eral manager; H. G. Naylor, traffic manager; Myron Dutton, purchasing agent; and William Prescott, cashier. In the Salt Creek field, Newt Wilson was field superintendent, Dave Lewis was assistant superintendent, Missou Hines was in charge of the work horses (there were no trucks), J. R. Dunbar was chief clerk, and Francis Brown was in charge of the commissary. William Dietrick was refinery superintendent in Casper.

The Casper offices of the company were on the second floor above the old Kimball Drug store on Center Street.

The company had to have more office space so they signed a lease with W. F. Henning, who was to put a second story on the brick building at 130 South Center Street. Then, for additional office space, the company had another idea and decided to build the Midwest Hotel (now the north half of the Henning Hotel).

In order to get out of the Henning lease, Henning was given the privilege of being one of the incorporators of the Midwest Hotel Company. This company was incorporated on April 7, 1913, with a capital stock of \$100,000. The incorporators were W. F. Henning, R. D. Brooks, and N. S. Wilson. The hotel company floated the \$100,000 in bonds and built the hotel. Some bonds were sold to residents of Casper, but the Midwest Oil Company bought most of them. The capital stock was practically all promotion stock and was later picked up very cheaply by Henning, who also retired all the bonds.

In order to take over the refinery, pipe line and markets of the Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company, the Reed Midwest Investment Company was incorporated on January 21, 1913, to form a new company.

The Franco Petroleum Company was incorporated on March 18, 1913. This was an Arizona corporation capitalized at 6,000,000 shares par \$1.00, 2,000,000 8% cumulative preferred and 4,000,000 shares of common with equal voting rights. The incorporators and board of directors were the following: R. D. Brooks, P. E. Caplane, C. W. Burdick, B. H. Pelton, Jr., A. G. Hopkins, L. A. Reed and F. P. Evans.

Offices were established in the Townsend Building with the following as active officers: R. D. Brooks, president and general manager; L. A. Reed, refinery superintendent; Henry Rathvon, field superintendent, and B. H. Pelton, Jr., treasurer. Ralph Brooks and L. A. Reed had been in the refining game together at Boulder, Colorado, and Brooks, Pelton and Rathvon were taken from the Midwest Oil organization.

The old Natrona refinery east of Casper was disman-

tled, and a new refinery was built just east of the Midwest Oil Company refinery.

The Midwest Refining Company was incorporated in Portland, Maine, on February 20, 1914. The authorized capital was \$20,000,000, divided into 40,000 shares of \$50.00 each, all common. (On August 14, 1917, capital stock was increased from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000. A withdrawal certificate was filed December 23, 1932, and all the assets were transferred to the Stanolind Oil and Gas Company and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.)

The Midwest Refining Company was incorporated to take over all the assets of the Franco Petroleum Company and certain assets of the Midwest Oil Company. In the main, these assets were the refineries, the pipe lines, tank cars, and the marketing facilities. Production was not included but was supervised by the refining company. The refining company took over the offices of the oil company in Denver and Casper.

On February 27, 1914, the Midwest Refining Company issued \$6,000,000 in stock to pay for the Franco Petroleum Company holdings, and on the same day they issued \$12,000,000 to the Midwest Oil Company for refinery property, pipe line and \$400,000 cash to be used as working capital.

On March 1, 1914, the refining company entered into a twenty-year contract for the production from the holdings of the Midwest Oil Company and the "little" companies.

This story does not concern itself beyond the formation of the Midwest Refining Company.

The original Reed group had no knowledge of the oil game, but O. H. Shoup was an excellent executive and this fact, together with the amazing production of the Salt Creek field, made the Midwest Oil Company an unexpected success in a mere three or four years.

Yellowstone National Park

By Marie M. Augspurger

Published by the Naegele-Auer Printing Company, Middletown, Ohio

(Reviewed by Mary Lou Pence)

"Historical and descriptive", the author of the monograph, **Yellowstone Park**, terms her attempt to present the vast subject of America's wonderland. Because this National Park annal edition lacks the emotional appeal necessary to classify it as literature we will look on it as journalistic, and consider it a type of reporting.

Good reporting tells a story, even though the tale has previously been narrated. It presents the subject in a light so that the reader is caught by the new and unique treatment.

In this book you will find lacking the headlined news importance, yet it offers the reading public some 150 pictured reproductions of magnificent grandeur of Yellowstone National Park. Because of this intensive illustrating the narrative itself is broken into bits and is presented in a distracting manner. The interest, then, must be held by the pictures.

The credit-line for many of the pictures is given to the author herself. Among the illustrations photographed by Miss Augspurger are such scenes as The Giant Geyser, Fire-hole Cascades, Obsidian Cliff, Minerva, Angel and Cleopatra Terraces, and Mommie Bear. They are outstanding examples of her camera lens capturing the natural beauty and splendor and she has transferred them to the pages of this book. Through photography she has portrayed vividly the Park's phenomenon and magnitude of wild life.

The introduction is written by Leslie A. Miller, ex-governor of Wyoming. In an appropriate forward he points out that "We, in Wyoming are proud to live within the shadow of this marvelous work of the Creator". This is followed by his suggestion that it is "the burden of all the peoples of our country to zealously watch and guard over the destinies of this greatest of National Parks".

The author tells her story beginning with the Park's discovery. Leading chapters dwell on early expeditions and visitors, the administration, the gateways, the geysers and terraces. Wildlife, flowers, birds, and animals — together with a description of the climate and the designation of fishing seasons are reported in detail.

Especially valuable information is contained in the chapter on the formation of the Park's terraces. Included in this discussion is the explanation of the chemical action

of hot water and limestone, and the resulting travertine formations. The origin of Liberty Cap is depicted in an interesting style, and the impression of nature's wierd tricks is given in the highlighted exposition of Devil's Kitchen with its stairway filled with carbon dioxide gas and its squeaking bats' hideouts.

Again, it might be well to emphasize that this book has told its story more clearly by its excellent pictorial pages than through its narration. For Westerners who wish to dream as they catalog the history and origin of Nature's Wonderland it offers its many photographed scenes. For Easterners planning their first visit to the Land of Mystery it might well be selected as a guide—for the author has compiled an accounting from a vast quantity of contemporary material and combined it with a beautiful collection of scenic reproductions.

Yellowstone National Park may be included in Western book collections not as a remarkable piece of literature, but rather as an historical contribution. It measures a visual accuracy in reporting and contributes in a journalistic manner to a different treatment of the recordings of the beauties and mysteries of America's shrine to Nature.

MARY LOU PENCE

Mrs. Pence, a third generation Montanan, has had features and news stories published by several leading newspapers, taken prizes in the 1949 Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs contest, and in the National Federation Press Women contest. She is currently busy with an assignment from the **American Weekly**, New York City.

Educated at Montana State and Wyoming University, Mrs. Pence is president of Wyoming Press Women, and regional vice-president of the National Federation of Press Women. Her husband is Laramie attorney Alfred M. Pence, now president of the Wyoming State Bar Association.

Three Rare Wyoming Birds

The Wyoming State Museum has recently been assured by the American Audubon Society of the great value of three large, white birds presented to the museum last year by the Cheyenne Senior High School. These specimens, representatives of the trumpeter swan, white pelican, and whooping crane species, are part of a collection of Wyoming birds mounted by Frank Bond in about 1898 and later given to the city high school. These three birds are, or have until recently been, close to extinction in the United States.

The trumpeter swan is the largest of our American waterfowl, attaining a height of five feet and a wing spread of eight feet. In the latter half of the Nineteenth Century the survival of these once common birds was greatly endangered by hunters who killed the birds for their downy breast feathers, or for food. This impressive bird underwent a grave decline in numbers until there were only 73 of the species remaining in 1935, when the Canadian and United States conservation agencies took cooperative action to save the species. In that year the federal government established a waterfowl refuge at Red Rock in southwest Montana for the protection of the trumpeters.

According to a report made by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service in September, 1949, the number of trumpeter swans in the United States has increased to 451, 90 of which live in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and five at the National Elk Refuge, Teton County, Wyoming. It is thought that the trumpeter swan would probably have become wholly extinct in the United States had it not been for the establishment of Yellowstone National Park whose wilderness areas provided the swan with a suitable breeding place until special bird refuges were created. The trumpeter swan scarcely ever nests outside such wilderness areas. These conditions are now found only in refuges, the number of which is very limited. The bird population may soon become so concentrated in the refuges as once again to threaten the survival of the beautiful trumpeter swan.

The white or rough-billed pelican has white plumage tinged with black or grey, a reddish bill and pouch, legs and feet of bright orange-red, and has a wing spread of eight to ten feet, making it one of the largest of all North American birds. The white pelican prefers fresh water areas in the summer, nesting far to the north, but goes to salt water districts in the south for the winter. Like the trumpeter swan, this bird also refuses to breed except in remote

districts beyond the reach of civilization. With the passing years, suitable breeding places for the pelican have become fewer and fewer, leaving only a scattering of isolated lakes and marshes of our western states and southern Canada in which this diminishing species will try to propropagate itself.

The third rare specimen is that of a species called the whooping crane. These birds are very large, sometimes growing to a height of more than five feet. The whooping crane is pure white, with black wing quills and a patch of dull red on top of its head. They breed in southern Canada and most of those remaining winter on the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, near Austwell, Texas.

Records kept at the Aransas Refuge from 1938 through 1947 show that an average of 57.6% of the adult whooping cranes have failed to reach the Gulf Coast with young in the winter. There are only a very few of the whooping cranes now in existence, and trained observers tell us that breeding records hold out little hope for an increase in the number of this extremely rare bird.

The Wyoming State Museum is gratified to be able to announce that it has specimens of these three birds which were once common in our state. We hope that all who visit the museum will make a point of looking at these three beautiful and rare birds of Wyoming.

WHERE THE PAINTBRUSH GROWS

Show me the place where the paintbrush blows,
Tipped with its red — the red of a rose,
As if dipped in the paint the sunset knows.
Show me the place where the paintbrush grows.

—Laura Allyn Ekstrom

O WYOMING, WONDERFUL AND WIERD!

by Arthur C. Hodgson

O entrancing vast Wyoming,
 O stupendous sagebrush plains,
O high tow'ring timbered mountains,
 O immaculate white chains;
Deep-engraven streamlined gorges,
 Rockflanked, red, brown, black, white, gray,
Carved by gushing, gurgling rivers,
 Speeding onward, nor will stay;
Yellowstone, of parks the peerless,
 Nature's aggregation wierd—
Canyons, geysers, lakes, pools, cascades,
 "Nation's Playground" deep endeared;
Devil's Tower, volcanic molar
 Belched from Satan's Stygian jaw,
Natural monument first-fathered
 By Columbia's fed'ral law;
Hell's Half Acre, acres spanning
 Many a massive stalagmite,
Phantom of infernal tombs where
 Man and minions spend long night;
Sulphur Hot Springs, rainbow-painted,
 At Thermopolis true-named,
Largest of world's such Bethesdas,
 Sought by suff'ers bowed and lame;
Lauded 'mongst our wide Wyoming's
 Scenic catenational links,
Agelong unsolved riddle cavern,
 Lander's gulping aqueous Sinks;
Azure canopy all-cov'ring,
 Variantly with clouds bedraped,
Gold-fringed by sun-rising,-setting,
 Slowly sailing, stately shaped!
Should one find sublimer scenery,
 Loftier visual poetry,
Picture-dream more truly thrilling,
 Fain I'd see it; show it me.

Riverton, Wyoming
June 3, 1949

ACCESSIONS

to the

Wyoming Historical Department

September 1, 1949 to November 1, 1949

Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of two copies of the Wadsworth Wad, First volume and first and last number. September 1949.

Palmer, E. G., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a sailfish, caught off the coast of Florida in 1943. September 1949.

Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. C. J., LaGrange, Wyoming: Donors of free handwork, pencil sketch, "Are You the Real Thing?" Sketched by E. E. Montgomery in 1932. A view of LaGrange, Wyoming, looking from the East Hill. September 1949.

Foote, Frank M., Lake Charles, Louisiana: Donor of the Wyoming Volunteers regimental banner carried in the assault against the walled city of Manila in the Spanish-American War. This banner was carried by Co. "C" First Wyoming Infantry and Co. "M" Fourth Regiment U.S.V., commanded by Major Frank M. Foote. Picture of Colonel F. M. Foote and staff taken in Manila in 1898. September 1949

Foote, Carl, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a wrought iron square nail, piece of stone from the old fireplace at Hat Creek Station, piece of glass with date 1871, from an old insulator used on the telegraph line between Cheyenne and Deadwood. October 1949.

Griffith, James B., Lusk, Wyoming: Donor of photostatic copy of award of second place to the Lusk Herald by the National Editorial Association's 1949 Better Newspaper Contest and photostatic copy of letter awarding same. October 1949.

Books—Purchased

The Westerners, **Brand Book**, Denver, Colorado. Westerners, Denver, Colorado, 1949. Price \$3.50.

Orchard, William C., **Beads and Beadwork of the American Indian**. Lancaster Press, Inc., Lancaster, Pa. Indian Heye Foundation, New York, 1929. Price \$2.50.

Lindquist, G. E. E. **Indian Treaty Making**. Reprint from *Chronicles of Oklahoma*. Price \$.20.

Wissler, Clark, **Indian Beadwork**. American Museum of Natural History, New York City, 1946. Price \$.30.

The Westerners, **Brand Book**. Los Angeles, Westerners, Los Angeles, 1949. Price \$6.00.

- Beal, Merrill D. *Story of Man in the Yellowstone*. Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho, 1949. Price \$3.34.
- The Westerners, *The Westerners Brand Book*. Denver Posse, Westerners, Denver, Colorado, 1949. Price \$7.00.
- Handbook of Gold Fields of Kansas and Nebraska*, 1859. Cooke, Chicago. Price \$2.75.
- Gard, Wayne, *Frontier Justice*. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1949. Price \$2.50.

Books—Gifts

- Cheyenne City Directory*, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1928, 1929-1930, 1931-1932, 1933-1934, R. L. Polk & Co., Salt Lake City, Utah. Donated by Mark A. Chapman, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- Wyoming State Business Directory*, 1921. The Gazetteer, Denver, Colorado, 1921. Donated by Joel Naret, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- Zion's Ev. Lutheran Church Golden Jubilee*. 1895-1949, The Church, 1949. Donated by the Governor's Office.

ERRATUM

“The History of Albany County Wyoming to 1880” by Miss Lola Homsher which appeared in THE ANNALS OF WYOMING, Vol. 21, No. 1-2, p. 181, was taken from the comprehensive “History of Albany County, Wyoming to 1880” submitted by Miss Lola Homsher to the Faculty, University of Wyoming, May 1949, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree. This excerpt constitutes Chapters 1 and 4 of the Master’s Thesis.

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The Christopher Publishing House of Boston, Massachusetts.	
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This picture of Ellen Washakie, Bertha Norman and Charles Washakie was taken in front of the Egyptian Grauman Theater during the winter of 1925 when they were sojourning in Hollywood

Ellen Hereford Washakie of the Shoshones

By MARY LOU PENCE*

"All that the glittering morn hath driven afar
Thou callest home, O Evening Star!"

On a March day in 1950 the West mourned, for the Evening Star had called home one of its children, Ellen Hereford Washakie. The little Episcopal church and its grounds at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, were crowded with the hosts of friends who had come from several states to pay final tribute to a deserving American woman. Standing with heads bowed in grief were four generations of her friends and her people.

It is appropriate that Wyoming should pay homage to the memory of Ellen Washakie. Her life story depicts a colorful and eventful panorama of not only Western, but American and World history. Her family tree which is the heritage of two sons, three granddaughters, two sisters and several great-grandchildren, is an integral record worthy of preservation. As wife of Charles Washakie, sometimes referred to as "The Crown Prince of the Shoshone Royal Family," the fourth and only living son of the last chieftain of the Shoshones—that great Chief known as "Friend of the White Man"—she ranked as a member of royalty. As daughter of Robert Hereford her lineage is traced to the present Queen of England, and the heirs of that throne.¹

Ellen Washakie was born Ellen Lewis Hereford, February 22, 1878, on Smith's Fork near Fort Bridger. Her father, Robert Hereford, was a descendant of an old Scottish colonial family related to the Lees, to Washington, and to the present Queen Elizabeth of England.² He was born

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mrs. Pence, a third generation Montanan, has had features and news stories published by several leading newspapers, taken prizes in the 1949 Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs contest, and in the National Federation Press Women contest. She is currently busy compiling a book on **Western Women**.

Educated at Montana State Normal, Wyoming University and the New York School of Interior Decoration, Mrs. Pence is president of Wyoming Press Women, regional vice president of the National Federation of Press Women and a member of the American College Quill. Her husband is Laramie attorney Alfred M. Pence, now president of the Wyoming State Bar Association.

1. "Our Strip of Land"—Dunham, Dick and Vivian, 1947.

2. Hereford Family Tree, letter to Lydia Harris, 1950.

in 1827 in Virginia. As a young man he took up the study of medicine, planning to become a doctor. But in the early 1850's the adventurous West beckoned. By way of St. Louis he came into Wyoming and stopped at John Robertson's prospering Old West ranch.

Here in Bridger Valley the bluffs circled around the creek breaks shutting out the north winds and making the lowlands warm. The antelope roamed freely over the browning meadows, and the deer came down from the brush hills to drink thirstily from the bubbling spring waters that wound in and out of Smith's Fork. Here, too, the oxen trains of covered wagons paused to rest before pushing onward on their long overland treks westward.

In the valley John Robertson³ (known as 'Uncle Jack,' and also 'Robinson') had staked out his grazing lands and built a log cabin. He had made the peace signs with the Shoshone Indians. Every summer the tribe brought their travois of children, their tepee drags and their colorful pony herds, waiting along his willow fringed creek for the Moon of the Big Hunt. Sometimes there were not enough ponies to go around. Uncle Jack would wave his arm toward his herd of over 150 blue roans, paints and sorrels that called his meadows home.

"There must be fast ones there that can outrun the deer."

After the hunt there would be feasting on the juicy roasted rumps of the wapiti, and there would be the tossing of the pits of the chokecherries across the firelight at the feet of the pretty fawn-eyed maidens. Uncle Jack often joined them where one night he saw a new one and asked about her.

"Marique," (pronounced by the Indians "Marook"), they told him, "had come back to the honored fires of her people." A white man, a trapper, had taken her away from them, later to desert her with the tiny one, Lucile (also called 'Lucinda'). Now with the baby on her back Marique had come home to Warm Valley. Uncle Jack watched her as she moved in and out of the tepee flaps, setting up the drying racks for the strips of meat, or brushing the flies from the little one in the cradle board.

One day Uncle Jack came to take her as his wife.

"It shall be," the old men sagely agreed. For had he

3. Robertson, letter written by John Robertson to his mother, Sarah Robertson, Owens Station, Mo., in 1837; University of Wyoming Archives. Perry Jenkins' letter, 1933, containing interview with John Robertson's grandson, George Hereford, states the name is "Robertson."

not been as one of them since that year called 1834 through many winters when the long moons of cold and hunger had beset them? When the parflashes were empty, had he not divided with them from his great herd of cattle? "The new calves in the Moon of the New Grass will make up the over-500 count," he told them by the red man signs.

It was right that Marique, a Shoshone, should be his wife; that Lucile, half Shoshone, should also be his. Had he not asked for them both? Yes, food partaken together had sealed the eternal bond of their friendship.

From her Indian mother Lucile learned the tribal ways: how to make the beaded yokes on the soft doeskin dresses; how to dry the prairie sage for the kettle seasoning, and sun-toast the wild cherries for the winter food; how to mix the red earth color in tints to brighten the soft bronze cheeks of dark-haired Indian maidens. From her white father she learned how to crush the black medicine (coffee) in the big stone bowl; how to gather the willow bark and sumac branch for the kinnikinic pipe mix; and how to ride the fast trotting ponies in lady style.

She was moving proudly now, a maiden in her fifteenth summer, when Robert Hereford came to Uncle Jack's lodge. The young Shoshones had turned their spotted hunting horses into Uncle Jack's rich grasslands while they celebrated the big hunt. That night at Indian lodge there was dancing around the spitting fire flames. There was the sound of the ta-ta-tah tum of the tom-tom drums as the Shoshones danced and sang their thanks and joy to the Sun God for his goodness. The young braves' scarred breasts showed thong marks in the red firelight, and the old men sat back puffing at their long-stemmed pipes and blowing blue smoke. The old women with arms crossed inside their blankets hummed century-old song sounds. The time was one of feasting and plenty, and Lucile was dancing in her first beaded woman dress.

It was kismet. With the blessings of her father John Robertson and her mother, Marique, Lucile rode away with Robert Hereford. They were married in the Morman Town of Salt Lake. Here they lived for a few years guiding and outfitting the pioneers who were making the hazardous trip to the Pacific.

With the coming of the little ones Lucile wished again to be back on her father's ranch, so the Herefords returned to Bridger Valley. But they had not been long in this vale of the moccasin camp when many runners came with the tales of bad things in the land to the North. In Montana, the Land of the Shining Mountains, there was unrest and

shooting, and much pilfering of the yellow stones in the Alder Gulch. The heralders told much of the Vigilantes, and Robert Hereford said he was duty-bound to help the Law.

Lucile and Robert made ready the packs for the journey to a new home. They left behind all the good things of Warm Valley and traveled on until they came to Helena, Montana. The law enforcement officers of that territory saw that Robert's counsel was wise, and his determination honest to make the land safe. They made him sheriff of that country, and he remained so until 1870 when John Robertson and Marique sent messages by carriers. They needed them home at Smith's Fork to carry on the ranch work.

In the late '70's Robert Hereford marked out grazing lands for his own on Birch Creek, thus creating the first ranch in that area.

When Ellen was born her father christened her Ellen Lewis, believing that his wife's (Lucile's) geneology was traceable to Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition.⁴ The Herefords were the parents of 13 children: George; Martha, (Mrs. George Finch); Virginia, (Mrs. Neil Driscoll, now Mrs. Martinez); Betty, (Mrs. Eugene Hickey); Ellen, (Mrs. Charles Washakie); Viola, (Mrs. Charles Snyder); Kate and Lucy died in infancy; Robert died in Montana; Lawrence; John; Albert and Charles.⁵

By the year 1896 the soldier town of Fort Washakie was guarding the Shoshones. The Indians had seen the way Uncle Jack and Robert Hereford had turned over the earth, and how the new food roots sprang through the broken soil. It would be good to have a man like Robert Hereford for their land and farm agent. He would show them the secret of making the green things grow. This soldier fort, headquartering the 2,750,000 acres of land known as their home, the Wind River Reservation, had been built in 1870. It was first called Fort Augur, then Camp Brown, and finally, in the year 1878, it was named Fort Washakie in honor of the great Shoshone chief. Here the Herefords were once more a part of the life of the Shoshones. The children learned how to read the picture writers' stories on the rocks. They went into the hills for the sun-gazing poles, and they learned the dancing ceremonial and the sacred meaning of the Circle-Round. Amid all of this Ellen Hereford spent her childhood.

Now, too, the white man's schools had come to the

4. No reliable source is available to substantiate this fact.

5. Perry Jenkins, letter, interview with George Hereford, 1933.

reservation. Ellen knew that if she were to be of service to her people, as had been her mother and her father, then she must work and think and educate herself in the new ways of life. The schools of Henry's Fork, St. Stephens Mission and the Government classrooms welcomed her eager attendance.

There came into her life about this time the Christian religion told by her beloved Episcopal Bishop John Roberts. From him she sought to know all about the white man's God, for Ellen was more white than red. By the time she was eighteen she had met and been wooed by John McAdams, Shoshone. If they were to marry the nuptial rites must be read by her Bishop. Thus Ellen became Mrs. John McAdams.

The next few years were busy ones for her. Meticulously neat and regally proud, she aspired to better things for her people. Motherhood was an added privilege, for through her children she could hand down ambitious dreams. The first baby, Lucy, in infancy, was given back to Mother Earth. But the other three, Lonnie, Iva and William were hers to love and teach the new things. Though she tried to avoid an unhappy marital ending, it was inevitable. In 1912 she and John McAdams were divorced. In the meantime her only daughter, Iva, had married George Norman.

Still vivacious and charming in her shawls of the Shoshone designs, Ellen now captured the heart of Charles Washakie, fourth son of the Old Chief and his beautiful Crow wife, Ah-ah-why-per-sie. In 1917 after a simple ceremony performed by Captain Nickerson, old time Lander Justice of the Peace, and with the blessings of the Shoshone tribe, Ellen and Charles settled near the old fort to make Shoshoneland their home.

But death interrupted the happiness of Ellen Washakie when Iva McAdams Norman, mother of her two granddaughters, (Lydia, three, and Bertha, one,) met death in a tragic family slaying. Ellen and Charles brought the two tiny girls into their home to be from that day members of the Washakie family.

"Make your lives fit the changing times," Ellen told her grandchildren. "But be proud of your Shoshonean blood, and all its traditions."

Wearing her exquisite Indian costumes, Ellen Washakie was many times honored by both red and white. When Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the middle '20's, were in the process of making several Western pictures they

needed an actress to play the fawn-eyed Indian maiden role.⁶ The pictures, **War Paint** and **Wyoming**, were filmed amid the rolling sagebrush prairies and beneath the pine-clad hillslopes of the Wind River Reservation, and Ellen Washakie had parts in both shows. In 1925 **Iron Horse** was to be premiered in Los Angeles, and for this advance showing Tim McCoy, Wyoming motion picture actor, arranged with Jule Farlow of Lander, as manager, to bring to California a cast of Wyoming Indians. In their brilliantly-colored plume war bonnets and their buckskin garbs, their beaded and fringed costumes, the members of the troupe were featured night after night in the prologue of the advance showing of **Iron Horse**. What a spectacular sight their encampment made with the tepees pitched on the vacant lot where the Grauman Chinese theater, Los Angeles, now stands. **Iron Horse** played at the Grauman Egyptian theater, and the prologue cast included Ellen and Charles Washakie and their little granddaughter, Bertha Norman—Bo-Pi-Gie—then about three years of age.

The California sojourn brought many new friends into Ellen's life. A charming woman, gracious, poised and soft-voiced, she was invited to many social functions and her name was included in the guest list of many a festive occasion in Hollywood.⁷ One of her most photographed costumes that year was her favorite dress beaded with elk teeth and valued at several hundred dollars. Another greatly admired by Hollywood was a predawn pink shawl, fringed and embroidered in the vivid floral designs characteristic of the Shoshonees, which complimented her natural sparkling beauty.

When the Washakies returned to Warm Valley that year plans were already under way for an historical pageant depicting the original gift of the red man—the mystic hot springs—to the white man. The nation's first woman governor, Nellie Tayloe Ross, then executive head of Wyoming, was to be an honored guest. The revue was staged at Big Horn Hot Springs, Thermopolis, and was sponsored by the State Federation of Women's Clubs. During the ceremony of this "Gift of the Waters" the Shoshone Council presented Governor Ross with an intricately-beaded bag of their native handiwork, and Ellen, as an Indian princess, made the tribal offering, speaking in the Shoshonean tongue.⁸ The

6. **Iron Horse**, 1924, by Fox; **War Paint**, 1926; **Wyoming**, 1928, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

7. Clippings from Hollywood newspapers, 1925.

8. Sheila Eart, **Women of Wyoming**, Vol. 11, by Beach

message was translated into English by Jim Compton of Fort Washakie.

Ellen Washakie believed, wisely, that extinction of tribal customs was facing the Indians. Because she loved their symbolism and sacred beauty she unstintingly made every effort to preserve for posterity a few of the impressive ceremonies. She frequently replenished her wardrobe with beautiful shawls, and wore always in the tribal functions her heirloom beaded moccasins of the high legging type. Her people, both red and white, exclaimed with admiration for her when she participated in the Sun Dances, the modern One-Shot Antelope Hunt night rituals, the Fourth of July parades. It was a pompous sight to witness—the annual rodeo celebration with Ellen Washakie dancing in Shoshonean rhythm to the ancient tom-tom beats as the white horses drawing the float proudly paced down the wide street of Lander.

Nor did her charm and poise fade with the twilight of her years. In 1947 when Utah commemorated its Centennial "This Is The Place," Charles and Ellen Washakie and her granddaughter, Wilma Jean McAdams, were guests of honor. The occasion was the unveiling of the statue of Chief Washakie, friend of Brigham Young and the Mormon colonists. Ellen, then 69 years of age, in a white shawl splashed with rainbow hues, fringed and embroidered, and the beaded high moccasins, charmed the 25,000 spectators gathered at the mouth of Emigrant Canyon just out of Salt Lake City.⁹

Strenuously and courageously she had given much of her life to her people that they might play an important role in this changing world. The belief had been handed down to her by a long and honored lineage that the worthwhile realm is reached by the path which leads onward. Many an orphaned child was taken into her home to call her "Mother." When Ellen Washakie's days were known to be numbered the United States Army gave one of these orphaned boys a furlough so that he might come to Warm Valley and comfort his grief-worn adopted father, Charles Washakie. This boy was Felix Perry. Ellen Washakie had taken him as a tiny infant from his dead mother's back, and had reared him to manhood.¹⁰ Proud, too, was she that he could serve in his country's army.

9. Account of Unveiling from Salt Lake Tribune, July 25, 1947.

10. Interview with Mrs. Harris.

To her grandchildren she left a priceless heritage—pride of their people—pride in their race. The Shoshones no longer are ruled by chieftains—medicine or war. Instead the Shoshone Council dictates the policies of the tribe. To-day, chairman of this Council is Robert Harris, husband of Lydia Norman, Ellen's granddaughter. Robert and Lydia operate one of the Reservation's big ranches about 30 miles from Lander. There, with their four children, they are conscientiously forwarding the interests of the Shoshones. Bertha Norman, another granddaughter, attended school at Chillicothe, Mo., and Denver University, and now holds an important secretarial position in Lander.¹¹ The third granddaughter, Wilma Jean McAdams, is also well-educated.

Before Ellen Washakie passed away she willed her three granddaughters what she considered her most precious possessions: to Lydia—her last ceremonial shawl, the one worn at the "This Is The Place" ceremony; to Bertha—the predawn pink shawl which Ellen had worn in Hollywood; to Wilma Jean—the impressive shawl she had worn in "The Gift of the Waters" pageant.

On March 21, following Ellen's death at Fort Washakie five days earlier, the Rev. George Oakes conducted the Christian funeral services. There were present many white-haired men and women of Shoshoneland. The older women remained inside of the little Episcopal church until the others had filed out. At first the wailing notes were low, and then the keening pierced the stillness with its high and thin pitch—the ancient sacred ritual committing to the Great Spirit their departed Princess—Ellen Washakie of the Shoshones.

"She is not gone," her people said, "She's just asleep."

For 72 winters she had been one of them. In love and in work she had devoted herself to Warm Valley. Now her faith and thoughts and deeds must be carried on by her husband, Charles Washakie; her two sons, Lonnie and William McAdams; her two sisters, Mrs. Virginia Martinez and Mrs. Viola Snyder; her three grandchildren, Mrs. Robert Harris, Miss Bertha Norman and Miss Wilma Jean McAdams, and the adopted son, Felix Perry.

Thus with the dim snow-capped mountain peaks rising

11. Interview with Mrs. Bertha Norman.

westward, the burial grounds of many of her forbears, Ellen Hereford Washakie of the Shoshones was summoned home.

"Thou callest sheep, thou callest kid to rest
And children to their mother's breast.
All that the glittering morn hath driven afar
Thou callest home, O Evening Star!"

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COWBOY CAPERS



Cowboy Capers

by

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In both fiction and non-fiction books about the cowboy, or, more generally, in books depicting a western locale with cowboy characters, invariably the reader finds episodes about these men going into town. Even the most creative stereotyped western motion picture depicts such incidents, and it soon becomes quite evident that authors and motion-picture producers depict this popular event in the same manner—the cowboys ride into town on a cloud of dust, rush to the saloon with six-shooters blazing, some dismount and tie their horses to the ever-present hitching rail, others ride through the swinging doors much to the consternation of the customers who scatter tables, chips, gold and chairs in all directions, in their frenzied efforts to escape the wild hoofs of the excited horses and the bullets of the hilarious cowboys.

Thus the cowboy goes to town! Such a notorious description occurs so frequently that it has practically been accepted as a standard and it stands out predominantly in the memory of the old time cowboy in his reminiscences. It appears at least once in every western picture, whether it be a 'quickie' or a 'super-special colossal,' produced by one of the major studios.

Occasionally the theme is varied. A lone cowboy rides into town —, he approaches the bank with intent to rob it —, he arrives at the sheriff's office with a problem —, he goes to the local saloon for a drink —, he seeks a little, vine-covered house on the edge of town to visit his mother, girl friend, or an old-time crony; the prospects are endless, but the theme is not. It has invariably been connected with the cowboy ever since he has appeared in story.

The constant repetition of these hackneyed themes allows two conclusions—either the cowboy was a very dull individual without imagination, or the whole truth has not been told of his excursions into town. The cowboy lived a life of isolation. It seems stupid and unimaginative on his part to try to "take over the town" or "shoot it up" when he made his visit to do and to see things. The easiest way to curtail these opportunities was to try to "take over." In the rowdiest, law-forsaken towns there were just as many

law-abiding citizens who were determined to prevent this action as there were cowboys who attempted to carry it out. Most often the townsmen had the advantage.

This leads one to the other conclusion—that all was not told about the cowboys' visits to town. A careful check of the local news items, personal columns and the marshal or constabulary reports of the newspapers between 1867-1890 gives a more accurate account of the cowboy in town, whether it was a spontaneous jaunt for fun or a business trip. Many of these items deal with the arrival of one, two, or several cowboys in town on a merry-making lark, fully intent upon painting the town red, but many other items offer just as interesting or even more interesting accounts than the legendary theme of "cutting high jinks and capers." Thus, the reader becomes very curious as to what the cowboy **really** did in town.

One of the early complaints about the cowboy coming to town pertains to his reckless riding and control of his almost wild, unmanageable horse. As early as 1868, a news item appeared in the **New Mexican** of Santa Fe which made a plea for safe and sane riding through the streets of that city. The editor notes that such conduct is a "decided annoyance if not an intolerable nuisance."¹ He complains:

On every day in the week but especially on Sunday afternoon the peace and quiet of our city, the comfort of its inhabitants, and not unfrequently the lives of young children and infirm people are endangered by reckless riding of horsemen through our principal streets intent only upon their own amusement and wholly indifferent to the fate of pedestrians who may happen to occupy the street at the same time.²

Other annoyances to the inhabitants of a town were the bronco busting maneuvers of the cowboys within the town limits. Some times, however, the actions were unintentional—a high spirited horse, just off the plains, unaccustomed to the noises and strange sights of a city, could give a bucking demonstration which would be the envy of any modern rodeo. The editor of the **Cheyenne Daily Leader** in 1873 was greatly disturbed by such an exhibition and reported it with a certain amount of consternation:

It is a very entertaining sight to see a bullwhacker seated astride of a broncho horse, that has but a limited acquaintance with his rider, or the rough uses, that he is to be put to; and with Spanish spurs roweling the life out of the poor brute, nearly making him rear his ends in the air, alternately while an idle crowd gather to witness and curse the exhibition made by both horse and rider.

We are induced to speak thus, in consequence of hav-

1. **New Mexican** (Santa Fe, New Mexico), September 1, 1868.

2. *Ibid.*

ing witnessed a display of such a horse and such a rider, on Tuesday evening, near the corner of Seventeenth and Ferguson streets. There was quite a crowd and some quiet swearing. But would not such exhibitions be in better taste out on the prairie? Suppose one of these bronchos should run up the side of a brick building to the roof, or up a telegraph pole to the cross-bars and insulators, would the rider keep his seat? These bronchos are liable to do these things: we have known them to do worse things.³

Shades of Frontier Days! If coming events forecast their shadows, this is a perfect example, for twenty-one years later the success of the greatest outdoor cowboy spectacle depended upon just that type of exhibition! Such a spectacle was typical in the frontier town of the Great Plains area, and the newspapers of that area are filled with similar items, such as a typical frontier street accident which occurred in Cheyenne a few years later in 1878. A drunken cowboy on horseback knocked down a little boy, but fortunately, the youngster was not severely injured. The cowboy, however, was arrested, and lodged in the calaboose to await trial.⁴

When a cowboy rode a skittish horse into a town, a crowd always gathered at the first sign of a buck out of the wary beast. The noise, confusion, cat calls, jeers and advice from the mob did not quiet the nerves of a high strung beast, and very often the practical jokes of the audience created a much greater hubbub. A few days before the Fourth of July in 1884, the following incident was reported in the newspaper:

Yesterday afternoon a cowboy named Bill Smith created not a little amusement and considerable commotion by riding, or trying to ride a bucking pony through some of the streets in the western portion of the city. The pony was bound to throw the rider off and that individual was equally determined to stay on. In the meantime the pony had condescended to make his way for a little distance north of Thomas street, and attracted by the outcry that was made and the yelling of the little boys, a very large crowd had gathered around, thinking that there was a fight in progress or would be one soon. Finally a small boy fired a Roman candle into the crowd and close to the pony. This had three effects: It started the pony, partly dispersed the crowd and so alarmed some of the residents of the neighborhood that they imagined a shooting affair was in progress. Constable Nolan soon appeared upon the scene and set things right, but for a few minutes there was about as much excitement over the affair as there would have been had the city been on fire. No arrests were made.⁵

3. **Cheyenne Daily Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), September 11, 1873; **Cheyenne Daily Sun** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), January 20, 1878.

4. **Cheyenne Daily Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 24, 1878.

5. **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 2, 1884. See **Calgary Herald** (Calgary, Alberta, Canada), June 12, 1893.

On another occasion two cowboys on a jackass had some fun in front of the Simmons House in Cheyenne, and, as they rode up and down the street, their antics attracted a large number of bystanders—mostly cowboys. Two small colored children, a boy and a girl, were among the crowd, and suddenly some of the boys present had the idea that the youngsters might like to ride the donkey, so they were immediately placed upon his back and he was led around. Suddenly he bucked; the children were thrown off, and, unfortunately, the little boy's arm was broken in the fall. This attempt at kindness and fun on the part of the cowboys resulted in an accident for which the men were blamed.⁶

Cowboy activities in the city and town were not confined to bronco and reckless riding, for after his arrival in town, a cowboy had endless opportunities to seek pleasure and excitement. After a hair cut and shave, bath, the purchase of new clothing, and a few drinks it was not at all uncommon for him to seek out the pleasures of those quiet retreats found in all frontier towns. These exploits are not often found in the newspapers of the time, but occasionally an item appeared in the police notes, especially if trouble ensued at the house in question. Often the cowboy involved was not as fortunate as the fellow in the following account:

Last night at a house of prostitution on Eighteenth street a man named Hecket was badly hurt by a cowboy under the following circumstances. It seems that Hecket had a mistress at the house named Frankie, and he had been quarreling with her so much that the keeper of the house refused him admission when he went there last night, and when the girl appeared at the door he struck her in the face with his fist. A cowboy inside said something to Hecket about the meanness of such an act, when Hecket dealt him a blow in the face. The cowboy thereupon struck Hecket on the head with a six-shooter, and in doing so the gun was discharged, and the cowboy, who was partly undressed, ran away, thinking he had killed Hecket, and a rumor quickly spread about the town that a murder had been committed. Dr. Cook was called and found that the man had not been struck by a bullet and that the scalp wounds he had three in number, were made by the barrel of the revolver. Officer Nolan was quickly on the spot and arrested the mistress of the house, Jessie Carter, and everybody there. The cowboy who struck Hecket was not found and probably never will be.⁷

The question of the descent of some "soiled doves" from Cheyenne upon Pine Bluffs, approximately forty-five miles east of the capital city, caused an interesting series of comments in the newspapers. This is not the last time rivalry flared up over the criticism leveled by Cheyenne at

6. *Democratic Leader* (Cheyenne, Wyoming), April 15, 1884.

7. *Ibid.*, August 28, 1885.

the inhabitants of the border town and their conduct.⁸ In this particular case a gentleman from Cheyenne, having visited Pine Bluffs, brought back a very vivid and lurid account of life in the latter city during the cattle shipping season. He commented, "that a degree of lawlessness prevails . . . that is really astonishing. At all hours of the day or night men can be seen madly riding about wild with poor whiskey and making the welkin ring with their shrieks and shouts. The promiscuous banging of revolvers is the only music heard, except when the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea . . ."⁹

The reporter tells of a drunken cowboy who, after tantalizing a bronco to desperation, finally shoots and kills it. Then the desperado amuses himself by shooting at the legs of the pedestrians. However, a later incident really caused comment, when the following account appeared:

A few evenings since a couple of women of medium age arrived at Pine Bluffs. They were from Cheyenne. Both wore yellow hair and store complexions. The garments which they wore weren't very costly but were rather variegated and colors bordering on crimson predominated. Each had on a Leghorn hat, which was only less elevated than a steeple, and wore bangle bracelets and jewelry till you couldn't rest. The jewelry was of that character which is euphoniously termed "snide," but it shone like a tin pan on a milk house.

There were many cowboys in the vicinity, and finally one bolder than the rest advanced toward the pair of females. He was received with ostentatious manifestations of kindness. One of the women addressed him as "Pete" and he called her "Maude." They seemed to be overjoyed to see each other. Other cowboys soon appeared, and, without the formality of an introduction, immediately became intimately friendly. Then followed beer. This was succeeded by more beer and in turn by beer. Then followed some beer, which was succeeded by quite a lot of beer. Then came beer.

From some standpoints the platform levee of the women might be considered a vivid and even lurid success. For eight mortal hours the pale air was laden with disjointed chunks of revelry. It was a scene of the wildest and most extravagant carousal set down in the quiet midst of the bleak prairie, and one which would give life and reality to an early-day border romance.¹⁰

In letters to the Cheyenne newspaper, H. Sturth, the local store and tavern keeper of Pine Bluffs, protested against these sarcastic remarks and sly innuendos. He maintained that the horse was shot accidentally and paid for, and continued, "There were two females here of doubtful repute, and considering the limited accommodations of

8. *Ibid.*, December 11, 1884.

9. *Ibid.*, September 27, 1884.

10. *Ibid.*, September 27, 1884.

the station platform, they were treated as respectfully as women of their kind could be treated in Cheyenne, the boys buying several bottles of beer and taking it over to them."¹¹ Then he launched a defense of the cowboy in these words, "There should be a large allowance made for the cowboys. For weeks and weeks they are camped on the wild prairies, looking after cattle most of the time. They are engaged in the most important industry of our territory, and it is no more than natural that young men, as most of them are, should be expected to enjoy themselves when they come to a station like this."¹²

He concluded the letter with the following appraisal of the cowboy: "I will say that take the cowboys as a body of men, I have found as honorable and straightforward in their dealings as any body of men I ever met."¹³

In the early days of the cattle drives, the **Denver Daily Times** gives an account of four Texas cowboys out on a lark in that city:

They first rounded up in a bagnio occupied by colored women on Wazee street, where they displayed their cheerfulness by shooting at the lamps, putting out the lights and causing a general scattering of the inmates. Lamps were ignoble game, however, and having frightened all the women away, they next visited a Chinese residence, and one of the party put a bullet into the person of the first Chinaman that appeared. Having done this the party ran, pursued by the wounded man, who blew his whistle and drew to the spot officer Holland and Thos. Clarke, who, after a short chase, overtook the fellow and took him into custody. The others were also arrested and the quartette taken over to the cooler.¹⁴

Evidently the charges against the cowboys were not serious, for no further evidence of prosecution appears. The red-light district of the frontier towns attracted the cowboys as a magnet, especially after months and months on the trails. It was one source of satisfaction and comfort for the lonely and often despised and feared man, when he came into contact with civilization for the first time in many months.

Judge Salisbury of Pueblo, related an interesting experience which occurred during his career as a justice in Las Animas county. One day, when quiet prevailed, a constable brought in a cowboy from the ranch of the Prairie Cattle Company, who was charged with the offense of carrying two revolvers while in the town. The penalty was a twenty-five dollar fine and seizure of the weapons, where-

11. *Ibid.*, October 1, 1884.

12. *Ibid.*

13. *Ibid.*

14. **Denver Daily Times** (Denver, Colorado), April 26, 1877.

upon, the cowboy broke into tears and made his plea, "Oh, Judge, jes' let me bid 'em good-by. Ma give 'em to me, an' I can't go without handlin' them jist once."¹⁵ Judge Salisbury consented, and the moment the cowboy got the weapons, he straightened up, and, leveling them, yelled, "I'd like to see the galoot as can get ma's pistols now. Now I'm a-goin' on my journey."¹⁶ Nobody tried to stop him!

In his visits to towns the cowboy was not adverse to try the many types of novel entertainment which had sprung up, especially the roller skating rinks, typical places of amusement during the eighties. Many hilarious accounts of this appear in the newspapers throughout the West, such as the following incident in which the editor recounts the experience of the cowboy beginner-on-skates:

"I am more used to riding on horseback, but last night I thought I'd try them little wagons. I got one with a double cinch, and another to match it, and as soon as I straddled the layout I could feel 'em begin to bow their backs, and was wishing I had a buck rein, because I was expecting them to stiffen their knees and go to bucking every minute, but they didn't. I walked 'em over to the other end of the corral to gentle 'em a little, and directly they started off at an easy canter, and were coming around back right through the herd; and there was a dude there with a stiff hat who was trying to cut out a Polled Angus heifer, in a blue dress, and I fouled and roped both my hind legs with a hoop skirt, and it had me stretched out for branding quicker 'n a spring calf can bawl with its mouth open and its lungs stretched. But I got up and got on again, and you oughter seen me exercise them vehicles. Of course they wasn't bridewise, and of course they'd buck when I tried to stop 'em too quick, but I'll leave it to the boss herder of the whole round-up if I didn't gallop 'em round there for three or four hours and had 'em roll over and over with me, and then they didn't get me off."¹⁷

A similar account appears in the *Democratic Leader*. The cowboy, looking in at a rink, decided that skating was easy and he "lowed as how he'd tackel um once fur luck."¹⁸ "The rollers were accordingly strapped to his feet, or "sinched blamed tight" as he expressed it. Then he was turned loose on the floor. His gyrations and eccentric evolutions were erratic and astonished him as much as they amused the spectators. He eventually broke one of the skates, gave up the attempt to skate and left the rink."¹⁹

However, the cowboy was not daunted by his first experience, for about two hours later he returned on

15. *Field and Farm* (Denver, Colorado), May 23, 1891.

16. *Ibid.*

17. *Las Vegas Daily Optic* (Las Vegas, New Mexico), September 25, 1884.

18. *Democratic Leader* (Cheyenne, Wyoming), February 5, 1885.

19. *Ibid.*

his cow pony, and, fortified by several drinks to give him courage, he was ready to solve the skating problem:

Riding to the door he spurred his horse into the ante-room and forced the animal partially through the door of the main entrance. The glare of the electric lights and the roar of the skates frightened the pony and it refused to enter. While the cowboy was using his spurs and endeavoring to force the animal into the hall, an attendant came forward and suggested that he turn the horse around and back into the hall. The suggestion was made with the purpose of getting him to back the horse out of the door when it would be closed and his entrance prevented. The proposition was not favorably received, however, and just as the pony was about to enter, another attendant seized it by the bit and backed it out into the street, kicked it on the ribs, and told the cowboy if he returned the coroner would have a professional call. The cowboy looked the man over, concluded it would not pay to return and expressed his sentiments by riding down the street at break-neck speed and yelling at the top of his voice.²⁰

Even in the early days good stories arose at conventions, as is evidenced in a report about the international range convention, held in Denver in 1886. A clerk at the Windsor Hotel gave the following vivid account about a cowboy from the Texas Panhandle:

"He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and, if he wished, the bell-boy would show him how it worked. But not much; he didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live down on the range.

So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away. About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned up on the glass was a sarcastic little legend reading: "Gol dern yore folding beds. Why don't you make 'em longer and put more kivers onto um? Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your durned old cubberd." The durned old cubberd, was one of our best folding beds."²¹

A story, equally hilarious, which appeared in the **Rio Grande Republican** for January 24, 1885, relates the experience of a cowboy in a sleeping car and is one of the funniest stories, both in content and language, told about a cowboy.²²

Such experiences were not limited to the confines of our own country; occasionally one reads about interesting

20. *Ibid.*

21. **Field and Farm** (Denver, Colorado), June 30, 1894.

22. "A Cowboy in a Sleeping Car," **Rio Grande Republican** (Las Cruces, New Mexico), January 24, 1885.

exploits in cities of other countries. One of the stories, probably a "tall tale," concerns a New Mexico cowboy in London, and the particulars of it were cabled over to the American papers. The story appears in the **Raton Weekly Independent**:

Red Pugh, a cowboy . . . who is now with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, created a terrific hubbub in London recently. Red went into a restaurant and ordered a rare beefsteak. The waiter brought him one so rare that it jerked around on the plate. Red drew his gun and fired three or four shots through the steak "to kill it," as he explained, when everyone in the establishment joined in a general stampede. After killing the steak Red sat down to eat his meat, was interrupted in a few minutes by the arrival of about fifty police, who told him that it was against the laws of Her Majesty Queen Vic to make such John Branch plays in Hengland. He was arrested and fined.²³

The cowboy had other experiences in his contact with life in the city, all of which are most amusing, but too numerous and varied to relate; however, the following account, which appeared in the **Black Range** for October 22, 1886, gives a lively illustration of good humor and lusty language:

They were genuine cowboys and in for a day's recreation in the city, and they looked upon the liquor when it was red. Yea, they gazed often, but finally thinking that the inner man needed something besides liquid filling, they repaired to Prof. Bach's Park street hash foundry and great lager beer and Switzer case emporium and called for a beef steak.²⁴

The story continues that, while waiting, one cowboy fell asleep, and the other decided to play a joke by rubbing limburger cheese on the flowing, well-grown mustache of his sleeping comrade. Finally the steaks arrived, and the first cowboy, having awakened, raised his fork to spear the steak, but suddenly stopped and sniffed the air. Then he lifted the beef steak to his nose and roared, "Here, you-bald-headed-son-of-a-coyote, come here." The proprietor in his most obliging manner hurried to the table and heard the complaints of the cowboy, "Here, you take this piece of dead cow out of the town and bury it—it's rotten—and then you waltz up here with a piece of cow that didn't die a natural death and is well cooked—do you hear me warble?"²⁵ Thereupon, the proprietor himself smelled the steak, but refused to comply and demanded payment for the meal. The cowboy, by this time weak from the stench,

23. **Raton Weekly Independent** (Raton, New Mexico), January 28, 1888.

24. **Black Range** (Chloride, New Mexico), October 22, 1886.

25. *Ibid.*

staggered to his feet, dug up his money and threw it at the offended proprietor:

"It's rotten," yelled the cowboy, "it stinks; go away from me; you stink; the house stinks; let me have fresh air," . . . he fled into the street and drew one long breath of outside air. But it was no use. Turning to his companion, with a look of dismay, he exclaimed, "Jim, this whole gosh darned town is spoilt; it stinks. You can cut the stink with a knife; let's pull for the ranch, Jim, 'fore we smother," and the boys mounted and rode off.²⁶

All these accounts might convey the impression that the cowboy's contact with the town and city was only one of hilarity, practical joking, and robust fun. This, however, is not the case, for there are also records of the more serious and pressing nature of these visits, such as the heart breaking account of the kidnapped fiancée. This appears in a Las Vegas newspaper, the **Stock Grower and Farmer** for February 20, 1892; however, the incident occurred in Denver, in the latter part of January. The item appears under the line, "Among the Cowboys," and clearly reveals the character of the people involved. It says:

Florence Chester is a sister of Mrs. Millie Price Dow, who married the millionaire's son here. James Everett is a cowboy who lives near Cheyenne, Wyo. He met Florence Chester and she gave him a ring like a hoop on a molasses barrel. She was to have been married Friday night, but "Reddy" Gallagher, of pugilistic fame, took the girl and disappeared. Everett was heartbroken, and swears that he will remain in Denver a month, recapture the girl and make her his wife. Gallagher brought the Chester woman with him from San Francisco, and hated to be outdone by a cowboy.²⁷

No further reports about this kidnapping appeared, but the mere facts create a number of questions in the mind of the reader, as to 'who was chasing whom?', 'what, actually, were Miss Chester's relationship with "Reddy" Gallagher in San Francisco?', 'what did the police do in the matter?'

Also of a serious nature concerning business in town are the interesting accounts in newspapers about the cowboy attending religious services. None of these accounts shows that the cowboy went into town for this sole, serious purpose, but in his curious manner of seeing and doing everything, he did, by chance, come in contact with religion. Some of the incidents are very humorous, the preacher, or parson becomes almost a scapegoat at the hands of the fun-loving cowboys; however, other reports reveal a deep and serious feeling on their part, an actual philosophy of life based on the most elemental and simple

26. *Ibid.*

27. **Stock Grower and Farmer** (Las Vegas, New Mexico), February 20, 1892.

ideals of Christianity. These incidents reveal an entirely new side of the cowboy and are so numerous and varied that the whole subject of 'the cowboy and religion' will be treated later in a separate article.

At times cowboys became members of a troupe of 'Wild West Show' performers, and consequently had an opportunity to visit the large metropolitan centers where they exhibited the talents developed in their life on the range. On such occasions they really had a "high time." A typical account of such escapades is found in the **Democratic Leader** of July 22, 1884:

Last night at 12 o'clock, cowboys belonging to Hardwick's "Wild West" show, made a drunken raid on South Clark street in regular Western cowboy style. They succeeded in frightening the people from the streets, and were finally captured by the police and locked up. Twelve large navy revolvers and a large knife were secured. The entire party was bailed out this morning, and this afternoon gave the usual exhibition to a crowd of 12,000 people. The cowboys in their raid last night were led by Ben Circle, for years a celebrated character in the far West.²⁸

Following a round-up, or when the great herds traveling up the trails stopped somewhat near a city, the cowboys en masse paid a visit which was a memorable occasion for them and for the city.²⁹ One night, in the middle of July, 1877, a group of fifty or sixty cowboys, after a round-up a few miles up Cherry Creek, could not resist the temptation to visit near-by Denver. The incident is found in the **Daily Times** of that city:

They first struck the Theatre Comique. One of their number is an amateur burnt-cork artist, and him they blacked up and put on the stage, applauding his performance with all the vigor of foot and hand. After they had taken this they circulated about town until nearly morning, but were comparatively orderly, and all left town at an early hour to commence the labors of the day.³⁰

However, on certain occasions the cowboy did "take over a town," "run a town," or "paint the town red," in the traditional manner, as is evidenced by the following vivid and authentic account in the **Cheyenne Daily Leader**, describing such an incident in Caldwell, Kansas, "The town of Caldwell is in the hands of a cow-boys' mob. The officers are powerless to do anything. Mike Meagher, formerly mayor of the city, but lately marshal, is killed. The sheriff,

28. **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 22, 1884.

29. See **Cheyenne Daily Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 11, 1879.

30. **Denver Daily Times** (Denver, Colorado), July 19, 1877; **Black Range** (Chloride, New Mexico), August 3, 1888; **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), August 30, 1884.

with a posse, from this place, has just started to the scene of the trouble."³¹

A second more detailed report, reached the Cheyenne papers and was given greater space:

One of those terrible border shooting affrays occurred in this city about one o'clock this afternoon resulting in the death of Mike Meagher, formerly mayor of this city, and Geo. Speer, a gambler. The full particulars cannot be obtained even at this late hour, but it seems that last night and this morning a party of cow-boys, . . . were drinking together and carousing, and about eight o'clock this morning they began to show a disposition to raise a row, and as a preliminary move Geo. Speer shot off his revolver into the sidewalks, on the main street. Through the efforts of the police the disturbance was suppressed, and as a precaution additional policemen were placed on duty, among them Mike Meagher. About one o'clock the party above named turned loose, and began to shoot indiscriminately. Talbot shot Meagher from the rear of the bank building, killing him instantly. The citizens turned out at once, with such guns as they could get hold of, and attempted to take in the party, who in the meantime had proceeded to a livery stable and compelled the man in attendance to give them horses, and mounted and started off. Speer was attempting to saddle a horse near the Red Light dance house, and while doing so was shot by some one of the citizens.³²

The rest of the party rode off in the direction of Hunnewell, Kansas, and a later report stated that the cowboys were finally surrounded in the timber some twelve miles north of Caldwell.³³

The newspapers continued to follow the story for several days, since various travelers reported their contacts with the cowboy desperadoes. A party of Caldwell citizens were still after them, and a reward of one thousand dollars was offered for their capture, dead or alive.³⁴

The final account of the desperadoes who "rounded up" at Caldwell came from Sanford's ranch on Wagon Creek, where they had stolen some saddles and had ridden off toward Old Mexico. No further accounts appeared in the newspapers, and in all likelihood these cowboys escaped and were not heard from again.³⁵ This was probably one of the most exciting examples of the cowboys' attempt to take over a town, in which they were not at all successful, and in addition caused tragedy in several families.

It is true that a great number of news items in the

31. *Cheyenne Daily Leader* (Cheyenne, Wyoming), December 18, 1881.

32. *Ibid.*

33. *Ibid.*

34. *Ibid.*, December 20, 1881.

35. *Ibid.*, December 21, 1881.

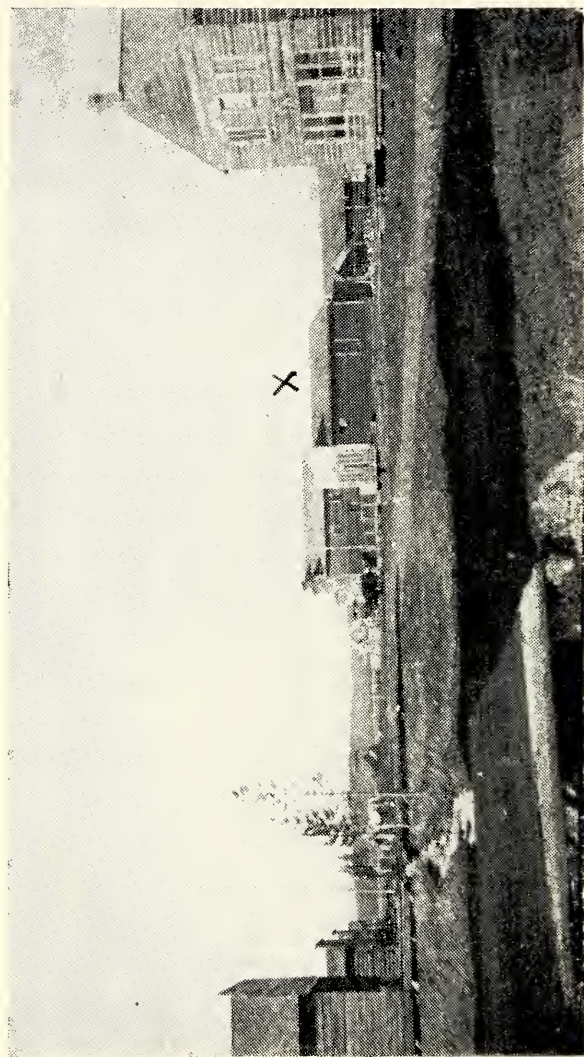
newspapers of the period of the classic cowboy do stress his attempt to "round-up," "take over," or "run" a town; however, many news items, not based on the traditional theme, reveal the conduct of the cowboy when he visited the town on business or for fun.

The cowboy did not always plan a wild afternoon or night, but the combination of the man and his beast with the many attractions of the town usually resulted in a commotion. Not unlike the college student free from academic restrictions, the cowboy, free from responsibilities, wholeheartedly joined in the amusements of the city. The spirit created a series of atomic actions and reactions, involving noise, fighting, destruction, injuries, shooting, liquor, women, and finally the law with the consequences resulting from such a varied mixture. Sometimes the most innocent "mind his own business" visit to town involved a cowboy in more trouble than he could find if he were out on a planned excursion of hell-raising; whereas, an organized "town painting" visit often resulted in nothing more than a "boys will be boys" account in the papers the following day.

An important factor is that the cowboy, whether in the beginning of the cattle industry or today, attracted attention. His mode of life, dress, actions, manners, work were news items, a story—anything which might involve him in the life of the community—was worth at least two or three paragraphs and often a half or a full column in the local newspaper.

His reputation preceded him, and, as he came into the towns from the cattle trails or from the ranch, a fairly well preconceived idea of what to expect of him paved his way and conditioned his reception and position in the community. Many times this reputation was not justified. His crudeness and roughness were intensified by the lack of normal affections and friendships during the month of isolation and inflamed by his contact with liquor and the temptations of the towns. On the whole the cowboy was civil, obliging, hospitable and generous, but his inquisitive, daring, reckless, and fun-loving nature often led him into difficulties which became disastrous because he was not a member of the community.

PINEDALE 1905



Building a Town on Wyoming's Last Frontier

. . . and Within Ten Miles of the First Rendezvous of the
Early-Day Trappers Back in 1811

by

C. WATT BRANDON*

When the call of the West came I had three objective points west—Wyoming, Washington and Montana. The spirit was put in me by Roland Hartley, a son-in-law of former Governor D. M. Clough of Minnesota, its Spanish-American war governor, and on whose personal staff I served as a major and aide-de-camp for two years.

They had moved to Washington state and were building the town of Everett. Roland was in Minneapolis and St. Paul during the holidays of 1903 and imbued me with the idea of going out there and establishing a newspaper the following spring in that new and growing city. Roland later served two terms as governor of Washington state, but I never met him again.

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—C. Watt Brandon, present owner and publisher of the **Kemmerer Gazette**, was born in Georgetown, Wisconsin October 12, 1871. His parents were farmers who moved to Iowa, locating near Williams, Hamilton, County, about 1873. Later they moved to LeMars in Plymouth County.

Following the death of his parents an uncle, who lived at Kingsley, Iowa and was in the newspaper publishing business, was appointed his guardian. In 1882 he entered the **Kingsley Times** office as an apprentice working before and after school. When sixteen years old he published an amateur magazine.

He has worked on the following newspapers: the **Constitution** at Atlanta, Georgia; **Cincinnati Inquirer** in the spring of 1889; the **Indianapolis News and Journal** and was on the **Dubuque Herald** at the time of the Johnstown flood.

October 1903 he was married to Miss Mayme Eger of Clayton, Iowa, who died in April, 1934. One son, DeLos, was born of this union.

From 1895 to 1901 he published a magazine in the interest of the Minnesota National Guard. In 1898 he received a war correspondent's pass from Secretary of War Russell A. Alger, to represent the **Minneapolis Tribune**, and headquartered at San Francisco during the war, where all troops were mobilized for the Philippine invasion. Served as major and aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor David M. Clough, Minnesota in 1898 and became a Colonel and aid on the staff of Samuel R. VanSant, who was elected governor in 1902.

At the present time he is third on the list of senior publishers recently honored by Governor Crane.

I was taking to Montana with me a letter of introduction to Senator W. A. Clark and Marcus Daly, head of the Anaconda Copper Company, in the event I did not choose Wyoming or Washington.

On the evening of the second day out of Opal, Wyoming as the stage topped the Green river mesa and I looked down on that great Newfork valley, with a line of trees on Pine creek visible in the distance east, and Fremont peak and a line of high rugged mountains bounding it on the north and east, it was fixed in my mind that in that valley my camp would be established.

It was on the morning of the ninth day of May, 1904, shortly after midnight that my train arrived in Opal. During the day my train had stopped in Cheyenne for a couple of hours. It was then I met W. C. Deming for the first time, also Wallace Bond, publisher of the **Cheyenne Leader**, and John Charles Thompson, city editor, and still with the same organization continuously, being now editor emeritus of the **Tribune**, the two papers having been consolidated.

When the train pulled out of Opal, and I was left in the darkness of one of the blackest nights I ever saw, I approached the agent and asked as to the hotel. He walked with me to the west end of the building and pointing to a light in the distance, advised me it was "the bucket of blood." He told me to keep in that direction and I would come upon the hotel.

"The door is unlocked and you will find a lamp on the table in the front room," he said. "Light it, go upstairs, taking any room where the door is open." I had proceeded but a short distance when the inquiry came from the dark, "Have you got a match?" I did.

At seven o'clock next morning I was on the mail stage headed for the upper Green river valley, with a driver whose name I forget other than it was "John," a fast driver who called low spots on the road "thank-you-mons," and would try to jump them to the annoyance of the passengers. Two lady passengers were holding on to the seats with me, as we jolted along.

One of the ladies was Mrs. F. E. McGrew of Cora, wife of the professor who was teaching school in that vicinity; the other was Mrs. Gene Noble of Big Piney. I doubt if either one of these ladies would ever forget the tenderfoot who kept the driver busy that day with questions, for up until now I had never been ten miles from a railroad.

The relays were changed about every fifteen miles. The first change was at Slate Creek, "Sammy Martin's" relay station, and at noon thirty miles out, we stopped for dinner at the old Judge Holden ranch on Fontenelle, where

the judge presided at the head of the table and always had good stories for the newcomers, dealing with that last frontier of Wyoming. One which came later was that "a young fellow from Minneapolis had gone to Pinedale to start a w-e-a-k-l-y paper." In his early days the judge had been a newspaperman and published a paper at Green River City.

At LaBarge on the old Hy Smith or the Bess ranch the horses changed again. Boots Williams, our new driver, decided to trail his saddle horse from there to the old Charley Bird ranch, the midway or night stop. One of the broncs decided to lie down that afternoon in the harness after he had gotten tired of jumping up and down, necessitating that he be taken out and the saddle horse tugged in his place.

In those days there was an advantage in having a stage contract, as it gave the contractor a chance to break broncs, the sale of which brought in much money. This particular bronc refused to lead and held back until Boots finally turned the lines over to me to drive in, saying he would ride the animal. I feared to refuse, feeling that one of the ladies would have to take over.

With the lines in hand my nervousness grew, but we arrived in time for supper, and the thought was impressed on me that less than twenty-four hours in the state and I had been driving stage. That night numerous husky denizens of the forest invaded the midway station for supper and lodging. They were "tie hacks," and the last log Drive of the Green River Lumber Company at Kendall was going down river. Many of the boys slept that night in the stables and some just dropped outside.

About ten o'clock next morning I viewed Big Piney for the first time. The postoffice was in the old Budd log building, just west of the present townsite, where a large general merchandise store was operated by Postmaster Jess Budd, who recently retired. Half a mile before reaching the postoffice we stopped at the hotel and bar operated by Lewis Travis, near which was the blacksmith shop, and half a mile west of the postoffice was the school house. Big Piney, with three business houses, was then the largest town in the Green river valley north of Opal. The land where Big Piney is now situated was an irrigated hay meadow.

Dinner that day was eaten at the old Howard Grooh ranch on Muddy in the heart of Poverty Flat, about nine miles north of Big Piney. That afternoon we changed horses again at the Ball postoffice on Cottonwood at the ranch home of Charles F. Ball. We rode then with Billy Haynes in the driver's seat. With the exception of Fonte-

nelle, on that trip we had to ford all streams. Charley was just completing the bridge over the North Cottonwood and after a wait of five minutes the stage was the first vehicle to cross.

On Horse creek we came to the ranch of Jens Cowdell, later known as the Vego Miller ranch, but now owned by Albert F. Schwabacker of San Francisco. The Burns post-office was across the Green river but high water was coming on and we could not use that ford, so we drove down through the meadow a couple of miles to a lower ford crossing on a half-circle riffle and the water ran into the box of the light mountain wagon used for a stage.

I piled the mail on the rear seat and climbed on it in an endeavor to keep my feet from getting wet but they were not all I got wet before the crossing was completed. It was another experience for me that will never be forgotten.

We stopped at the Cora store about sundown, the new building erected by Mr. Patterson, now deceased, while the postoffice was on the Jim Noble ranch a mile further west. Many experiences followed this in reaching my decision to establish a newspaper in that open country.

Many experiences came to me on my first trip to the road to receive my printing plant at Rock Springs. I accompanied a freighter to Opal, driving a sheep wagon which Dr. Sturdevant wanted to get to the railroad. We went by Newfork, down Eastfork to the George Ross ranch, now owned by one of the Olson boys, where we forded the Green. This was at the end of July.

At Opal, Kemmerer, Evanston, Green River City and Rock Springs I canvassed the business and professional men securing about eight columns of standing advertising—twenty-five cents per inch monthly.

I have oftentimes since wondered if those people thought me fully sane in such an undertaking in the desert country or just what great offense I had perpetrated in the east that forced me to seclusion in such a lonesome and then discredited region. Anyway, if it had not been for those good people, the **Pinedale Roundup** would have been shortlived.

With the printing outfit in the wagon, we started north shortly after noon; for four nights I slept out in the sagebrush near the freight wagon. The first night was spent half way up Fourteen Mile hill north of Rock Springs. The second night we pulled across Little Sandy and camped not far from the present site of Farson store, third night at Ten Trees on Big Sandy, fourth night at Sand Springs, where we had to dig holes in the sand and wait for the water

to clear before the horses could drink, and I was still happy in my new surroundings.

Crossing Boulder next forenoon it was impossible for the team to pull the heavy load up the opposite bench, so we unloaded part and had to carry it up hill.

That afternoon in fording Pole Creek, with the front wheels out of water and on a steep climb, before the horses quit the pull, the rear wheels sank into the quicksand, necessitating again part unloading to get the wagon up the bank.

This was about four-thirty and on getting all nicely loaded again and out of the river bed and my mind filled with pleasant thoughts of a good mattress and bed that night, Den flung the lines wide to the ground with a decision to camp near that water for the night, six miles from our journey's end, and pull into Pinedale next morning. I then bid him goodbye and walked into town.

The boots I wore on that trip hung in the storehouse at Lava Hot Springs summer home for more than twenty-two years, where I viewed them occasionally, only to bring back the most pleasant memories of my early Wyoming experiences, for those boots went with me on many a Wyoming ride in those early days. Alongside of them on a nail hung the old panniers, containing my pack saddle and old riding equipment needed on a pack trip.

Forty-six years ago on last September eighth saw the appearance of my first Wyoming publication, **The Pinedale Roundup**, printed on an Army Press, in a plant equipped with a second-hand Washington jobber, which together with the type and equipment necessary to get out that paper cost a total of \$350, f.o.b. Rock Springs, Wyoming, and the necessity of transporting it by wagon freight across the Little Colorado desert to Pinedale.

Its slogan was, and still is, carried on the front page by the present owner of the **Roundup**, Pete McReynolds, "Published further from the railroad than any other newspaper in the United States." Pete also has the assistance of his wife in that publication—as Mrs. Brandon used to assist me.

It was on the last frontier of Wyoming where we located Pinedale, and within ten miles of that wonderful fur animal frontier discovered back in 1811 by John Jacob Astor on his exploring expedition across the nation to the Oregon country. This later became the site of the first rendezvous of William Sublette, Jim Bridger, Captain Bonneville, and other famous frontiersmen—in the meadows at the mouth of Horse Creek, where it empties into the Green River. This is also where the Missouri River Fur Trading Company established headquarters back in 1823, with as many as 400 trappers employed at one time. The Sublette

County Historical Association hold their Rendezvous celebration here during the first week in July of each year.

I have written of transporting my printing equipment to the new frontier town so often that memory has almost become contradictory—how it took six days to freight the little outfit in over one-hundred-ten miles of desert road, which is a standard highway now. If I were taking that plant in today, the fast trucks would have it there in less than two hours if it was a rush order, and the plant would cost many more times what it did in 1904. Such a plant would not answer in any way now.

Have been asked many times "Whatever possessed you to leave the great city of Minneapolis and come out into a wilderness country more than one hundred miles from a railroad?" All I could answer was that I had read a continued story in the **Saturday Evening Post**, in 1903 by Hamlin Garland, which followed the sheep trail into Wyoming; and had read Owen Wister's **The Virginian**, which thrilled me so much I accepted the invitation of my uncle, J. F. Patterson, a Lusk merchant, and my cousin Charles F. Patterson, to come to Cora, Wyoming and start a paper, as they were going to start building a town. This decided me to take a summer vacation while working on the **Minneapolis Journal**.

That vacation in 1904 caused me to decide on a location in the upper Green River Valley. On my arrival at Cora I found the Pattersons had decided to locate at the Pinedale postoffice, the ranch home of Celia and Robert O. Graham on Pine Creek, and that location is now the county seat of Sublette County, Wyoming and still one-hundred-ten miles from a railroad. It seemed to me when I located in that great cattle country, that I did not care whether I ever saw another electric light or heard the whistle of a railroad engine.

Starting in on my new enterprise I "Went riding" during May and June, for subscribers with no great encouragement. I forded streams during the high water season, and had it not been for the "horse sense" of my "bronk," I might not have been here today to tell my story.

I had assured my friends that if I could get five-hundred subscribers at two dollars each, I would order my newspaper plant. I do not believe at that time there were more than five-hundred people in the upper Green River Valley including the Big Piney country. My plan was that with a guarantee many extra copies would be ordered to send back to friends in the east—to interest them.

When I ceased my ride—covering every home within fifty miles of Pinedale—my list showed, as I recall, two-

hundred-eighty-three names. (That list is now in my files turned over to the Sublette County Historical Society.) One had signed for twenty-five subscriptions, possibly a dozen others for five each, and others for one or more.

I was so enamored of the country and sure of its future, that I ordered my printing outfit. The same day in July, 1904, that I ordered my plant, R. O. Graham and Charles Peterson, owning adjoining ranch land, each deeded ten acres of land to the Pinedale Townsite Company.

That day I also let the contract for the building of my twenty-five by thirty-two foot log office and home, providing for a "dirt roof," above two layers of boards, topped by slabs at intersections. There was one front room, with a partition twelve feet back with a door in the center to a back room, and another partition extending back to the rear wall and creating a kitchen and dining room ten feet wide. The other room was our living room, with a screen of curtains to partition off our bedroom. A curtain screen was also in the kitchen, making a bedroom for our son DeLos. This building was one of the first completed in Pinedale. While all this was going on, Mrs. Brandon and DeLos were back in LaValle, Wisconsin and Libertyville, Illinois and LeMars, Iowa, awaiting my invitation to come, which was not sent until fall.

For four years Mrs. Brandon and I lived in that log building and were right in line of general pioneering, waiting many times for the high waters of spring to subside so the freight teams heading up from the railroad could make crossing of the streams and bring in supplies which had run very short, so short in fact that mountain trout became the chief meat at times. Often freight outfits would wait ten days or two weeks to get across the streams.

Pork was a delicacy in meat, and it wasn't fresh—ham, bacon and salt side. Following the big game hunt in the fall, we would take elk meat, chop it up with salt side and make the finest pork sausage one could want. With thousands of cattle on the range, many of the ranchers had no milk cow and always used the canned variety. Butter was a scarcity.

I well remember when Judge Bally Johnson gave us our first cow. It was a range critter but tamed down nicely.

After the first calf came, Mattie responded nicely to the milking and I could hardly wait for the first churning for a glass of buttermilk. Our churn was a ten-pound lard pail with a piece of cloth over the top and the lid fastened over it. You just sat in a chair, rocked it back and forth with your hands and it would surprise you how quickly the butter came. Then, of course, we would have cottage

cheese, and with the brown leghorn chickens, fine layers, one could just about live on produce from the barnyard.

The two-story modern Woodmen's log building was next in completion. It was erected on the site where the present day Pinedale postoffice now stands. A little schoolhouse had also been erected, where DeLos spent the first year in school, then being sent to All Hallows College in Salt Lake. Then Helen Bates built a log photograph shop on a lot back of the Woodmen Hall; the Patterson store was on the diagonal corner from the Hall, and across the street west was a building erected for a drug store, but Doctor Sturtevant who came from Nebraska with his family only remained for the first winter, living in a tent. The George Truax blacksmith shop was directly across the street from the present forest headquarters building, on the site of the original school building.

The first forest building was erected on the corner back of the store, where Zeph Jones was forest supervisor of the Wind River Division of the Yellowstone National Forest Reserve, the first forest reserve established in the United States, and with headquarters moved down from the old Kendall, headquarters of the old Green River Timber Company, which sent its last drive down the Green River in the spring of 1904.

At that time there was no minister in the valley north of the railroad, and only one physician, Dr. J. W. Montrose, living eight or ten miles west of the Daniel postoffice, where Storekeeper Eugene Townsend was postmaster.

There was no dentist north of the railroad, but in Kemmerer Blacksmith George Truax had a pair of forceps, and many an aching tooth he pulled; and Mrs. F. M. Tarter, pioneer, could always give first aid, and her home was a "hospital" in the event of an accident, and here the patient was always taken care of until a physician or surgeon could be brought up from the railroad. In the winter it was never too cold or far for her to go where a birth was expected and aid was needed. (That wonderful woman passed away at her home in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, a few years back.)

Dr. Alexander located in Pinedale the second year of its existence. A lot was given to him on which he erected a building, and I believe this is the one which the late Johnny Allen once used for his second-hand store.

Rudolph Schwartz was proprietor of the "Bucket of Blood," as his refreshment parlor and pool hall was well known, but I never heard of a killing taking place there. It was also a rendezvous for the "sluff" or solo card players to meet, but Rudolph never allowed gambling of the poker nature.

Pinedale started out by giving necessary lots to anyone who would put up a business building or home. As a member of the Pinedale Townsite Company, I well remember the evening we met in the Patterson store, and the plat of the town was drawn up on a piece of yellow cloth showing blocks, lots and streets. (That plat was in my possession until a number of years back, when I sent it to a history club that was forming, but whether they have it now or not, I have never been advised.)

Of the lots selected by myself, two of them faced the store and the other two were to the rear and across the alley. The Fardy Hotel and all buildings facing south on the main street in that block are on the property I selected.

At that time, in the fall of 1904, Pinedale had no hotel or eating place, and it was considered a victory when early in the fall, the Orcutts, father and mother of two strapping sons and a daughter Bessie came through headed west with a covered wagon outfit, extra horses, etc. and were prevailed upon to locate in Pinedale. Their decision was reached when we offered them two lots on Franklin Avenue for a hotel, and two lots directly back and facing the other street for a livery stable and corrals.

They got busy immediately, getting out the building logs which were squared at the Charley Paterson mill on the townsite. Their building, two stories, went up fast, but winter came before they had finished "chinking" on the second floor, where they had several beds; and of a morning it was nothing to see snow drifting through the open space between the logs to cover the quilts.

The Orcutts sold out in their third year to W. S. Peck, a Casper barber, who came with his wife and daughter, Carrie, and were doing nicely when we left there in 1908.

Mrs. Tarter's home was just north of the Hotel. Zeph Jones built his home just west of the store. The John Scotts and George Stevens came in later and bought the sawmill, and were given lots on a corner back of the present forest headquarters. Charley Peterson's ranch was south of the townsite, which he sold to John Hay, Rock Springs banker and rancher.

Further than the buildings I have enumerated, I do not recall that there were any other buildings on the townsite. Just over the fence, on the south town limits, was a small home built by Daddy Hughes, who came with his nephew, Milton, to do carpenter work.

When the first spring came Mrs. Brandon decided we would have a garden. An irrigation ditch ran through the main street. The barn and corrals were on two of our lots across the alley, so she could only plant one full lot and part

of another. The Fardy hotel now sits on two of these lots.

Neighboring ranchers would sit on the fence and watch "Wattie" digging the garden, while explaining to him how impossible it was to grow peas, carrots, beans and potatoes and other varieties in that high altitude. In fact, they laughed at our efforts. But that summer when Mrs. Brandon sent fine messes of vegetables to doubting neighbors, they relented and afterwards gardens became more popular.

There were just so many things different then than now. It took two days to go to the road with a team. Our nearest phone was at Big Piney, 50 miles away. Our mail was two days away from the railroad when received.

I had never ridden in an automobile when I left Pinedale in January, 1908, having sold the **Roundup** to Billy Wells. Lander was our county seat and one-hundred-sixty-five miles away. Three days were required to make the drive—first night at Leckie, second at South Pass or Atlantic City, and down through the Red Canyon to Lander, late next afternoon. It was one of those trips which made once, was never forgotten.

There was no bridge over Green river in that upper country. You just forded the stream, following the riffles when the water was high. The bridge over Eastfork just below the Vible store was the only bridge in the Newfork valley from Green river lakes to Rock Springs.

You had to build your own bridges in those days, and the spring freshets or summer mountain streams would easily wash the light ones away.

Game was plentiful in those parts. The finest pair of elk teeth I have was from an animal which ran through the streets of Pinedale and was killed on the bench just east of town.

In those days the game wardens interfered very little with those who killed meat for food, but it went very hard for those who killed for the head or teeth. If a native was arrested for meat killing, he would simply ask for a jury. If an outlaw killed for teeth or head, the jury was unanimous against him.

We used to watch the antelope in bands of 5000 or more drifting towards the desert along the Green river mesa west of Pinedale.

Many ranchers made use of the roads for irrigation ditches and there was just no way to stop it. It's different now.

It was just about the time the newspaper came that the outlaws and bad men ceased their maraudings.

Pinedale was at the upper point of an inverted V. Rock Springs, one-hundred-ten miles away, was the railhead for

the eastern Green River valley, with Kemmerer, one-hundred-fifteen miles distant, the railhead for the west side of the valley.

In looking over the bound files of the old **Roundup**, I have seen much evidence that neighbors lived seventy-five and one-hundred miles apart.

The South Pass correspondence heading carried a guide line underneath, "one-hundred-two miles SE," Fontenelle "ninety-two miles South"; Leckie, "fifty-five miles SE": Wells, "thirty-five miles N"; and Bondurant, "fifty-five miles West." Each of the twenty different communities with correspondents was listed with its distance from Pinedale.

My first Fourth of July in Pinedale, that of 1904, was spent at a celebration on Newfork lake. Next morning I rode home on an inch of snow, and during each of my four Fourths in Pinedale there was snow at some point in the valley or mountains.

That Newfork night gave me my first experience with the real old west, with shooting irons in evidence.

A dancing platform had been built out of lumber from a nearby sawmill. No matter how much liquor was drunk by the natives, honor on the dance floor was never lost, but rather the boys were always ready to defend the maiden whose honor had just been injured. So different from the present day.

My first intimation that there were any shooting irons in camp, came about daylight next morning. I was approaching the platform from a rendezvous, when I noticed George Glover lying under the front of a wagon with his gun resting on a wheel spoke and directed at the front flap of a nearby tent, while another native was under the rear wheel with a gun.

I then learned that a rowdy from the railroad, not knowing the rules, had insulted one of the dancing ladies, and was immediately knocked to the floor. Jumping up and declaring his intentions to get his gun, he entered a certain tent. The boys under the wagon were waiting for a chance to get him if he came out with a gun in his hand.

However, it was learned a little later that he had disappeared into the forest after crawling out under the tent at the rear. It was plenty hard to talk those boys out of forming a posse and riding after him.

It was one of my first experiences with really wild natives. Many people still in the upper country will remember that night. Those whom I recall are: Nelse Jorgensen, Burleigh Binning, Harry and Sam Hoff, George and Bunch Glover, Fred Ballou, Phil Burch, Billy Bayers, Shorty Nolan,

the Alexander boys, Uncle George Smith, Bill Shanley, Billy Todd, Bert Clark Sr., and Jr., Vint Faler, Charley and Frank Ball, Lee Edmundson, Johnny Allen, Charley and Billy Byers, Zeph Jones, Alex Price, Johnny Bloom, the Seabolt boys, Jim Noble, Al Osterhout, the Budd boys, Jens Cowdell, the Hill boys and Frenchy Lalonde.

Many of those boys have now gone to the great beyond. So far as I know only one died a violent death—Shorty Nolan was shot out of the saddle.

I remember Frenchy very well for someone got my city Fedora and Frenchy's broad brim hat, which appeared to be the last one available, bloodstained from carrying mountain oysters, and dirty, but very serviceable that crispy morning for the ride home.

I could just go on forever about some of those early-day interesting events, but there must be an ending. Just one more. Driving out from Pinedale on a Monday morning, January 3, 1908, at seven a.m., riding the mail which was carried in a bobsled, we reached the McGinnis midway ranch after dark. At three a.m., next morning we again started, forty degrees below zero with hot rocks wrapped in papers for the ladies' feet and a lantern to pass among the men when their feet needed it. It was after dark Tuesday evening when we arrived in Kemmerer.

What would you think if you had to undergo something like that now?

They were really fine old days—days we would gladly live over again.

The first issue of the **Roundup** contained a story of the holdup of the Cumberland payroll in Kemmerer, which was being transferred from the express car. One of the three men who rode in this holdup was a good friend of mine and lived within three miles of Pinedale. The holdup occurred at one-thirty a.m.

I met him on the street in Pinedale with a pocket full of silver, watching for the saloon to open at seven a.m. He had completed the one-hundred-fifteen mile horseback ride in four relays—riding two of the horses to death. This all came to us two months later when the arrests were made. It then developed the three had picked up the usual bag of gold, which on this morning contained about nine-hundred dollars in silver and left a package of bills on the truck containing more than twenty-thousand dollars.

Division of the spoils was made in the room over the Stock Exchange bar in Kemmerer, the owner at that time being one of the bandits. All three were arrested, found guilty and served terms in the State penitentiary. I was personally acquainted with all three of these boys.

When the cry of a baby was heard in the distance at night all dogs began barking and we knew the mountain lion was coming down Pine creek. His cry was heard close by as he proceeded to a point six miles below, where the trees disappeared in the desert. Then you would hear him coming back and it was a relief when he got back to his haunts on the shore of Fremont lake.

At the end of December, 1907, I got out the last issue of the **Roundup**, having sold the paper to Billy Wells, the payment including his ranch six miles above Kendall Ranger Station on Green River, as a part of the payment price. That ranch now belongs to the Luman outfit.

Billy was a rancher, trapper and guide. I became the possessor of a fine cow ranch on upper Green river in part payment, with only one near neighbor, fifteen miles above us. When it came to payment, Billy pulled a tobacco pouch from his pocket, and began spilling out elk teeth on the table, remarking "Wattie, you'll have to take elk teeth in payment of a small amount of cash, which I need." As a result, I received the elk teeth which were then considered legal tender, and which were quite valuable in those days, until they began making celluloid elk teeth.

I never lived on that ranch, but the little old home still stands as a marker for that tract, and is used by the Abner Luman cow hands as a bunk house when necessary in the roundup seasons.

The original "dog camp," as it was called, was on a bench overlooking the river, where Billy had established his ranch home, and hunters came from Europe and eastern cities to hunt with him and his trail dogs. When the Wyoming legislature banned hunting with dogs Billy erected a home on the floor of the Valley, buying some cattle and becoming a real rancher, when not guiding a party of hunters, which became a big business with him.

Author, Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland came to Pinedale in the late August, 1907, and looked me up. It was then one of my outstanding thrills. He was bent on climbing Fremont's Peak, and someone told him that **C. Watt Brandon** would see that he got started, but when the eventful day came, during the hay harvest, and insufficient men for the job, I was selected to take him back into the great forest and mountain vastness—a long story of snow, lost trail, etc., because of dead or down timber.

Garland was a most distinguished-looking gentleman, wearing a mephisto moustache and goatee, in early graying

years. He was a man most familiar with the great outdoors. His **Two Thousand Miles Overland**, a story in Canada, and his **Captain of the Grey Horse Troop**, on the Texas trails, and his stories on the **Middle West** (Dakota) were the ones that gave him early popularity. He had just finished reading proof on "Money Magic," which first ran as a serial story in "Harpers Weekly" in 1907.

Being no guide and no cook, I rebelled at the trip at first but Garland considered himself a good cook, which he proved later, also being a genuine camp man who could tie the "double diamond pack." So it fell to me to hobble and look after the horses. Together we would put up the tepee, but Garland slept in the open air.

At the end of the second day we made camp at the Beaver Meadows, just below the three forks of Green River on the road towards Fremont Peak, with no other humans within a distance of fifty or more miles. Our outfit consisted of a saddler for each, and my little pack horse "Barney," who was the hero of that trip.

It started raining after we had gone to bed. I slept in the tepee, but Garland was an outside sleeper. He was up early in the morning, with the fire made, singing in the rain, and cooking breakfast when I came out. Glancing to the mountain tops around us, we saw they were white with snow but headed up the trail for Fremont Peak and found a layer of six or seven inches of snow in the pass.

That decided us—the mountain trip was over, and when the little pack horse failed to follow, and was brought back to our trail several times, Garland decided it best, as it was still snowing, to let Barney take the lead. He took us through Glover Pass back to the two large boulders we had passed between the morning before, and we were soon headed back to the valley.

Mr. Garland was my very good friend during the remainder of his life and I visited him many times at his Hollywood home before his death. He refers to this trip in his **Companions of the Trail**, published in 1931 beginning at page 363. My story of that trail trip is still in its file unpublished, as he died prior to its publication.

His story **The Outlaw and The Girl** was written from notes made on our trip and was most interesting.

They were splendid days, full of pleasure and discouragements, but always interesting. I have many times remarked that the four years spent in that section in those days were worth a dozen years of any man's life, and would that I could live them over again.

It was there Mrs. Brandon began her work as an active newspaperwoman and gave me that encouragement neces-

sary at times to keep up my spirit and strive for the goal we had set—that it might not always be necessary to drown the lights of life in a country so far away from our early friends and relatives, but Mrs. Brandon passed away in 1934 and every day I feel greater my loss, for she developed into a wonderful newspaper woman, and the **Pinedale Roundup**, they used to tell me, when I returned home from some saddle trip, was a better paper on account of her support.

On a cold morning in January 1908, we headed for Kemmerer, Wyoming, where I had tentatively considered buying the **Camera**, a weekly paper, a corporation which came into my possession after I had purchased all the stock.

Kemmerer then was a most promising coal mining camp and railhead, on the Oregon Short line, for a livestock country extending one-hundred-forty miles to the north. Evanston, Uinta county, was our county seat, fifty miles distant, which county extended from the south border of Yellowstone National Park to the Utah border.

Naturally, I was backed by the community when suggesting county division, and the battle was won. The legislature, meeting in January, 1911, passed the enabling act, and the electors of the new county in 1912 carried the election, with Kemmerer as the county seat of the new Lincoln county.

Uinta county had been approximately two-hundred-twenty miles long and fifty-four miles wide, but the division left it thirty-nine miles long and fifty-four miles wide.

I continued publication of the **Camera**, and purchased the **Cokeville Register**, which was established to defeat county division. Sold the **Register** in the fall of 1917, after its dividends had been repaid to the original owners—all they had put in the plant, which they had made as a gift to me, as they were tired of "digging up."

In the meantime I had purchased the **News**, at McCammon, Idaho, and was publishing three papers when my decision came to retire, so I sold the **News** to one of my employees.

Mrs. Brandon and I spent the winter of 1916-17 in Jacksonville and Tampa, Florida, and in early February moved to New Orleans where we remained until after the Mardi Gras. We then returned to our new home in Lava Hot Springs.

Following the sale of the **Camera** (which later consolidated with another paper, and became known as **The Gazette**), I next purchased the **Semi-Weekly Post** in Sheridan, Wyoming in 1918, and established it as a morning daily, remaining with it until 1924, when I sold it in a consolidation of the two dailies to Charles W. Barton, a brother of Bruce

Barton, congressional and national correspondent, nicely famed.

Because of a gentlemen's agreement with Barton, which he failed to keep, I listened to the appeal of friends, and established the weekly **Sheridan Journal** in 1925. Shortly afterwards publishing it as a semi-weekly, then a tri-weekly; and just as we were swinging to a daily, Edward S. Moore, a prominent rancher and Chicago multi-millionaire, purchased both papers and consolidated them in the fall of 1930.

Sheridan, located in northern Wyoming, in the evening shadows of the Big Horn Mountains, is one of the most beautiful little cities in the intermountain district. Adjacent are a number of outstanding guest lodges, headed originally by the famous Eaton Brothers resort—Howard, William and Alden Eaton. At the insistence of their Pittsburgh friends, who decided to quit their annual visits unless the Eatons accepted pay, their ranch became the first paid "dude" ranch in the nation.

If you have ever visited Yellowstone National Park, you have seen the "Howard Eaton Trail" signs, which was the original method of taking visitors through that Park the saddle way. Today that trail is often traveled by foot-visitors to the park. I worked for years with all three of the Eaton boys in publicity for the Big Horn country. All have now passed to the Great Beyond, and Alden's son, Bill, and wife Patty now operate on a much larger scale.

Leaving Sheridan in 1932, we took up residence that fall at our summer home in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, but before our furniture got started to move by van, I was back in the harness again—back in Kemmerer, repurchasing the plant I had started to build up when I left Pinedale. I bought the **Gazette** from my fine friend of many years, Lester G. Baker, who had another venture he wanted to try.

We continued our home in Lava Hot Springs, one-hundred-forty miles away, Mrs. Brandon spending much of her time on the west coast until she passed away April 24, 1934, since which time it has been a lonesome old world for me.

Attending My First Republican State Convention

I was a delegate from Fremont county to the 1906 Republican state convention in Casper. I traveled overland around one-hundred-ninety miles to Shoshoni—fifty miles in one of the old Concord stages, and was one of three on the driver's seat. Because of the call of nature, as the driver had been up all night, the lines were passed to me on the left side to drive ahead, while the driver was going to get

off the stage. Between us was a commercial traveler from Kansas City, and when the string of four got started I had an experience as I tried to stop them and the Kansas City Gentleman got nervous when I asked him to "ride the brake" and before I could get past him for the brake and stop the horses, the poor driver had to walk about a half a mile.

On that one-hundred-ninety miles of driving along the Little Popo Agie Creek at Lander, we had to ford every stream including the Big Wind River.

At that time Shoshoni was a wide-open town—gambling under tents and quickly thrown up shells of buildings where all games of chance were being played, men were in evening dress on a dirt floor, as also were some of the ladies in those resorts. It was the end of the Northwestern railroad, the mainline end from Casper, on its way to Lander.

We found a place to bed down for the night, and took the train next morning for Casper, where we were received by Pat Sullivan and a bunch of jolly delegates. Besides myself, as I recall, there were Ed Merritt, Billy McCoy, Captain Nickerson and Bill Madden in our delegation.

Casper was in its infancy. The Fremont delegation was assigned to two large rooms at the Midwest Hotel. From my corner room I could look out on an open field and see the court house standing out clear and no other buildings between. On the opposite side of that main street and just across the alley north was the printing office of A. J. Mokler's weekly **Natrona County Tribune**.

We were nicely entertained in Casper. My first automobile ride was in the Honorable Pat Sullivan's auto. He drove us about town, and out in the country to the hospital. That same hospital today is in the heart of the city. From the Northwestern depot you could look to the south and see the new home Pat was building, but that was one of several houses in that addition which is all built up now.

At that convention we nominated Bryant B. Brooks, who was serving out the term of Governor DeForest Richards, who died in office. In those days a Republican nomination was the equivalent of an election, as the primary election requirements did not come until the 1912 election.

The others nominated with Governor Brooks were: William R. Schnitzer for Secretary of State; LeRoy Grant for Auditor, Edward Gillette for Treasurer; A. D. Cook, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Richard H. Scott for Supreme Court, and Frank W. Mondell for Representative in Congress. All were elected that fall.

It was here that I met for the first time, Editor Bill Barlow of the **Douglas Budget** and a monthly magazine the

Sage Brush Philosopher, which had its postal privileges revoked because of certain lewdness in its publication. Bill was also secretary-treasurer of the first Wyoming Press Association and I still have my membership card dated in 1906.

I could write a book on that meeting but am closing with reference to my old Omaha chum, A. J. Mokler, who was publishing the **Natrona County Tribune**.

Back in 1898 in Omaha, we were both working on the **Omaha Daily Herald** when it was purchased by Senator Hitchcock, owner of the **World** and consolidated as the **World Herald**, which is still being published under that name. Moke was my "big brother" and we boarded and roomed on the 18th Street hill, just off Leavenworth Street. "Moke" is still living in Casper, and I always look forward to a visit with him, when over there, but haven't been there for several years.

Returning from that convention we arrived in Shoshoni after the stage had left. We phoned to County Chairman Frank Smith to have someone meet us at the Riverton bridge over Wind River.

Arriving at Riverton we found a city of tents, owing to a second town site filing and the government issuing an order requiring that until the courts rendered a decision no building should be started. It was a reclamation setup, and there had been a drawing for lots, and which side won I do not recall.

In that city of tents there were three holding printing outfits, several with barber outfits, stocks of groceries, general merchandise, saloon setup, and drugs. In fact, most every line of business needed in an ordinary town was there, but the driving of a single nail had not been made for a building setup.

However, the construction of the Northwestern railroad, being extended from Casper to Lander, was not interfered with and with the bridge completed, we had arranged for the rig to meet us on the opposite side of the bridge, so we walked across on the uncompleted trestle. Our party was met by Chairman Smith, driving his famous team of Appulusa (spotted) horses.

With my return to Pinedale, I had completed a round trip of five-hundred-ninety miles, three-hundred-ninety miles of which had been overland—a trip I will never forget, for that was the only time I was allowed to ride on a Concord stage coach, which went out of existence in Wyoming with the completion of the Northwestern line into Lander. Oh yes, I forgot, on the return trip we left South Pass over the short cut used through Slaughter House

Gulch, one of the cold-blooded regions of the top South Pass days, and a colorful retreat for the Diamond Dick and other dime novels of the hot days of that wild western city.

In the presidential campaign of 1924 I was campaign manager in Wyoming for Calvin Coolidge, and secured the Republican state convention for his nomination. I was living in Sheridan at that time, and when he established his "Little White House" in the Black Hills at the state game lodge, he invited Mrs. Brandon and me to spend a day and night with them on a certain date, and we were there and enjoyed a nice visit after dinner. Along about three o'clock he asked if I would go fishing with him. Colonel W. H. Starling, President Coolidge's bodyguard, and head of the FBI was with us on this fishing trip. It was he whom one would have to pass in the lobby of the White House office in Washington before getting to see the president, if a visitor. He held that job under seven presidents. I always counted him among my personal friends.

After one of my visits to the White House press correspondents conferences with the president, he met me and a niece of mine and chartered the taxi that took us all down town. When in Washington I had the privileges of both the House and Senate press galleries, and could attend any press conference announced on the bulletin boards.

Have enjoyed several big game hunting trips in the Jackson Hole country with men well known in the movie industry; some of whom were Harry Sherman, producer of the "Hopalong Cassidy" films, also prominent in television; Charles P. Skouras of Hollywood, Fox-West Coast Theatres, and president of the National Theatres. Also with us and manager of our parties was Rick Ricketson, Denver, Colorado, president of the Fox-Intermountain Theatres in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Idaho and Montana—one of the princes of the movie-theatre world.

I could write volumes on those trips which were filled with both hardships and pleasure. We would stop at the lodge of the outfitter and then saddle and pack, going to the favorite meadows of the elk, deer, moose and bear, back in the mountains which were in the most inaccessible districts and necessitated going over dangerous trails. The pleasure came mostly in the kill and the evenings around the camp fires.

J. C. Penney's Mother Store Is in Kemmerer

J. C. Penney, founder of the great chain of stores, made his start in Kemmerer, his home being next to the Camera office. His Mother Store, Number one, is located here;

there are sixteen hundred other stores of his scattered over the nation. Our friendship has never wavered, and I could write much of this wonderful man, from whom, as regular as Christmas comes, among my gifts will be one from him—two ties of my preferred color—red. Occasionally when he visits other stores of his chain and spies a tie that is red enough to suit me, he has his manager mail it to Kemmerer. Once in Jacksonville, Florida he noticed a beautiful red embossed tie in the window of his store. I still have that tie, which is too beautiful to wear unless the occasion allows it.

Wyoming's Oregon Trail West of South Pass

by

MRS. MARY HURLBURT SCOTT*

The hundreds of thousands of covered wagon travelers who made their way up the North Platte and the Sweetwater had a chance to choose from a variety of routes when they reached South Pass. One route went southwest to Bridger. This was a popular route for those bound for Salt Lake or California, but it was the long way around for those whose destination was Oregon, and most Oregon-bound travelers did not go by way of Bridger. Nevertheless many people mistakenly believe that the Bridge route was the main Oregon Trail, and some maps designate the Bridger route as the Oregon Trail.

The Wyoming State Commerce and Industry Commission publishes the attractive Paint Brush map of Wyoming

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mary Hurlburt Scott was born of pioneer stock at Roseburg, Oregon. Her family lived for some time on an eastern Oregon ranch where she and her brothers and sisters led an outdoor life, spending much of their time on horseback.

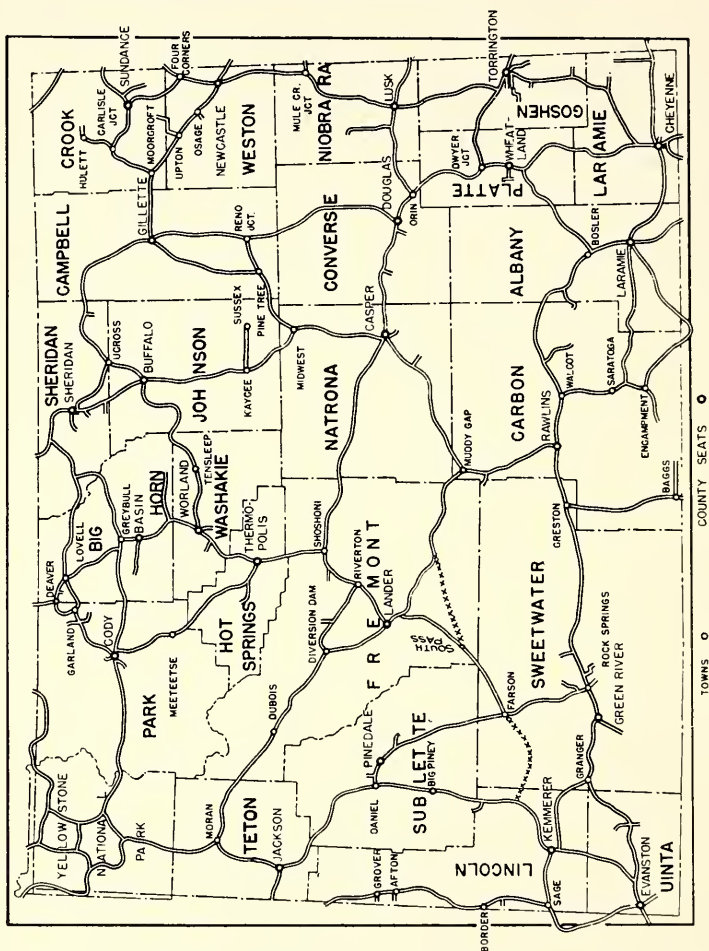
At eighteen she passed the teacher's examination and began teaching. After five years in the school at Arlington, Oregon, she resigned to marry Joseph K. Irby. Three years later she was widowed and returned to her former position after a term of normal school. She came to Wyoming in 1906, for reasons of health, and studied in the department of education at the University of Wyoming. At this time she commenced, with Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, her lifelong research on the Oregon Trail. In 1910 she received her normal school diploma, having since 1906 earned credit for three years of high school and two of college work, aside from having done one year substitute and two full years of teaching. Later she taught at Rock Springs and at Pinedale, Wyoming. At the latter place she met David Harvey Scott whom she married in 1912. From 1912 to 1940 Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived on a ranch at Daniel, Wyoming.

In 1941, a year after Mr. Scott's passing, Mrs. Scott disposed of her ranching property and resumed her former occupations as teacher and student. In 1944 she completed work for the A. B. degree, and since that time she has been occupied with research on the Oregon Trail, especially that portion from South Pass west direct to Cokeville, Wyoming via Farson and Kemmerer. This is the section which she describes in her article as the main Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, route of the Oregon pioneers.

The author wishes to thank Prof. T. A. Larson of the University of Wyoming for editorial assistance, but all the opinions expressed are her own.

STATE OF WYOMING

Construction of indicated links (xxx) about 90 miles will complete Old Oregon Trail Highway from Independence, Missouri, to the Pacific Coast.



which presents much interesting historical information. But it shows the Bridger route only. True, it says "Oregon or Bust" on the wagon cover, but the wise woman in the wagon aptly inquires, "Do we go by way of Hollywood?," as that is the direction in which the wagon is headed.

In reality Wyoming's Oregon Trail west of South Pass is two old trails traveled from time immemorial by the Indians and during the exploration period by Wilson Price Hunt, Robert Stuart and others, and during the fur period by traders, trappers and many others. From South Pass each trail runs as directly as the lay of the land permits to its Snake or Bear River Valley destination. Whereas an Oregon-bound traveler going by way of Bridger went southwest and then northwest, so that his route formed a "V," the two branches of the real Oregon Trail cut across the top of the "V."

The northern branch, or according to highway markings the Oregon Trail North, has two Snake River terminals, Jackson Hole and Star Valley. The Jackson Hole trail through Hoback Canyon passes along steep hillsides where it was impossible to use the Indian travois, and therefore, it did not become a road during the emigration period. The Star Valley Trail became the main Oregon Trail North, later known as the New Emigrant Road on Raynold's Government Map of 1859-60, and the Lander-Wagner Government Map of 1857-58. So it is known as the Lander Road.

The southern branch, or the main Oregon Trail South, is the Oregon Route on the Mitchell Map, 1846, the Sublette Road on the Lander-Wagner Map of 1857-58 and the Old Emigrant Road on Raynold's Map of 1859-60. It finally became known as the Sublette Road (from Big Sandy to Green River occasionally called Greenwood Cutoff).

The Main Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, continues up the Sweetwater River to Lander Creek, then crosses South Pass, 8,026 feet, over rolling hills to Little Sandy, crossing it in a beautiful wooded dell, which must have been a haven of rest to the plains-weary travelers, on to the Big Sandy openings with its luxuriant meadows, follows Big Sandy, crossing it at the Buckskin crossing, crosses Muddy Creek and continuing west soon comes in sight of the Wyoming Mountains which border the Green River Valley on the west, and Wagner Pass. From Muddy Creek the road goes to Sand Springs and Oregon-Lander Trail Marker where it crosses highway 187 about 18 miles southeast of Pinedale, crosses New Fork River about six miles above its confluence with Green River and Green River five miles above the same junction, crosses another Muddy Creek and continuing west crosses Highway 189 at an Oregon-Lander

Road marker three and a half miles north of Big Piney. It soon reaches North Piney Creek and goes on to Middle Piney Creek which it follows several miles and then crosses to South Piney, which it follows up to its headwaters. The road then goes through Wagner Pass between Mount Thompson and Mount Darby to the headwaters of Smith's Fork through a wonderland of perfect picnic parks, then crosses Commissary Ridge to the headwaters of Salt River of equally enticing beauty and descends into Star Valley (called Paradise Valley by Oregon emigrants). In Star Valley the road crosses Salt River and soon Highway 89 at an Oregon Trail marker, and continues through Star Valley leaving Wyoming near Auburn. The main Oregon Trail North with its numerous streams and fine timber is among Wyoming's most beautiful scenic historic treasures. The dirt road is passable when dry.

The main Oregon Trail South after leaving South Pass and the Ezra Meeker Oregon Trail marker goes by Pacific Springs, crosses Dry Sandy and Little Sandy six miles from Big Sandy which it crosses near Haystack Butte about nine miles north of Farson and continues slightly south of west, crossing Highway 187 at the Oregon-Sublette Trail marker about eight miles north of Farson.

The trail continues on to Green River at Name's Hill (a register cliff on which are carved many names). From Name's Hill crossing of Green River the old road passes an Oregon Trail marker and goes southwest over Name's Hill and Holden Hill to Fontenelle Creek, which it crosses and goes on to Jackson Creek and another Register Cliff and the rockworn road, deep enough that hubs of wagon wheels made indentations visible today in sandstone at the roadside, passes another Oregon Trail marker, crosses Slate Creek, then Ham's Fork about eight miles northwest of Kemmerer, near Nancy Hill's grave (1847), goes on to Smith's Fork and Bear River near Cokeville and an Oregon Trail marker. In this vicinity the Bridger Detour returns to the main Oregon Trail which leaves Wyoming at Border, passing another Oregon Trail marker.

The Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, has a number of detours where it parallels the Wind River Mountains; and the Jackson Hole-Hoback Detour, and the Rendezvous or Daniel Detour farther west.

The Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, too, has many detours, the Fontenelle, the Slate Creek, the Kinney Cutoff and the Big Sandy Crossing detours. From the Big Sandy crossing a road leads up Green River uniting the Kinney, the Slate Creek, and perhaps other detours, finally reuniting with the main Oregon Trail, Sublette Road, at

Jackson Creek. A second road from the Big Sandy crossing (later the Mormon) went slightly west of south to Black's Fork near Granger, then went up Ham's Fork to Ham's Fork crossing, eight miles north of Kemmerer.

During the emigration period detours and roads connecting the two main roads developed a veritable network of roads through the Green River Valley, which network may in part be responsible for the claim that the longest, least traveled Oregon-California Trail detour, the Bridger, was a main Oregon Trail route, while in truth its importance lies in the fact that it became, in turn, the Hastings, the Donner, the California, the Mormon and the Mormon-California, the Pony Express, and the Overland Routes of the Emigration Period; and the Union Pacific Railroad, the Lincoln Highway, and Highway 30-30 S. of today, the natural road to the West and Southwest, as the Oregon Trail is the natural road to the West and Northwest.

Careful studies of diaries, journals, maps, and many books dealing with the subject supply evidence that the two main routes, the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, and the Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, were and are the main Oregon Trails.

In 1811 the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, Hoback-Jackson Hole Detour, from Green River west was traveled by Wilson Price Hunt and his party of Astorians.¹ In 1812 Robert Stuart coming east traveled the Hoback-Jackson detour of the Lander Road, or Oregon Trail North, through to South Pass.²

In 1832, Wyeth practically reversed Stuart's 1812 Oregon Trail North route, from South Pass via Pinedale, Green River, Hoback-Jackson Hole Detour to the Snake River.

In 1832, Bonneville, with wagons, traveled the Rendezvous or Daniel Detour of the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, to Daniel, Wyoming.

In 1832, William Sublette attempted a short cut due west, right across the waterless expanse, thus establishing the Sublette Road, the main Oregon Trail South. Sublette's Cutoff became the accepted road, except for those going to Salt Lake.

At the beginning of emigration the only stopping places on the Oregon Trail were the trading posts, Fort Laramie (1834), Fort Hall (1834), and Fort Boise (1834).

In 1834 Wyeth traveled the Granger Detour of the

1. P. A. Rollins, *The Discovery of the Oregon Trail* (Scribner, 1935). See map, p. 127 and Appendix A-II, Wilson Price Hunt's Diary, p. 287 and p. 317, notes 130 and 131.

2. *Ibid.*, pp. 127, 170 and 181 and notes 38 and 148.

Sublette Road with 300 men including Jason and Daniel Lee, Methodists, who were the first missionaries to answer the Macedonian call of the Nez Perce and Flat Head Indians.

In 1834 the Anderson Party traveled the Sublette Road.

In 1835 Rev. Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman with traders traveled the Daniel Detour of the Lander Road to the Rendezvous at present Daniel, Wyoming. Such numbers of Nez Perce Indians were there begging for teachers of the white man's Book of Heaven that Samuel Parker thought it best for Whitman to return for reinforcements while the Nez Perce Indians would accompany him to Fort Walla Walla.

In 1836 the Whitman-Spalding missionary party including two women and two wagons traveled the Sublette-Lander Road to the Rendezvous at Daniel, and from there went with one wagon southwest to the Sublette Road, which they traveled with wagon to Fort Hall. From there with a cart made of front wheels, hind wheels lashed on, they continued to Fort Boise. Thus Whitman succeeded in taking a wagon well into the Columbia River Basin.

In 1838 a party of four men accompanied by their wives traveled the Daniel Detour of the Lander Road past Daniel. They were Cushing and Myra Eels, Elkanah and Mary Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray.

In 1841 the Bidwell-Bartleson party of sixty-nine men, women, and children followed the Sweetwater to its head, struck the Little Sandy, and then the Big Sandy, crossed the Green River to Black's Fork, which they followed up to Ham's Fork, at the head of which they crossed the divide between the Green and Bear Rivers. Their route combined parts of the two main Oregon Trails through the Green River Valley. At Soda Springs eight men, two women and five children took the Oregon Trail, while the main party followed the Bear River to Salt Lake, going from there to the Humboldt and on to California.

In 1842 Medorem Crawford, with seven wagons and fifty-three people including women and children, traveled the Sublette Road through Wyoming, taking wagons to Fort Hall.

In 1843 the large emigration of 1,000 people with Whitman as guide went by way of Fort Bridger, because Jim Bridger met the train on the Sweetwater telling Whitman that he had found a less mountainous route than that traveled by Whitman in 1836. Having had difficulty with his wagon west of Green River where roads were only trails, Whitman took Bridger's advice. From 1843 to 1845 or '47 there was considerable Oregon-California travel by way of

Fort Bridger. But not all travel was by way of Fort Bridger, because in 1843 Thomas J. Farnham with a company traveled the Lander Road to Green River and the Sublette Road west through Wyoming.

Before and during the 1843-1847 period, there was enough travel over the main routes to render their roads equally as good as the Bridger roads, and therefore, because of the shorter distances, travel gradually swung back. The often-found references to an earlier route by Bridger refers to this period (1843-1847) and therefore is misleading when applied to the main routes. The Bridger Route was first traveled by Oregon emigrants in 1843 and it continued to be traveled when wagons required more blacksmithing than transported equipment could render, or perhaps occasionally when they needed extra supplies. But the longer time for the Bridger route was the determining factor to travelers, to whom delay might mean encountering the fall rainy season in the Blue, Cascade or Sierra mountains. The Bridger route required $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 days longer than the Sublette route and 13 days longer than the Lander route, according to many diarists.

The Bridger Road is the direct route from South Pass to Salt Lake, and no doubt was, as were the main Oregon roads, an old Indian trail before trappers, traders and emigrants came.

In 1844 Rev. Edward Parrish with three companies, Cornelius Gilliam with three companies, and John Minto with a train all traveled the Bridger detour.

In 1844 the Stevens-Townsend-Murphy Party with Old Greenwood as guide traveled the Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road.

In 1845 Palmer in a party with 30 wagons traveled the Bridger detour.³

In 1845 Jesse Hariett with company, J. M. Harrison with 65 men and 40 wagons, the Iowa Co., and Samuel Parker with a train traveled the Bridger detour.

In 1846 Bryant and J. I. Thornton, each with a train, traveled the Lander Road.

In 1846 Joel Palmer on his return from Oregon traveled the Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road.

In 1846 Judge John R. McBride with 130 wagons, two trains, traveled the Sublette Road.

In the same year Hastings with a party, and Donner with a party traveled the Bridger route to Salt Lake and on to California. Thereafter the Bridger route was the

3. R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, Vol. XXX, pp. 12, 13.

Hastings, the Donner, or California Trail, until in 1847 it became the Mormon Trail.

In 1847 James Raynor in one of three parties with 50 wagons traveled the Sublette Road, as did James Harty with a train of 33 wagons. They saw 1,000 people on the road.⁴

In 1847 McNamee with a train traveled the Sublette Road. In the same year Elizabeth Geer in a company of 18 wagons, Ralph Geer with half a train, Cornelius Smith with 12 wagons, Loren B. Hastings with four companies of 18, 40, 20 and 28 wagons traveled the Bridger detour of the Sublette Road. Also in 1847 the Mormon Emigration which traveled the Mormon Road by Bridger began, increasing travel on that route immensely, not only to Salt Lake but also to California over safe, practical routes located and improved by Utah's industrious citizens. From this time on the Bridger route became the Mormon Road or Mormon-California Road or Trail.

In 1849 the U. S. Government carried out an 1846 act of Congress authorizing the establishment of military posts on the road to Oregon. Col. W. W. Loring with a regiment of Mounted Riflemen marched from Fort Leavenworth to Oregon City, leaving detachments at Forts Kearney and Laramie, and establishing a post at Fort Hall.⁵ Had Bridger been on the road to Oregon, would not a detachment have been left there? Some of the Mounted Riflemen traveled the Sublette Road, while others went by Bridger.

In 1849 the Charleston Company traveled the Sublette Road.⁶ On June 30 on the road from Pacific Springs they counted 50 wagons. They found a great deal of grass on the Sublette Road in spite of reported barren regions. The last 20 miles before reaching the Green River they found difficult, having to use ropes to let their wagons down some of the hills. They found many wagons on the river.

Also in 1849 Capt. J. G. Bruff with the Washington Company traveled the Sublette Road. At the forks the emigrants held a meeting, and all except two ox teams decided to follow him. At Big Sandy after filling water kegs and canteens, they left on the "Dry Drive," variously estimated at 35 to 55 miles without water. They soon passed 15 wagons ahead of them. At one a.m. they stopped to rest, and gave each mule a quart of water and sent them to graze. At four a.m. they resumed their journey, descending

4. Raynor MS and Harty letter in Oregon Historical Society Library, Portland, Oregon.

5. Settle, *March of the Mounted Riflemen*.

6. Geiger and Bryarly, *Trail to California*, p. 130 ff.

a steep hill successfully after double locking and leading the head mules. Bruff found upon examinaiton, a few hundred yards away, a road with a gentle descent. The so-called guide claimed that he had not seen the better road. Late in the afternoon they arrived at a very steep bluff, at the base of which flowed the Green River. From the crest down to the base, right and left, were fragments of disasters in the shape of upset wagons, wheels, axles, running-gear, sides and bottoms. Nothing daunted, double locked and each teamster holding firmly to the bridle of his lead mule, they led down in succession till the whole train reached the valley below without accident. Here again Capt. Bruff found that it would have been possible to avoid the steep descent.⁷

It was also in 1849 that Clark with 62 wagons, Bennet C. Clark with 24 people and Henry W. Burton, whose diary on microfilm is in the University of Wyoming Library, all traveled the Sublette Road.

In 1850 Reed, Page, Orange, Dowell and others took the Sublette Road, and Francher Stimson and company traveled the Lander Road.⁸

In 1851 Robert Henshaw and Hadley with a train traveled the Sublette Road. James Danforth Burnette with his family, and Dillard with his family traveled the Lander Road or one of its detours to the Green River crossing five miles above the mouth of New Fork River.

The year 1852 found Mrs. Sarah Frances Dudley, the Rev. Jesse Moreland, Taylor, Mrs. Cecilia Emily Adams, James Akin and John T. Kerns, each in a train, traveling over the Sublette Road. Other 1852 travelers over the Sublette Road, each in a train, were the Rev. John McAllister, Charles B. Moore, Ines Eugenia Parker, Joe Sharp, Wm. Cornell, Davis and Kohler.

In 1853 Valina A. Williams, Henry A. Allen, Wm. Hoffman, T. J. Connor, Mrs. M. A. Parsons Belshaw and George N. Taylor, each in a train, traveled the Sublette Road.⁹ So also did E. T. Goltra in a large train, Alelia Stewart Knight, James Longmire with 12 families, Himes in a train, Celinda Himes in a train, Mary Waler with most of a train, a few going to the left.

Travelers on the Lander Road in 1853 included John

7. Read and Gains, **Gold Rush**, Journals and Drawings of J. G. Bruff.

8. Dowell Journal in Oregon Historical Society Library, Portland.

9. Diaries, journals or copies are in the Oregon Historical Society Library for Dudley, Moreland, Taylor, Adams, Akin, Kerns, Williams, Allen, Hoffman, Conner, Belshaw and George N. Taylor.

Sims Burnett, Josiah Augustus Burnett, Jack Burnett, Martha Burnett (Hanley), Mary E. Burnett (McDonald) and Letitia Burnett (Casey).

Sylvanius Cordit traveled the Sublette Road with a train in 1854, as did George Stowell with a large train in 1856.

Lander's Government Report states that 13,000 traveled the Lander Road in 1859.

In 1860 the Pony Express was established via the Mormon Road from South Pass to Bridger, Salt Lake and California. In 1861 the telegraph line was constructed on the same route, which was then the route of the stage line, but by 1862 Indian attacks caused the stage route to be moved to the Overland Trail through southern Wyoming.

Harry H. Herr and E. S. McComas, each with a company, traveled the Lander Road in 1862; Aaron Clough with 75 wagons and about 750 people followed the same road in 1863, as did A. J. Dickson with two trains in 1864.

Noel Breed mistakenly states that emigration to the West ceased after 1869.¹⁰ In reality emigration over Wyoming's main Oregon Trails, the Sublette and Lander Roads, continued quite extensively until after 1900, with the last westward-bound emigrant wagon seen on the Oregon Trail North, or Lander Road, in 1912.

Tom Sun writes that his father settled on the Sweetwater near Independence Rock in the late 60's or early 70's, after which there was much emigration past their place.

In 1878 Charles J. Steadman, who lived on the Little Laramie near Laramie, Wyoming, went on a cattle buying expedition to Oregon. He reported that the emigration to Oregon and Washington that year was very heavy. He heard it estimated at 40,000. He states "We could see evidence of new arrivals continually."

Minnie Holden, Riverside, California, writes that her father settled near the mouth of Fontenelle Creek, Lincoln County in 1877, and operated a ferry over the Green River from 1883 to 1885. Miss Holden states that there was much emigrant travel until the Oregon Short Line was completed. Evidently the completion of the railroad did not stop Oregon migration. William Sutton, Kemmerer, Wyoming, writes that his father settled on Ham's Fork in 1885, and that from that time to 1900 there was much emigrant travel over the Oregon Trail each summer. He says that as many as 200 wagons passed on some days. Mr. Sutton's sister, Mrs. Agnes Clemens, Pinedale, Wyoming, writes "In my mind's eye I

10. Noel J. Breed, *The Early Development of the Wyoming Country*, unpublished thesis, Univ. of Calif., 1927, p. 10.

can still see a continuous line of covered wagons coming down the hill to the Ham's Fork crossing."

John Beachler, Sr., Kemmerer, Wyoming, writes that in July, 1897, his family traveled the Oregon Trail from Pendleton, Oregon, to Cokeville, Wyoming, and Rock Creek or Nugget, where they took the Dempsey Detour of the Sublette Road past the Emigrant Springs and the rockworn road about 25 miles east of Kemmerer, forded the Green River at the mouth of Slate Creek, and followed the east side of the river to Green River City. They met at least 200 covered wagons traveling west, and a few others traveling east like themselves.

Louis Jones, Kemmerer, Wyoming, who guided Irene Paden, author of the **Wake of the Prairie Schooner**, and her husband over the (by them unrecognized) main Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, and Dempsey Cutoff or Detour of the same in the Kemmerer region, resided on Fontenelle Creek in 1899 and 1900. While there he saw much travel over the Oregon Trail South. After 1900 Jones herded sheep near Nancy Hill's grave west of Ham's Fork crossing eight miles above Kemmerer. He observed much emigrant travel west. He states it thus "In 1901 and 1902 I saw covered wagon trains which took all day to pass. This occurred many days all summer long."

In 1879 Budd and McKay left Elko, Nevada, bound for Nebraska with 777 head of cattle. They followed the California Trail to Soda Springs, Idaho, and then the Oregon Trail to Wyoming. In 1880 Dan Budd made a second cattle drive from Nevada, bringing 1,000 head to the Green River ranch over the Lander Trail. John Budd, son of Dan Budd, and a prominent cattleman of Big Piney, Wyoming, writes "In 1879 father sent for his family. We lived in Green River City several winters but spent summers on the ranch. From the time we came during the summers we saw many emigrants bound for the Oregon Country. Occasionally a few went east. Travel was heaviest during the 1880s, 1890s and the early 1900s. Many herds of sheep, horses and cattle were trailed east through here. There were few days in summer when there wasn't a herd in sight."

In 1888 L. H. Hennick, former resident of Pinedale, Wyoming, and Mr. and Mrs. Mott traveled the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, from American Falls, Idaho, through Star Valley to Big Piney and the Green River Valley. Mr. Mott took up land on Green River at the upper Lander Road crossing about twelve miles above the mouth of New Fork. At that time there was enough travel on the Lander Road to justify his establishing a ferry and store for accommodation of emigrants.

In 1890 Joseph M. Huston, resident of Daniel, Wyoming, with a small company traveled the Oregon Trail from Kearney, Nebraska, to Casper, Wyoming. In 1891 he joined an emigrant train at Casper and followed the Oregon Trail to the Burnt Ranch on the Sweetwater River, from which point the main train took the Lander Road while Mr. Huston with a few emigrants followed the Sublette Road, Slate Creek Detour. On Green River at Slate Creek crossing they found 500 or more emigrants camped.

Mrs. Stella Hibben Graham of Sublette county, Wyoming, describes her travel over the Lander Road as follows:

My family, George P. Hibben, his wife, Sarah Scott Hibben, and three children joined the Grant family to begin our trek from Poplar Bluff, Missouri to Portland, Oregon in the year 1900. With one wagon apiece we began the long journey following the wagon trails of the prairie.

We reached Sweetwater at the famous landmark, Independence Rock. At this point we joined the old Oregon Trail which is known as the Lander Cutoff. This route took us through South Pass, crossing the Green River at the old John Wardell place just northwest of the present town of Big Piney.

The Wardell ranch was a rest haven for the many tired and weary pioneers making their way further West. We spent the night there and were shown many beautiful treasures that were left by these pioneers to lighten their loads. These treasures included cut glass dishes, Haviland china and other heirlooms.

Our next stop was the Steve Daniels place on Middle Piney. We were warned to give up our trek for the winter because our tired horses would never be able to pull the rugged climbs before heavy snows.

We spent the winter on the Andrew Homer place where my father was the local blacksmith. In the spring my father bought a ranch on the upper Middle Piney.

In June of 1910 we once again packed our belongings and started for Oregon. We followed the Lander Trail through Snyder Basin to Star Valley by covered wagon. The trail was long, rugged and difficult to traverse, but it was very distinct with the deep worn tracks cut through the meadows and canyons.

Breakdowns and an injury to my father shortened our trip and we settled in Rigby, Idaho.

In 1912 I returned to Big Piney where I married Fred Graham. Our home was in Snyder Basin at the forest ranger station, where my husband was a ranger on the Wyoming Forest.

The Oregon Trail Lander Road passed within yards of our home. While piping water into our house we discovered the remains of an old blacksmith's shop. We found seventy-five or a hundred oxen and mule shoes, some six feet under the ground, plus old wagon parts which led us to believe that the shop was one of the main repair stations along the trail.

Soon after our discovery we found the name "J. B. LaBeau—1848" carved in a knotted, scarred old pine tree. The name is still visible on the ancient tree and is now a

landmark of the old blacksmith's shop.

Also of interest along the old trail are the many graves of the pioneers. Inscriptions are burned or carved in flat sand rock dating from 1848 to 1860. One of particular interest is the grave of Elizabeth Paul who died during childbirth. She died in the year 1854. The inscription was burned on an old board and nailed to a tree with square nails. Many of these graves have been found and properly marked by my husband through the forest service. Our home is still near the old Lander Trail and it is now a good road connecting the Green River and Star Valleys. It has given us great pleasure to pass on what knowledge we have concerning it. In 1912, we lived in Snyder Basin. We saw and talked to other people going through in covered wagon.¹¹

Many writers who have dealt with the Oregon Trail have disregarded evidence which shows the importance of Wyoming's two main Oregon Trails west of South Pass. Some of the errors go back to the Old Oregon Trail Hearings before the House of Representatives Committee on Roads in 1925.¹² Representative Leatherwood of Utah testified that "After they had gone through South Pass earlier traffic tended to go down toward what is now Fort Bridger."¹³ In fact there was no Oregon emigrant travel by the Bridger detour until 1843. Leatherwood continued "A little later—I think 1835—the Sublette Cutoff came into historical notice." The date 1835 is in error; Sublette traveled the route in 1832. Leatherwood continued "Up until that time most of westward movement found its way through South Pass to Fort Bridger, and then down toward Canyon of Weber, to a fort near where Ogden now stands, upon the northern portion of Great Salt Lake, or they found their way to Bear River in vicinity of Evanston, followed Bear River down to northern end of the lake, where they had a post for outfitting and repairing; and then they pushed on North into Idaho in vicinity of Old Fort Hall." In fact there is no evidence of Oregon emigrants at any time going to the north end of Great Salt Lake. Travel on that route, if any, before 1832 would have been that of fur men or explorers, not homeseeking Oregon emigrants. Thus Leatherwood substituted an erroneous route for the Oregon Trail west of South Pass.

Representative Leatherwood of Utah wanted an improved highway through southern Wyoming rather than through South Pass. He testified "I say without fear of

11. Notarized statement signed by Stella Hibben Graham and Fred Graham, August 4, 1949, in possession of the author.

12. Hearings, H.R., 68th Cong., Second Session, on H.J. Res. 232, H.J. Res. 328 and S2053, 1925.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 58.

successful contradiction, from personal observation, that a great portion of this road from Torrington in the state of Wyoming, along the Sweetwater and through South Pass is closed most of the year. I do not care if you had a concrete boulevard built through South Pass, because of its location it is one of the first places in the State of Wyoming to be snowbound in the fall, and one of the last places in the spring to yield up its treasure of snow."¹⁴ Leatherwood said further "Now, we think it is inadvisable to attempt to designate a Federal highway through this Wyoming country We have, as I said, from Sherman Hill near Cheyenne, in the great State of Wyoming, following Union Pacific a good highway."

Wyoming highway construction since 1925 has disregarded Leatherwood's warnings. The Rawlins-Lander Highway 287 follows the Sweetwater to within less than fifty miles of South Pass. It is a year round highway. The Lander-Farson, Rock Springs highway crosses South Pass from the Wind River Valley to the Green River Valley at a much higher elevation than the Oregon Trail South Pass crossing, 7,550 feet. This highway, on its way to Farson and Highway 30, Lincoln Highway at Rock Springs, passes near the Oregon Trail South Pass crossing. This is the route of which Leatherwood states "the traveler would find the road almost impassable."

In the year 1950 good highways follow the real Oregon Trail all the way from Independence, Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia River, except for two less than fifty-mile stretches in Wyoming, one through South Pass itself, the other from highway 187 at Farson, Wyoming, to highway 189 northeast of Kemmerer, Wyoming. There has been continued discrimination against the construction of a highway on the old Oregon Trail route direct from South Pass to Kemmerer and Cokeville.

In 1935 the author while in Oregon met a son of an Oregon pioneer. His immediate question after learning the author was from Wyoming was "Tell me why we cannot follow the Oregon Trail through Wyoming. We made a trip for the purpose of retracing the Oregon Trail traveled by my family and locating the grave of a relative buried at a certain place in Wyoming, but we lost the Oregon Trail at Cokeville, Wyoming and could not find it again until we reached Ogallala, Nebraska." In 1935 the author could not answer his question, but in 1950 she knows that it is because

14. *Ibid.*, p. 79.

of the attempt to change the name, purpose and location of the Oregon Trail through Wyoming.

Others, besides Congressman Leatherwood, have placed improper emphasis on the Bridger detour of the Oregon Trail. A. B. Hulbert in his **Crown Collections of American Maps**, Series IV, "The American Transcontinental Trails," vol. 2, gives undue importance to the temporary Bridger detour, which was traveled by Oregon emigrants only a very small part of the Oregon Trail's one hundred years, 1812-1912. Hulbert mistakenly mentions the Lander Road's leaving the older Oregon Trail which passes South Pass and Pacific Springs. There is no older route than that of the Lander Road, as far as white men know. Both the Lander and Sublette Roads were old Indian trails traveled long before the white men came.

Hulbert in a note on Map No. 24 recognized his lack of knowledge: "Much work remains to be done to locate the various cutoffs to Green River, such as Sublette's, Lander's, Greenwood's, and Hedspeth's." The author of this article has had to do much work to clarify Wyoming's Oregon Trail routes west of South Pass. Hulbert's Sublette Cutoff is the main Oregon Trail South which crosses Big Sandy near Haystack Butte about nine miles north of Farson and continues west on the direct route. On Mitchell's Oregon Trail Map, 1846, it is the Oregon Route. On the Lander-Wagner Government Map of 1857-58 it is the Sublette Road. On Raynold's War Department Map of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, 1859-60, it is the Old Emigrant Road.

The so-called Lander Cutoff is the Lander Road, or Lander Trail, the common names applied to the old direct route from South Pass to Snake River and on to Fort Hall. It is the Central Division of the Fort Kearney South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road, the first Federal road project through this region.

The term "Greenwood's Cutoff" is occasionally applied to the "Dry Drive" from Big Sandy to Green River, but Greenwood traveled it in 1844, whereas William Sublette traveled the same route in 1832.

Hedspeth's Cutoff or road is farther west of Idaho. It was a shorter route from Soda Springs to the California Trail on Raft River than the older Fort Hall route.

The Lander Road is the main Oregon Trail North. The Sublette Road is the main Oregon Trail South. They were and are the direct routes traveled long before the Bridger detour was established, and traveled long after the Oregon-bound emigrants ceased using the said detour.

On his Map 24 Hulbert mistakenly places the Oregon Trail on the Mormon Road down Pacific and Little Sandy

Creeks to the Farson or Mormon crossing of Big Sandy. Farson is mistakenly located too far north. It is on Big Sandy at the mouth of Little Sandy just north of Hulbert's mistaken Eden location. Eden is on highway 187 about four miles southeast and about the same distance east of Big Sandy.

Hulbert's Oregon Trail on Map number 25 follows more nearly the Slate Creek detour than any other route. This is permissible because Slate Creek is second in importance only to the main Oregon Trail South. Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard recognized the importance of this route, and had it marked as well as the main Oregon Trail South.¹⁵

Hulbert's Oregon Trail, Map number 27, crosses Green River at the mouth of Slate Creek correctly for the Slate Creek detour, but here Hulbert errs by turning the Oregon Trail southward. There is no evidence that the Oregon Trail goes south from the Slate Creek crossing.

Hulbert's Oregon Trail, Map number 27, connects with Oregon Trail, Map number 42, and continues south to Bridger. This is incorrect. There is no evidence that the Bridger Detour was by way of Slate Creek crossing. Bridger is on the old direct route from South Pass to Salt Lake, the Mormon Road, which crossed Green River at Mormon Crossing near the mouth of the Big Sandy, then passed through Granger and Bridger on the way to Salt Lake.

Mrs. Paden in her **Wake of the Prairie Schooner** accepted the much publicized Bridger Detour as the main Oregon Trail. Mrs. Trenholm in **Wyoming Pageant** says "We have observed the way in which the name and purpose of the great Oregon Trail changed through Wyoming. It became the Mormon, and then the California, and still it was to be known by another name—The Overland Trail."¹⁶ The name, purpose and route of the Oregon Trail have not changed through Wyoming, and never will. Miss Linford writes "The California Trail was identical with the Oregon through Wyoming to Fort Bridger."¹⁷ It is an error to deflect the Oregon Trail onto the Bridger Detour.

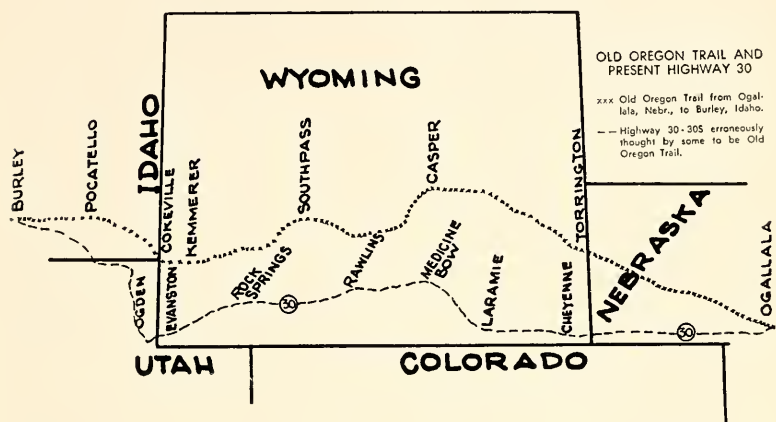
Space does not permit the listing of all those who have made the same or similar mistakes. To accept the temporary Bridger Detour as a main Oregon Trail route is to admit the head of the camel, the Salt Lake-Pacific Southwest route proponents, into the sacred Oregon Trail tent. All

15. Slate Creek east of Green River is confusing because the Slate Creek of historical importance is a western tributary of Green River.

16. Page 131.

17. **Wyoming: Frontier State**, p. 107.

interested persons supposed the designation of the Old Oregon Trail by the U. S. Congress in 1925 preserved this historic trail, but just the opposite resulted. It is being assigned to the realm of oblivion through Wyoming. Are we the people of the United States going to permit this sacrilege? In this year, 1950, has not the time come to open this highway route of the old Oregon Trail?



Wyoming's Children

by

WOODS HOCKER MANLEY*

Chapter I

It was the summer of 1873, only four years after the railroads had spanned the continent, and about two years before my birth, that my father, Dr. William Arthur Hocker, crossed the Rockies en route to California.


A young man of twenty-five years, my father was tall, straight, and well knit. His fellow passengers must have noted his wide brow and large alert eyes, his quiet manner of speech. He was at once aggressive and gentle; the lines of his strong face, his wide expressive mouth and solid jaw, attested to his readiness to carry his full share of responsibilities, wherever he might go. Yes, he was going to California—or so he thought, as his train wheezed, labored, and bumped on its slow climb westward through the red rocky hills of Wyoming. Back in Missouri waiting for him were his wife Alice and his infant son Rob—waiting for the day he would return to take them to a new home in the Golden Gate State.

The train had whistled for a station. Through the car came the call, "Evanston . . . Evanston . . . Twenty minutes for lunch."

The train slowed to a stop. Dr. Hocker put his magazine aside and picked up his medical kits as he rose from his seat. One of his professors at Bellevue used to say, "If you walk across the room, take your medical kit with you. It insures that you will walk with professional dignity." My father wore his dignity as naturally as he wore his well tailored clothing. He stepped down from the car.

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH: Woods Belle Hocker (Manley) was the second born in Dr. Hocker's family and the first Hocker native to Wyoming. She came to live in the rusty-red house in Evanston with her parents and little brother, Robert, on March 26, 1875. She was given the family name Woods for her father's mother and grandmother, and they nicknamed her "Woodie." Her birth certificate, registered at the Vital Statistics Bureau in Cheyenne, is the second for the year 1875.

As the narrator of "Wyoming's Children," she pictures the life of her pioneer parents and their seven children on the Wyoming frontier from the year 1873 until the April day in 1919 when her beloved father's busy and useful life ended. The first two chapters of "Wyoming's Children" is published here for the first time and deals with the Hocker family in the year 1873.



What a tremendous country! He looked from one horizon to another, trying to visualize the endless miles over which he had come, wondering at the vastness of the West. It was a bright clean land, and the air was good to breathe. Sage-brush of soft greenish-gray, tall and redolent, guarded the right-of-way. Lithe willows, glistening in the sunlight, and hardy cottonwoods followed the streams. Groves of shimmering aspens sought the ravines, and waving grasses spread away to meet the foothills and the distant mountains, red and deep bronze and purple.

And here before his very eyes was the miracle of a town coming to life away off in these mountains—bright red railroad buildings and red painted houses; barns, sheds and outhouses of raw lumber—all being brought into focus by the sign on the depot, its sharp black letters blazing forth under the noon sun:

EVANSTON, WYO. Elevation 6,745 feet.

Inside the lunch room a colored man wearing a neat bow tie and a speckled blue shirt served Dr. Hocker promptly. Only five years ago, the passengers were commenting, they would have eaten in the shade of a cottonwood tree, cooking their meal over an open fire. The railroad was rapidly transforming this wilderness.

The doctor's attention was diverted. The colored man back of the counter was addressing him.

"Suh, I notice you carry a doctah's bag. Ah you a physician?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"One of our chambermaids took suddenly sick this morning. Our doctah's gone to Canada this summah and now there's no doctah nearer than Ogden. You'd do us a great favor, suh, if you'd call on her."

Dr. Hocker glanced at the train beyond the window. The colored man quickly added, "I'll have them hold the train, suh, if you'll be so kind."

"Do you have authority to hold the train?"

"Yes suh. My name's Jo Cossley, I'm manager of this hotel—The Mountain Trout House—it's the railroad's hotel, you know. Mr. Earl, the 'big boss,' lives next dooh. He's a right kind gentleman. I'll run ovah and ask him."

A few moments later Jo Cossley returned, bringing with him a stalwart, smiling man, Division Superintendent O. H. Earl, who offered his hand.

"We don't mean to impose upon you, Doctor, but Jo's right, we'll be glad to hold the train."

"I'll be very glad to help." Dr. Hocker picked up his kits and followed Mr. Earl.

The patient, a pretty blonde girl of seventeen, was

found to be in the throes of pneumonia, struggling hard for every breath. From his studies Dr. Hocker had learned of the complications which, in high altitudes, often made pneumonia a fatal disease. Before him here in the high Rockies was such a case, and the young doctor realized that he faced a severe test. His sympathy for the suffering girl as well as his professional ethics demanded that he see her through this crisis. "Come what may," he said to himself, "I'll fight this thing to a finish."

Outside the room he exchanged words with Jo Cossley.

"This young girl is in serious condition. Do her parents know about this?"

"They're ranching out on Yellow Creek about two miles from town. Emma wanted us to take her home. But I was afraid she was too sick to be moved."

"You were right, Jo. She'll stay right here. Bring her mother immediately. She'll need a nurse beside her day and night. I'll stay over and do what I can."

The doctor saw the look of appreciation in Jo's eyes.

"What about the train, Doctah?"

"I'll stay over. Have someone get my two valises, please. I must get back to my patient."

And so the train headed west and my father stayed.

The days passed uncounted while the doctor and the robust, capable mother worked to save the girl's life. Every day the girl's father and her young brother came in from the ranch to offer their services. And there were many others who were deeply concerned. Emma Harney had been a part time helper at the hotel. The manager, the boarders and roomers, the cooks, waiters, chambermaids, and the trainmen who came and went—all were anxious over her condition. They would inquire in whispers, "How is she today, Doctor? If there's anything we can do to help—"

The crisis passed. One day the doctor, smiling, said to Mrs. Harney, "Emma's going to get well now. But it will be slow. She's going to need careful nursing for some time to come."

The mother's words of gratitude were eloquent with sincerity. The gladness of a human heart spared the tragedy of death was something to wonder at, the doctor thought.

"But, please, Dr. Hocker, don't leave us yet. Promise you'll stay until Emma's on her feet. We'll raise the money and pay you well."

"Mrs. Harney, don't you worry one minute about money. My patient lives; that's what matters most to me. And I promise not to leave until all danger of a relapse is over."

"You're a man with a soul, Dr. Hocker; I believe God sent you."

"And I believe you'll be my next patient if you don't get some rest; you look almost as tired as Emma does. As your doctor, I prescribe a good, big dose of sleep. Go to your room and relax, Mrs. Harney, and forget about everything."

It would not have taken my father many minutes to repack his two valises and board a west bound train. He had no intention of staying long enough to turn his hotel room into a doctor's office. Yet as long as he was here he would certainly not turn away the several townspeople who were now coming to him for medical consultation. The story of his long vigil over the Harney girl had gone out like waves over the water. Patients were coming in greater numbers, some from many miles away. One morning he surprised himself by suddenly deciding to rent a second room at the Mountain Trout House, temporarily, to serve as an office. Shortly he was involved in several cases which he could not leave, and before he realized it he found himself with the nucleus of a good practice.

But his eyes still turned westward, and he waited patiently for the day when he would feel free to go.

And then came the night when he was awakened from a sound sleep by shrill whistles. In a moment there was a loud pounding at his door, an excited voice called, "Wake up, Dr. Hocker! Hurry! Hurry, Doctor!"

The doctor threw on his clothes, seized his emergency bags, rushed downstairs and out on the platform. The distraught train dispatcher, standing near a waiting engine headed east, raised his voice above the pounding steam, "Hop on quick, Doc. You're badly needed up at Aspen."

A freight engine had jumped the track on one of the rocky slopes of the tortuous road fifteen miles from Evanston, and the engineer had been pinned beneath the weight of steel.

It was a weird night for the young doctor, suddenly plunged into this baptism of disaster. Within the hour he was to fight his way through a cloud of steam, commanding the lanterns and torches around him, choosing two assistants on the instant as he began the amputation of a crushed, imprisoned leg.

Afterward, he was to try to recall whether there had been as much as a split second of indecision. No, amputation and a chance for life had been one and the same. No doctor would have dared hesitate.

When it was all over, the cries of pain still echoed in his ears. His own swollen hands and burned arms had been

tempered in fire, it seemed, and it would be hours if not days before the tension would go out of them. The maddening heat, the cries of confusion, the unsteady lights and exasperating shadows, the fumbling actions of his assistants all had conspired to add terrors to the awful fight with death . . . And yet, as he was soon to realize, years of experience were wrapped up in those precious minutes of work. It was as if he were being prepared, all in one swift and violent plunge, for the many crises of his years to come.

Miraculously, it seemed, the engineer lived. And again the waves over the water spread wider.

For some time Dr. Hocker's new friends and patients had been entreating him to open an office and make Evanston his permanent home. But his days and nights in this tiny town were so filled with the troubles of others that he'd had little time in which to consider his own affairs. Even though his common sense told him that by his earnest efforts right here in this new town he could soon establish the very thing he sought, he still had visions of "Golden California."

"Next Sunday I'll take the day off," he promised himself. "I'll stroll up the river and lose myself while I think things over."

When Sunday came he crossed the bridge and followed eastward up Bear River, around the bend into the high rocky hills. Sauntering along the river bank, he stopped to observe the nodding flowers, to listen to the carols of the birds, to wonder at the expanse of cloudless blue sky. And—as he was afterward fond of relating to his children—something profound came to him as he stood in silent thought. The cottonwoods and aspen, sighing in the breeze, whispered secrets which entered the very depths of his soul. What a divine spot, he mused. It's a real sanctuary; a perfect place to rear the brood of boys and girls Alice and I hope to have. Our children would grow up strong and happy. They'd love Wyoming. "Yes," he murmured, "I'd like to build a big, beautiful home for my family right here in this picturesque Bear River Valley."

And I, Woodie, the second-born child in Dr. Hocker's family, have never ceased to applaud the choice which made me one of Wyoming's Children.

Chapter II

And so, in that momentous year of 1873, the three Hockers set out on their long trek west.

At Omaha they boarded a Union Pacific sleeper, stopping for meals at the far-between eating stations which the railroad maintained. Slowly they chugged across swelter-

ing Nebraska, climbing at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. At length their train panted into Pine Bluffs and crossed the Wyoming border. Their first meal in Wyoming was eaten at the Union Pacific Hotel in Cheyenne. Entering the big bright dining-room Alice found herself surrounded by buffalo, elk, moose, and mountain-lion heads, and the finest of fossil fish, all gazing reproachfully down from the walls at the human invaders of their once private domain. "Is this a menagerie or a museum?" she gasped.

Westward from Cheyenne they crossed Sherman Summit, 8,000 feet in the air, and the Continental Divide at Creston, 7,107 feet high. Then on across the Red Desert, the sagebrush plains, and the rocky hills of Western Wyoming. Crossing the Green River, their train wheezed its way up and down in its eighty-five mile climb through the rocky red hills toward the top of the Uinta Chain, on the east slope of the northern Wasatch Mountains. At Piedmont it stopped for coal and water. Again it double-headed nine miles west, up Quakenasp Hill through the long smokey snowsheds, to the top of the divide at Aspen Summit.

Then, like a bird freed, it winged its way down the mountainsides through the Wasatch Passes, into the fertile Bear River valley, where the cottonwoods were green, the grass luxuriant, and flaming wild flowers sweet with honey hid the valley's floor. And there, on the banks of the Bear River, nestled in a mountain-rimmed valley nearly seven thousand feet above the sea, in the lustrous lap of the snow-clad Wasatch, was Evanston.

When my mother went "away out west" to make her new home with little Robert in her arms, she was eighteen years old, a genteel and beautiful young woman, small in size, with fine features, shining black hair and deep blue eyes. All her life she had been the "angel child" of her old black mammy, Drucy, who since the day of her birth had accompanied little "Miss Alice" hither and yon.

If only she could have brought Drucy along!

The household discussions which preceded this trip still flooded Alice's mind: her husband's wonderful enthusiasm, her own excited anticipations, her suppressed fears, and dear old Drucy's soulful warnings. Never once had her colored mammy considered coming along. Drucy knew her own mind, and once she had taken her stand she would not be budged.

"I don't want nothin' to do with scalpin' Injuns," Drucy had declared, her dark eyes flashing from under her pink cambric dustcap, "or grizzeldy beahs or rattlesnakes. Snow in the summah time, mountains made of rocks, and lakes what's nothin' but salt, sounds just like the devil done

it. Even if I dahed go, my Sam says, 'No, Drucy, you and me we not goin', weah too old to cut such capahs.' Rob, yuh Pa outa know bettah'n to take my chillens away from dey old Drucy."

But if Drucy intended to dissuade the Hocker family from their plan, her eloquence was wasted. Alice would have followed her doctor husband to the North Pole or the South Sea Isles, for wherever he was, there was the center of her universe. Through the years to come my mother would smile to herself with her recollection of the evening of their decision in favor of Wyoming. Her husband was so careful to make sure he was not swerving her against her will. Didn't he know that his glowing words betrayed his own unmistakable choice; that he was already a part of Wyoming, mind, heart and soul?

"Wait, dear, don't decide too hastily," he said that night as they sat on the sofa talking over the proposed adventure. And then he described the small town of Evanston in detail, its limitations as well as its promising possibilities. It was an enchanting picture.

She was ready with her decision instantly. "Wouldn't it be fun to live in a tent—"

"Bless your heart, Alice," he laughed, "that won't be necessary."

And then he told of the unexpected offer that had come to him just before he left for home. Mr. O. H. Earl, the superintendent of the Union Pacific, Western Division, had called at his office and placed before him a very pleasant surprise. After thanking my father for all he had done for the railroad people and many others of the community, Mr. Earl had said, "The Union Pacific needs a permanent physician and surgeon here in Evanston, and also at Almy to care for the coal miners. The railroad men have petitioned for you . . ." And as Mr. Earl rounded out the invitation he explained that the Union Pacific was offering a three room house on East Main Street, with the promise that a larger house would be built later on.

Alice's eyes became damp with happiness as her husband unfolded the story before her.

"But I **would** have been willing to live in a tent," she laughed as the doctor kissed her tears away. She implored him to wire the Union Pacific at once that the offer was accepted. "Arthur, Wyoming is our opportunity! And the following morning they had begun packing.

Now as the train pulled into the Evanston station, Alice kept thinking of Drucy, kept hearing Drucy's mournful chant over their parting.

"I nevah did evah leave Miss Alice," Drucy had wailed.

"She's the onliest one what's gone off and lef' me; gone off to live with Injuns and wild animals, and I'se feared she'll be daed afore she comes back to her old Drucy."

Never in her life did Alice long for Drucy's broad bosom as she did today, looking out the train window for her first view of her new home. All of Drucy's terrifying prophecies haunted her mind. The only human beings she saw, standing in the depot door, were two big red men with long black braids and painted faces.

Trembling, Alice stepped to the platform. She looked up at her tall husband and caught a glance from his blue eyes.

"It's beautiful, Arthur—a beautiful setting for our new home." Did her tone betray her misgivings? She tried so hard to say the words convincingly.

He nodded with a twinkle, and his look made everything right. There must be no wish to turn back, decided my brave young mother—no lamentation, now or ever.

"We'll register at the Mountain Trout House, Alice, and after dinner I'll take you down Main Street to see our new home."

The Mountain Trout House (later re-named Union Pacific Hotel) was next door to the one room red depot and faced the railroad tracks. Its colored manager, Jo Cossley, just couldn't do enough for the doctor's shy little southern wife and tiny son. Eva Barnes, the chambermaid, who was sure her friend Emma owed her life to Dr. Hocker, was there to welcome them. Eva took the fretful baby in her arms, carried him upstairs, brought hot water, and helped with his bath. Soon he was sleeping peacefully, while his tired mother rested beside him.

The dining-room enchanted Alice. As in the other Wyoming eating stations, there were buffalo, elk and mountain-goat heads glaring down indignantly from the walls. Intermittent train whistles and clanging bells broke the quietness of the big cool room. Chinese waiters, their queues loosely wound around their heads, padded from table to table as soft footed as kittens. The one standing behind Alice's chair smiled affably.

"The lice vely good today, Missy. Maybe mountain tlout? Maybe lice?"

"I'd like to try the mountain trout, please," Alice said, returning the smile.

"Mountain tlout **with** lice?"

Alice nodded, "With lice," she said before she could catch herself. Her husband covered a smile with his napkin.

In the late afternoon while the sun was still bright and

warm they wheeled Rob out for an airing and went to see their new home. Two men were putting on its outer garment, a coat of rusty-red paint. They stepped into the "parlor," a narrow room with a door at each end, one opening into a bedroom, the other into a tiny kitchen. This is the smallest house I've ever seen, Alice thought.

"It won't be hard to keep this cute little place clean," she said to her husband. "We're lucky to get it, aren't we?"

"Indeed we are," he said with a pleased smile. "Until our furniture comes we'll enjoy the hotel—a big sunny room, good meals, and congenial new friends."

"I'm really going to like it, Arthur," Alice was trying hard. "Really—"

He lifted her chin, looked into her eyes. "Good for you, dear. You're a trump."

There were no idle hours, no lonely days in the new town for Arthur and Alice. A few days after their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Earl held open house and introduced them to Evanston and the whole countryside. All afternoon and evening the people came. There were introductions, chatting, good wishes, music, refreshments, and more good wishes. When the guests had all gone, Alice declared that it was going to be wonderful, she was sure, living with these do-as-you-would-be-done-by folks. Her husband had been telling her all along that there were no social differences here, and she was beginning to understand.

As she and Arthur were expressing their appreciation to the Earls for such a fine party, Mr. Earl laughed and said, "We should thank you. We've been waiting for a chance to give a bang-up party to show off our new red house—after living so long in that old caboose beside the railroad tracks."

"A caboose, really, Mr. Earl?" Alice asked, not quite believing.

"Sure thing, Mrs. Hocker. It was bigger, and cooler in summer than a tent, but noisier than a circus parade. One of these days, Doc, the Union Pacific will surprise you and the Missus with a big red house."

After the party the doctor and his wife were invited to dinners, family gatherings, church socials, and picnics. Such happy, pleasant people! Where, Alice wondered, were the gun-men, train robbers, road agents, and the tin-horns who were supposed to run these western towns? Some of these new friends were gifted musicians, some were conversant with books and art, and ever so many possessed what Alice thought of as real southern hospitality.

In her sunny Mountain Trout House room Alice, humming a lullaby, sat nursing her baby boy. There was a

timid rap at her door. There stood two smiling ladies, a pale slender young blonde and a plump rosy-cheeked matron.

"We came to town especially to see you, Mrs. Hocker," said the elder lady. "I'm Mrs. Harney and this is my daughter Emma—you know—Dr. Hocker saved her life."

Soon the three ladies were chatting like old friends. Mrs. Harney and Emma each wanted to hold little Rob, and Mrs. Harney declared, "You're the tailored pattern of your fine father, my little lad."

They told Alice all about their Yellow Creek ranch and invited the Hockers to spend next Sunday at the ranch. After they were gone, Alice, to her own surprise, discovered that she could hardly wait until Sunday came.

When its rusty-red coat was dry, the little house, clean and shining within, was ready to welcome its first family. Meanwhile Arthur and Alice, anxiously awaiting the arrival of their furniture and office equipment, busied themselves getting ready the only available office space in Evanston: two rooms in the drab, one story wooden building that straggled down Tenth Street from Main to the alley. Arthur washed the paint and scrubbed the floors. Alice shined the windows, made crisp new curtains, and tidied for the chairs, and the dingy rooms took on a brighter look.

Every morning for the next two weeks the doctor stopped at the Freight Office to inquire about the shipment, and when at last it came Freight Agent Frank Foote was as relieved and happy as were the Hockers. The doctor hired teams, wagons, and drivers from the livery stable to unload, haul, and distribute the furnishings to house and office. Kind neighbors flocked in to help set up stoves and beds, lay carpets, unpack books and dishes, to bring cookies and doughnuts, and invitations to tea and dinner. These people were not strangers, Alice thought; they were old friends.

In a few days, Arthur, Alice, and baby Rob were happily settled in the little rusty-red house. Hugging her son close to her breast, Alice said, "My little man, I wouldn't trade our cozy corner for the finest mansion in the South. If Drucy could only see us now!"

Dr. Hocker's two room office, in the low drab building, had more cheer and style than its street door promised. Entering from a rough wooden sidewalk, one stepped into the small, attractive reception room which the doctor's wife, using some of the sturdy left over pieces from their overcrowded house, had arranged to suit her own taste. His consultation room in the rear, which the doctor fixed up to suit his own convenience and his needs, was roomy, neat, and professional.

There were stores in the building, and other offices. Lawyer William Hinton was the doctor's next door neighbor. Christopher Castle, the first sheriff, a comical elephantine individual with many notches on his pistol, occupied adjoining rooms which opened into the alley. Settled side by side, the Doctor, the Lawyer, and the Sheriff became the best of friends.

My father soon proved himself an able exponent of the pioneer virtues of aggressiveness and direct action. A Kentuckian, his Southern voice and gentle manners often belied a tempest of determination. He was six feet tall and weighed 195 pounds. His dark brown hair was curly, his eyes were large and blue—sometimes fiercely blue. It was his habit to cut straight to the heart of any situation, and his direct action often worked wonders.

An early demonstration of his dynamic personal qualities which made an impression upon the people of Evanston was his encounter with a certain tough and troublesome fortune seeker—a "tin-horn." This gambler, having bullied his associates with gun-play and fisticuffs, had come to be known by them as the "Cock of the Walk."

The Cock harbored a grudge against Dr. Hocker. He had once required some medical attention, after which he had attempted to browbeat the doctor; but in this effort he had failed—and so he had taken refuge in sullen malice.

Late one afternoon the doctor received an emergency call to a rooming house on Front Street; hurrying along, he passed the trouble-maker loitering in front of a saloon. The tin-horn spat out an insulting epithet; the doctor paid no heed and continued on his way.

Having attended to the accident case, Dr. Hocker was returning to his office. The Cock, still standing at the same spot, happened to be near an open trap-door in the sidewalk; the door opened into a cellar beneath the saloon. Without a word the doctor stepped up and struck the man a blow which dislodged his hat and catapulted him into the open trap-door. Picking up the hat, the doctor tossed it into the cellar. Carefully, he lowered the trapdoor, rolled a nearby barrel on it, and brushing off his hands, quietly went about his own business. That night the Cock of the Walk left town. And he never came back.

Evanston was as yet a very small town of four or five hundred people, new and raw, but growing fast. Most of the rougher element, the gunmen, gamblers and thieves who had come through during the railroad construction days, had moved on to greener pastures. Houses for permanent settlers continued to sprout like mushrooms all over town. It was the Union Pacific's policy to provide comfortable

housing for all of its employees at this Western Division point. The new homestead law brought in many new settlers who found the Bear River locale ideal for farming and ranching. With the Almy coal mines only a few miles away, Evanston was destined to grow and prosper.

Life was running smoothly for the Hockers. My mother's earlier years of unhappiness were fading into the background. Born in Kentucky, Alice Florence Reynolds had come through a lamentable childhood disrupted by the Civil War, her home ransacked and burned to ashes when she was five years old. Orphaned at the age of ten, she had grown up in a boarding school.

She had met Arthur Hocker at Harrisonville, Missouri. He had been graduated from Bellevue Medical College and had taken his internship at Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, later to open his first office in Harrisonville. There he and Alice were married in June, 1872.

But Kentucky, the Civil War, the boarding school and Harrisonville, Missouri, were all like a dream to my mother now that life had begun in Wyoming. She would glow with pride when her new friends, stopping to admire little Rob, would burst out in compliments, "What a handsome sturdy boy he is."

"Everyone admires him," Alice would say to her husband. "He inherited those glossy ringlets from you, Arthur. And they make him look positively angelic."

"Poor little fellow," the doctor would chuckle. "We'll shear him one of these days."

"Indeed we won't!" Alice tossed her head. "He's so cute with curls."

Yes, life had been running smoothly for my parents for some time, but it was about to become a little more complicated: a year and a half after their coming to Wyoming, I, Woodie, crowded into the little rusty-red house to live with Papa, Mama, and my brother Rob.

The Flag Ranch

by

ROBERT H. BURNS*

The Flag Ranch, located nine miles south of Laramie, is one of the pioneer ranches of the Laramie Plains and its history through many years is tied up with Bob Homer. Bob was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1849 and was a member of one of the oldest families of that area founded in 1672 by one Captain John Homer who had a prosperous shipping business to India and other trade centers of the mysterious Far East. He spent three years as a representative of a trading firm and was in France during the Franco-Prussian War.

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Dr. Robert H. Burns, University of Wyoming Wool Specialist and Head of the Wool Department, was born in 1900 on the Flag Ranch, nine miles south of Laramie. He attended Regis College in Denver and in 1916 entered the University of Wyoming to study agriculture, graduating in 1920. In 1921 he obtained a fellowship at Iowa State College and received an M. S. Degree in Animal Nutrition. He then taught at New Mexico A & M College and at the University of Arizona. Since 1924 he has been with the Wool Department at the University of Wyoming.

In 1930-31 he studied at the University of Edinburgh and obtained a Ph. D. Degree in Science working in Animal Genetics. While there he and others developed the "Wyedina" (Wyoming-Edinburgh) and "Wyedesa" fleece calipers to separate the wool from a measured patch of skin to determine how thick the wool grows on the skin. In 1938-39, he was called to Washington to organize the work on wool shrinkage in the Wool Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. In 1946 he was selected as the livestock consultant of the China-United States Agricultural Mission and was sent to China for six months by the U. S. Departments of State and Agriculture to work with Chinese colleagues and make out a program for research, teaching and extension work in Chinese Agriculture. In 1949 he was selected as the livestock consultant for Overseas Consultants Incorporated of New York and spent 3½ months in Iran making a survey of conditions in that country. His Department has had graduate students from many parts of the world and the wool short courses given each winter are very popular with the sheepmen from neighboring states and Canada. His research work has dealt with the physical measurements of fleeces including wool growth, fleece fineness and fleece density. He has worked with wool shrinkage or yield for many years and has developed methods of hand sampling for determining the clean weight of fleeces. He has published many bulletins and articles in American and English journals covering not only wool research but also fur farming and ranch history. He has furnished considerable material for the *American Wool Handbook* by von Eergen. He has collected one of the outstanding wool libraries of the country and has also collected the most complete set of wool samples from all sections of the world including some extremely rare samples of Saxony Merino of the 1830 clip.

After his return, Bob decided to throw his lot with the western country. It was a fortunate incident in Omaha in 1871 that resulted in Bob Homer stepping off at Laramie City instead of continuing on to California as was his original intention. A chum of his, Frank Sargent, was also interested in the West and their interest was kindled by contact with Dr. H. Latham, one of the first surgeons of the Union Pacific Railroad at Laramie, who was highly enthusiastic in his praise of the Laramie Plains as a prospective livestock country. In fact, Dr. Latham was a true prototype of the modern Chamber of Commerce and did a "bang-up" job of telling the Eastern populace about the luscious grasses of the west and the meat and wool which they could produce at little cost and a handsome profit. Bob Homer liked the looks of the country around Laramie City so well that he never went on to California but returned to Boston and got his friend, Frank Sargent, to come back with him.

They arrived in Laramie City in August 1871 and made immediate arrangements to start their ranching business. Bob Homer stated in a water case testimony that he leased the Lake Ranch (an old stage station) at the top of Boulder Ridge, while Frank Sargent states that he arrived in Laramie City in 1871 and immediately started to build corrals and improvements. Frank states: "I was informed by residents of the place and parties interested in livestock that no sheds nor hay were needed and notwithstanding their advice, I purchased 50 tons of hay located about ten miles from my ranch. My sheep, about 2,100 in number, were to arrive by cars the first of September. I erected a comfortable log house for myself and men, a stable for horses and corral 240 feet square. My sheep arrived in good shape from Iowa with a loss of only 10-10½ per cent.

"About October 13 snow commenced to fall and the storm raged unabated for four days and a high wind drifted the snow. Other storms followed and it was impossible to take care of the sheep or get feed to them. The storms continued until the middle of April and the sheep perished from starvation. I was thoroughly disgusted with the business and the country but finally made up my mind to try again. I then purchased a fine ranch which would cut 200 tons of hay and purchased 1,000 ewes and built a fine set of corrals and sheds. I also purchased Cotswold rams and saved an increase of 60 per cent. The first spring the sheep sheared 4½ pounds of wool apiece and the wool brought 30 cents a pound." The financial account of Mr. Sargent's venture for the first year is interesting.



"The Big House" at the Flag Ranch. Constructed 1891, burned 1933.

Initial Investment		
2000 Sheep @ \$3.00 each		\$6,000.00
Improvements, Machinery		3,300.00
Total Investment, First Year		\$9,300.00
Sales		
Wool, 9000 lbs. @ 30c per pound		\$2,700.00
Lambs, 1200, @ \$1.00 per lamb		1,200.00
Total Sales		\$3,900.00
Expenses		
Miscellaneous	\$1,930.00	
Interest on Initial Investment (6%)	558.00	2,488.00
NET PROFIT FOR FIRST YEAR*		\$1,412.00

*This amount does not include any payment on the initial investment except interest.

Bob Homer mentions purchasing the place of George and Charles Brown in June, 1872, which is undoubtedly the ranch Frank Sargent also mentions. This place is the site of the present Flag Ranch buildings.

The daily routine of ranch life on the Sargent and Homer ranch in the 70's is graphically described in the book entitled "Bucking the Sagebrush" by Chas. Steedman. Charley Steedman came to Laramie City from Boston in 1876. He signed a contract with Sargent and Homer to work for his board and room for a year while learning the ranch business. The daily routine of ranch duties was somewhat different from what the young Boston boy had pictured as the life of a cowboy. Here is his description of his experiences: "There were two or three shepherders, besides our two bosses. (Steedman had a chum with him named Balch.) We worked in teams and in the summer put up hay and hauled fence rails and firewood from the mountains. In the spring we had sheep to shear and dip while in the winter we baled hay and hauled it to Tie Siding where it was sold to the tie contractors at a good figure. The routine of the work was unchanged for months. One crew baled hay and did the chores for a week while the other hauled hay and so on, turn about. Breakfast was eaten at 4:30 a.m. in order to make the round trip of 25 to 30 miles in a day as the road led up a heavy grade."

Mr. Homer told the writer of his first business in Wyoming, that of cutting the prairie grass and hauling it to Fort Sanders, two miles south of Laramie, where the Army would buy it at a good price. Mr. Homer and his partner, Mr. Sargent, worked alone. Mr. Homer did the mowing, raking and preparing of meals while his partner hauled the hay to Fort Sanders. The work schedule was reversed at regular intervals.

Mr. Sargent mentions that his first purchase of sheep amounted to 2,100 head which were all lost in the hard winter of 1871-2. The next year another 1,000 head of ewes were purchased. In 1873, 2,000 head of sheep were sheared; in 1875, 2,272 head; and in subsequent years until 1881, the numbers sheared ran, 2,467, 3,013, 3,681, 4,662, 4,268, and 4,691 respectively. The old cash books of Sargent and Homer relate some interesting facts about their business and this information has been made available by the University of Wyoming Archives. Sheep herders received "grub" and \$30 a month. Saddle horses brought \$50.00; oats sold for \$1.50 a hundredweight; ewes sold at \$3.50 each and rams at \$10.00-\$30.00 each. An interesting item states that Ludwig Wurl was paid \$10.50 for potatoes and butter furnished a sheep camp during the summer of 1880. Another interesting transaction was a credit of four cents a pound extended to Billy Trollope, a herder, for a deer he had killed. Steers sold at three for \$100.00.

During the years Sargent and Homer purchased many blooded rams in the East and brought them out West where they were added to their flock and sold to other ranchers of the Laramie Plains. The standby was the Merinos from New England but some mutton sheep and a few Cotswold rams were brought out from Iowa and Wisconsin.

The operations of Sargent and Homer were carried on at the home place and at the Antelope Shed as well as at Spring Creek place which were located respectively 10 miles and 28 miles south of the home place. Their wethers weighed 115 pounds in 1886 and brought four cents a pound. Shearing cost nine cents a head. Wool brought 24 cents at the ranch in 1880 and 26 cents in 1883.

Mr. Hartman K. Evans joined the firm in 1882 and in the next few years sheep were trailed from Oregon and California. Mr. Evans kept a diary on the sheep trailing operation in 1883 from La Grande, Oregon to Laramie City, Wyoming. Three bands of Merino wethers totalling around ten thousand head left Oregon in May and furnished their own transportation to Laramie City where they arrived in September in good shape. The undertaking was a profitable one for the loss was small. The sheep were purchased for \$1.50 a head and sold for \$3.00 a head. The original statements from Pendleton, Oregon, merchants covering merchandise purchased for this trailing operation have been furnished by the University of Wyoming Archives. Board and room for principals and trail herders amounted to \$9.00 a day for about a week or ten days while getting the trail operation under way. Hardware, stoves, etc., for the trail

amounted to \$37.00. Wagon, springs and bows totalled \$121.00. Harness, saddles and wagon sheets totalled \$174.00. Food and supplies amounted to \$300.00. All of the bills together with the sheep account were handled through one firm. The total of \$25,000.00 was made up of \$23,512.00 for sheep and the balance for supplies. It is interesting to note that Bob Homer had 42 cents coming back out of \$25,000.00 when he returned a pistol and cartridges for a credit of \$5.50. The Oregon wethers were taken on to Missouri to be fed. Some entries in the Cash Book for November 1883 state that \$5,000.00 was borrowed to take care of the expense of feeding sheep in Missouri. Some were sold locally to the meat markets.

In 1888, the partnership of Sargent, Homer and Evans was dissolved and the Red Buttes Land and Livestock Company was incorporated. Messrs. Sargent and Evans left the partnership and both returned to the East.

Mr. Homer married Belle Stuart, a member of an old New England family, in 1889. They traveled through Europe and brought back many priceless items, including furniture and furnishings which adorned their castle-like home nine miles south of Laramie. This 21-room log house was built in 1892 by "Buckskin" John Moyer, an artist with the ax. Among the old statements in the Homer papers is a series of statements from the W. H. Holliday Company covering hardware, windows and other materials which were used in the finishing of the so-called "Big House." These statements were dated from December 1891 to May 1892, indicating that the Homer residence was completed in 1892. The large log barns were built at the same time and the excellence of the work is demonstrated by the perfectly fitted dove-tailed corners. The writer still remembers the enormous hay mows—one holding around 30 tons of fragrant native hay which made a swell place to "slide the hay."

Here at their "Castle on the Plains" Bob and Belle Homer dispensed princely hospitality. The house showed all the signs of culture and the atmosphere led one away to New England scenes, on to Gay Paree and thence to the Holy Land.

The writer was raised on the Flag Ranch and has vivid memories of the gala house parties when typical Homer hospitality was extended to their friends from Laramie and elsewhere during the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas.

Bob Homer was a man of cultural background who had friends in every walk of life. His business dealings were

above reproach and his puritan thrift and careful business management assured the success of any undertaking he was connected with from ranching to banking.

In the 90's, the Homers and their friends took many hunting and camping trips to neighboring mountain parks. Like many other early ranchers, Bob Homer admired good horses and had some excellent carriage horses which were hitched to his Yellow Buggy and covered the distances in a short time for that mode of conveyance. The floors and walls of the home were decorated with game heads and rugs and the prize in the "writer's eye" was an enormous buffalo grizzly bear skin which Mr. Homer bagged on a hunting trip to Alberta, Canada.

In 1892, the writer's father came to the Flag Ranch and managed the property for Mr. Homer until the latter's death in 1927. For several years Otto Burns went to Oregon to select cattle to bring to the Flag Ranch where they grew fat on the rich grasses. Otto Burns discovered several of the stubs of the old telephone line which extended along the line of the Overland Trail. One of these telephone pole stubs was given to Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard and is in the collection she left to the University. This particular stub was located about a mile east of the Flag Ranch buildings.

The Homer castle was unfortunately burned to the ground in 1933 and all that remains now is the beautiful grove of trees which was developed by planting a number of native cottonwood trees each year. These trees were brought over from the Big Laramie River Valley.

The original holdings amounted to some 20,000 acres of land and the big pasture was 22 miles around, as the writer well remembers for as a youth he had the job of riding this fence three times a week and the ride took a good half a day provided a minimum of fence repair had to be done.

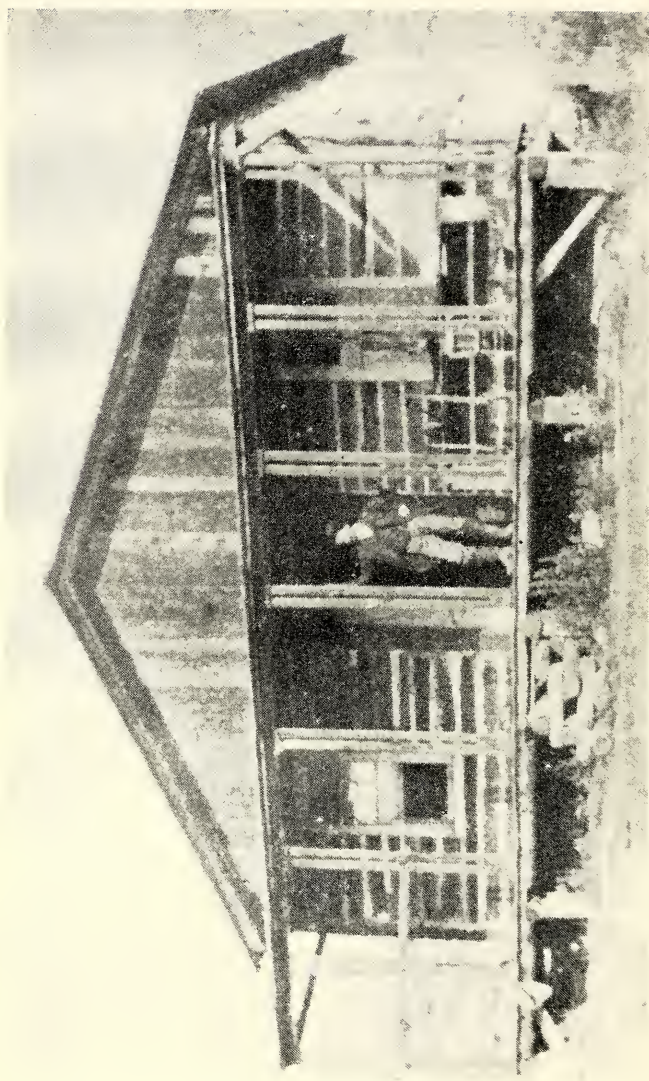
Bob Homer's first love was his wife and his ranch home. He was never the same person after the death of his helpmate. He was born an aristocrat from a leading Boston family but his warm personality and integrity made him well liked and trusted by people in all walks of life. He built up one of the outstanding ranch properties which is one of the few properties to withstand the vicissitudes of the pioneer boom era.

After his death in 1927, the ranch was split up and the upper part including most of the big pasture was sold to John Goetz, while the lower part including the ranch buildings constitute the present Flag Ranch owned by Ralph Klink.

John Clay, the canny Scotsman who managed the Swan Company, a large cattle outfit on the Laramie Plains, and who later owned a large livestock commission firm, penned the following appreciation of Bob Homer in "Livestock Markets" when he learned of the death of his friend:

"I write of a man whose honor was bright as the most brilliant star, who in his quiet way was liberal in his charities, who had a keen sense of humor, always kindly. In his business dealings, just, conservative in his methods, lovable on the ranch, in the bank* or on the Rialto of Chicago where we often foregathered. He had the spirit of the cavalier, with the thrift of the Puritan. He had great mentality, was human, modest, careful of his resources, withstanding the financial gales of the west. Most of his friends had gone before him, a few are left to mourn his departure. Rest in Peace."

*Bob Homer was President of the Albany National Bank, a well-managed and successful concern.



Edward Young standing in front of his first cabin built in the 1870's

Little Things Can Be Important

OR

WHAT PRICE PIONEERING

by

W. L. MARION*

The rays of the rising sun creeping through the window awoke the pioneer from a restless sleep. Indeed one had to sleep with one ear open for ceaseless vigilance was the price of a whole skin in that season of the year which was June 28, 1870.

Edward Young came west with his regiment at the close of the Civil War to guard the construction gangs building the Union Pacific Rail Road across the western plains. Receiving his honorable discharge from the army he drifted westward to the South Pass region which was in the midst of a gold excitement. However, Young's mind was not bent on mining but rather inclined to agricultural or horticultural pursuits.

He located at the mouth of the Little Popo Agie canyon where he built a good cabin, dug a well, and then built a barn and corral for his stock. A beautiful mountain stream ran past the place, which abounded in many kinds of wild game including elk, deer, antelope and buffalo. Here he made up his mind to stay in spite of Injuns, Hell or high water.

One day pioneer Young rolled out of his bunk, dressed, picked up the water pail to get water from the well, which

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—William L. Marion was born in the Black Hills of South Dakota, November 8, 1886. His pioneer parents moved from South Dakota to western Nebraska and settled on a homestead near Harrison. In 1891 they left Nebraska in a covered wagon to go to Washington, but stopped in Lander where they remained.

Mr. Marion was graduated from the Lander High School in 1905. He served in the First World War during the years 1918 and 1919.

In 1917 he married Minnie Emma DeWolf, whose parents were pioneers at South Pass and Atlantic City during the gold rush. Her parents were married at Camp Stambaugh in 1877 by the late H. C. Nickerson. The Marions have three sons and two daughters.

Mr. Marion made the original discovery of jade in 1930. He is the historian of the Wyoming Lodge Number 2 A. F. and A. M. of Lander, Wyoming and Ex-Officio Historian of Fremont County. He has contributed articles to the "Peek at the Past," published by the Wyoming State Journal.

was twenty-five feet from his door, but he never got that bucket of water, not then anyway. As he opened the door he noticed his old saddle horse, "Button," with his ears cocked toward the top of a ridge which ran southwest and northwest about a hundred and fifty yards from the cabin.

Now this pioneer did not have to be knocked down to take a hint, and of course it might have been a bear. There were plenty of them around, and other four-footed animals. Young was taking no chances, for it might be a two-footed variety. There had been some around. In fact, he had recently lost a valuable team to them which they had driven away and then wantonly killed a few miles from his place.

Pioneer Young went to the wall of the cabin and looked through a peep hole and made a close scrutiny of that ridge and the first thing that caught his eye was a glint from some object reflecting the sun's rays, not much larger than a silver dollar. Now, he had never seen that bright object before and determined to find out what made it tick.

He was satisfied that whatever Button had seen did not look or listen good and smelled a lot worse. Poking the barrel of his rifle through the peep hole, he drew a careful bead and let fly. With the crack of the rifle the crest of that ridge erupted three Sioux Indians who took off on a high run up the ridge towards the mouth of the canyon. Young made two quick shots and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them hit the ground. The other got away. We will hear more from that gent later.

Young's bright object was gone. He was disgusted with himself for not being quick enough to get all three of the runners, but two out of three wing shots is still considered pretty good shooting. Young stayed holed up until afternoon. He was too canny to venture outside, where there might be some more waiting for him to show himself.

In the afternoon three friends rode up to his place, E. F. Cheney, Charles Oldham and John Anthony. These men had come down from the mines the day before for supplies which they purchased from the Sutler at Camp Brown, a military post established on the Big Popo Agie, some thirty miles from the mining camp. This post was established to guard the eastern band of Shoshones, according to a treaty the government had with that tribe when they were allotted the Wind River Reservation. About seven miles from the post, they had come across the scene of a desperate fight with the Indians. Three miners, Doc Barr, Jerome Mason and Harvey Morgan had preceded Cheney and his companions from the mines to buy supplies. These they had obtained and were on their way back to the mines when they

were jumped by the Indians. They upset their wagon and fought from behind the box until their ammunition was exhausted. They were all killed and horribly mutilated. Morgan was probably the last to succumb and the Indians took terrible vengeance on him. He was a crack shot and firing from a dead rest he must have accounted for a great number of the savages. Cheney and the men with him counted nine dead Indian ponies and a great number of blotches showed the miners had exacted a heavy toll before they were overcome.

The Indians cut into Morgan's arms, legs and neck and drew out the sinews for bow strings and not content with this savagery they drove the wagon hammer through his head. This was the sight that greeted Cheney, Oldham and Anthony. No greater fight against such heavy odds was ever staged than the miners made that day of June 27, 1870. Morgan's skull with the hammer through it is still in possession of the Fremont County Pioneer Association, mute testimony to the heroic fight he made.

The three men came to Camp Brown and reported to the commanding officer the finding of the corpses. The commanding officer detailed a detachment to bring in the bodies. They were buried next morning in the post cemetery, just a short distance behind the stockade to the southwest. They lay in that spot from June 28, 1870 until the spring of 1909. Some of the old timers remembered this when workmen were digging the foundation of a house for Mrs. Hannah Harrison on West Sweetwater Street, in the four hundred block at Lander, Wyoming which now occupies the site of Camp Brown, named after Lieutenant Colonel Brown, who was killed in the Fetterman massacre. The bodies of Barr and Mason were found first and the workmen thought they had found all there were but an old timer, Sam Iiams, who was present when the men were buried said, "No, you haven't found all of them. When you find Harvey Morgan, there will be a wagon hammer through his skull." Sure enough, just a few feet farther to the north Morgan was found, and the wagon hammer was where Sam said it would be.

On their way back to the mines, Cheney, Oldham and Anthony knowing that Young was alone at his holdings, thought it might be a good idea to call on him and see if all was well. Young came out to meet them and told of his little brush early that morning. Cheney then told them about the fight north of him the day before. Young then knew that he had had a narrow escape as the Indians were part of the war party that had jumped the miners the day

before. The Indians were set afoot by the miners' marksmanship and were out to get remounts.

Young told the visitors about the bright object he had pulled down on and they went up to the ridge to see what it was. There lay an Indian, and the bright object was a small mirror he had been wearing as a sort of breast plate. It was made of eagle wing bones with feathers radiating from the little mirror which was in the center. Young had made a bulls eye on that mirror and the results were no good for the Indian. To paraphrase a popular song, "If that Indian had aknownd it, He never would have worn it." His vanity cost him his life but saved Ed. Young's.

The four men walked farther up the ridge and found two more bodies, so Young had scored three out of four but was still cussing his luck for allowing one to get away.

The men then wondered if that lone Indian would lead a war party back for reprisals, and while they were discussing this, sure enough they heard Indians singing down the valley.

They went into the cabin and distributed ammunition around where it would be handy and prepared for the attack they were sure would follow.

As the Indians came in sight, the men were prepared to let a volley loose at them. Young sang out, "Don't shoot. They are Shoshones." Young went out to meet them. The chief held up his hand which halted his warriors and rode forth to meet Young. It was Chief Washakie, with about fifty or sixty of his warriors out scouting for the enemies that had invaded his domain the day before. Young told the Chief what had taken place and showed him the dead Sioux.

Washakie and his people were overjoyed at the sight of their hereditary foes. They asked for the bodies which were readily given. The Shoshones went below the ranch, on a bench, and had a two day scalp dance over their dead enemies.

The Indian that got away went up among the rocks in the Canyon and it so happened that an old trapper, Goodson by name, had left an old coffee pot at his last camp down the canyon from where he was camped the night Young had his narrow escape. He had just picked up the coffee pot when ping, a bullet punctured that utility. That made that old trapper angry for he was fond of his morning cup of java. He promptly returned the shot from whence it came. The Indian and the trapper pot shot at each other and ruined a lot of scenery before a lucky shot from Goodson's rifle put an end to the contest. Ernest Hornecker, just a year before he died, told me he was up in the canyon a short

time ago (1935) and the results of the battle between Goodson and the Indian were still plainly visible on the trees. That was in the 1930's.

Ed Young built a beautiful ranch, stocked it with high-grade cattle and horses. His orchard was the great show place of central Wyoming. He was the first to demonstrate that apples could be grown in the state, and he developed a number of hitherto unknown varieties. The large orchard, planted way back in the 70's and 80's of the last century, is still in existence and growing fruit.

Young was a familiar figure on our streets with his wagon load of apples. He died in 1931.

The cabin has long ceased to exist and a beautiful frame ranch home occupies the spot where it stood. The well, however, is still where it was that early morning in 1870, a silent reminder of Young's narrow escape from arrow or bullet.

This ranch is now owned by William McFie and family. It is a beautiful place, well kept and maintained as Ed Young would want it if he were alive.

We might add that Button had an easy time for the rest of his life for his alertness had surely saved Young's life.



Reading left to right: William George Aber, his son, Seth Perry, and his wife, Martha Wilson McGregor, the author of "Our Western Journey." This picture was taken just before leaving Aurora, Nebraska, on the trip.

Our Western Journey[†]

Journal of Martha Wilson McGregor Aber

Edited by

CLIFFORD P. WESTERMEIER*

Associate Professor of History, Loretto Heights College,
Loretto, Colorado

This is the journal of an American woman pioneer. With her husband and her eighteen month-old son, she set out to find and to make a home in America's last frontier—the northern Great Plains—the Territory of Wyoming. It is a story of anticipation, labor, observation, sympathy, initiative and courage on the part of a vigorous and forward-thinking woman on a journey which taxes her to the

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Clifford P. Westermeier, Ph. D., born at Buffalo, New York, March 4, 1910.

Dr. Westermeier received his education in the Buffalo School of Fine Arts, Buffalo, New York; Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, New York; New York School of Fine and Applied Art (Paris Atelier), Paris, France; University of Buffalo, Buffalo, New York, B. S.; University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, M. S., Ph. D.

He was Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Buffalo and at the Buffalo School of Fine Arts from 1935 to 1944. During the years 1946 and 1947 he was Assistant Professor of History at St. Louis University. Since that time he has been Associate Professor of History and Acting Head of the History Department at Loretto Heights College, Denver, Colorado.

Dr. Westermeier is the author of *Man, Beast, Dust: The Story of Rodeo* (World Press, Inc., Denver, Colorado, 1947) and has also written numerous magazine articles on the subject of cowboys and the west. He is now working on a new book, *Tall Tales of the Cow Camp*, which consists of 18 short stories.

Who's Who in American Art, *American Catholic Who's Who*, and *Who's Who in Colorado* all list Dr. Westermeier as outstanding in his field. He is a member of the American Historical Association, Mississippi Valley Historical Association, The Westerners, Buffalo Society of Artists and Boulder Artists' Guild.

Oil and Water color paintings by Dr. Westermeier have been exhibited in Paris, London, New York, Brooklyn, Syracuse, Buffalo, Denver and Boulder, Colorado. At present he is doing a series of portraits of famous rodeo cowboys and also pictures of the various rodeo contestants and their animals engaged in contests.

Dr. Westermeier has been invited by Mr. Reginald Williams, Secretary General of the Australian Rough Riders Association, to be the guest of that organization while he is doing research in Australia later this year. This organization is comparable to the Rodeo Cowboys of America.

†The editor gratefully acknowledges the permission to edit this diary and the valuable assistance given him by Mr. Seth Perry Aber, Durham, California, and Mrs. Owen S. Hoge, Cheyenne, Wyoming, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William George Aber.

limit of her ability. A pillar of strength and love for her husband, son, and the other members of the party, she records the trek, probably late at night by the light of the stars or by the dull glow of a smoky lantern, made more dull by blinding insects of the night. Her weary mind, thinking only of what the unknown morrow will bring, and her fingers, tired from her daily toil, are not concerned with style or punctuation; sentence structure does not exist, words are abbreviated and sometimes incomplete. On the first days of the journey, the entries in the record consist of several lines, but later, as the trip grows longer and more difficult, they are gradually reduced to a few simple phrases. The very physical appearance of the journal, a small, ruled, penny-note book written with a dull pencil, tells the story of the journey even more poignantly than the contents. To correct this document, an evidence of human weariness and exhaustion, or to attempt to interpret the emotions of the chronicler, would be presumptuous on the part of the editor.

Martha Wilson McGregor, daughter of Alexander and Margaret Anderson McGregor, was born near Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, March 21, 1861. She was of Scotch Presbyterian descent—her early ancestors had left Scotland during the religious persecution under James I, went to Ireland and from there they sailed to America.

She spent her youth on the family farm in Allegheny County. As the story goes, her future husband, William George Aber, from Pitcairn, Pennsylvania, first became acquainted with her parents and was so fond of them that he was very anxious to meet their daughter. They were married December 11, 1883. A son, Seth Perry, was born to them November 11, 1884 at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1885 they and Ira Almos Aber, a cousin, went to Aurora, Nebraska. They spent about one year here and during this time were joined by William George's brother, John Aber, his wife Ella and two sons, the older of which was named Perry, but the youngest boy's name is unknown. He was about nine months old when the Western Journey began and learned to walk in his father's wagon. Later he died of typhoid fever. Ed, the hired man, was also a member of the party.

Their original plan to go to the Green River Country was changed en route although they had shipped all the farm machinery to Rock River, Wyoming. A chance meeting with a man from the Wolf Creek Country caused them to make this change and turn northward.

The caravan consisted of three wagons and a buggy—

one of the wagons was driven by Mrs. William George Aber, a team of two mares, Molly and Daisey, with two milk cows at the wheel. John was the "bullwacker." He drove two wagons which were hitched together by a short tongue and pulled by a long string of oxen. Ed, the hired man, probably drove the buggy. William George and Ira Almos drove seventy-five head of cattle, and an unknown number of calves, ponies, and colts. The route was that of the Mormon Trail, the Fort Laramie, Fort Fetterman and Fort McKinney wagon and stage roads, and a part of the Bozeman Trail.

William George and Martha Aber were deeply religious, forward looking, and did not live in the past. They refused to look back and Martha refused to be discouraged. She told her children that many times William George was ready to turn back, but she was always firm and said, "I wouldn't have turned back if I had seen a band of Indians on a scalping forage."

On this note of optimism and courage the journal begins.

1

We left Aurora [, Nebraska] for our western trip June 9", 1886. by the time we got our wagons fixed, and things ready to go, it was ten O.C. it was a very bright warm day we had two horses and three yoke of cows to the first two wagons and a pony tied behind and two horses to the next wagon and buggy with a pony and colt tied to the buggy

2

Traveled about a mile and a half and stoped for dinner and ate in the hot sun. hitched up and went about 9½ miles that afternoon and camped on a gr. Sec. of nice grass, struck camp lighted up a fire and baked biscuit boiled potatoes and made coffee for supper. night herded the cattle.

10" Second day went about 5 mi and stoped on the south side of the Platte river for dinner ate under shade of cotton wood trees crossed the Platt after dinner drove the cattle over a few at a time we came last with our team and felt very timid it is a very long bridge built of timber we thought a colt had fallen over, (one of the pony's colts) but it had stayed on the other side. went about 6 mi. and camped on Wood river for the night it is a small stream not as wide as Turtle Creek.¹ held the cattle that night by

1. Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania.

tying ropes across each end of a lane that was fenced on both sides.

11" Went about 3 mi when a tire came off one of Johns wagons stoped on prairie a little over a mile west of Grand Island [, Nebraska] John went to G.I. and had his tire cut. had dinner there and traveled in the after noon 4 or 5 mi struck camp about 6 O.C. along U.P.R.R.

12" Got a good early start we get up about 5 O.C. but by the time we get every thing rid up² ready to start it is about 8. went 6 mi struck Wood R. again and stoped to water the cattle crossed the bridge went about a mile and struck camp it was then after 2 O.C. it was such a turn to get on the bridge John had to take his cattle out they makes such a long string and takes so much room to make a turn.³ We stoped on 80 acres of prairie crops in all around one Sweed came down very angry and said he would tellegraph to chicago to have us put off. he was very much afraid the cattle would stampede and and destroy his corn. as it looked very much like a storm coming up we prepared for it. had our wagons drawn close and the canvas thrown over and the wagons tied down with
but no storm came

ropes we washed some. In the evening one of the neighbors let us put the cattle in his corral. Stoped here over Sabbath.

14" Drove about 6 mi and stoped for dinner at School house west of Wood R. town [, Nebraska] after dinner drove 7 mi and camped immediately east of Shelton [, Nebraska] rained the after part of night first rain we had.

15" Drove between 6 and 7 mi in the morning, drove the cattle about $\frac{1}{2}$ mi off the rode to water the Wood R cattle. Took dinner east of Gibbon [, Nebraska] put cattle into a carrol while eating. bought Billy.⁴ Went 2 mi west of Gibbon and stoped for night. rained during the night

16" Stoped until after dinner on account of wet roads. we washed some. drove $4\frac{1}{4}$ mi stoped on account of a rain coming up. just got fixed up in time when a very heavy dash came only lasted about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.

17" In the morning drove about 5 mi stoped 1 mi east of Kearney [, Nebraska] for dinner

2. rid up for redd up, in Scotch or dialect, meaning to clean or make tidy.

3. According to this entry, John must have had a large number of oxen pulling the wagons.

4. A horse.

[Pages missing from June 18 to July 2 inclusive.]

man from Wy.⁵

3" Came over the bluffs down into a canyon where was a creek drove up the other side and stoped for dinner in a prairie dog town stoped for supper by a small Cr Mollie⁶ went away when J. was after her saw a nicer place to stop over Sab. about 1 mi further on so we ate supper, and packed up a started a very nice place among the sand hill on a Creek⁷

4" Sabbath morning dawned calm and bright. very thing so peaceful and quiet. John shot two ducks we cooked them for dinner. I went swimming in the Platte.

5" Traveled 8 mi in morning and nooned on White tale Cr.³ in afternoon went between 5 & 6 mi and camped on a creek. Geo shot a duck had mush for supper

6" Made about 6 mi in the morning and 6 afternoon to the bluffs all went into the Cr to wade. when it got cooler itoes

drove over the bluffs. got out of mosqu

7" Drove 6 mi in the morning. and 6 mi after dinner. camped on the river

8" Drove 8 mi crossed Blue Water Cr.⁹ stoped for dinner on Lost cr. the men went back a mi to seign [seine] around

and caught about 50 lb a man told us to go a pasture and Geo sold lame calf

5. The statement the "man from Wy." is of significance, and information was offered by Mrs. Owen S. Hoge, the daughter of Mrs. William George Aber. Originally, the party had planned to settle in the Green River Country. However, they met a "man from Wy." who had just come from the Wolf Creek Country, and his glowing story of opportunities and advantages in that area caused them to turn northward, after reaching Fort Fetterman.

6. One of the two mares, Mollie and Daisey.

7. Mrs. Aber was remarkably accurate in her estimates of distance. Judging by her daily estimates and the number of days travelled, it seems probable that the party was near Birdwood Creek (on some maps Sping Creek) and O'Fallons Bluffs. See map, **Johnson's Nebraska, Dakota, Montana and Colorado, showing also the southern portion of Dacotah, 1869.** From collection of maps of State Historical Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

8. There are innumerable small creeks which flow into the North Platte between O'Fallons and Scottsbluffs. Unfortunately, the editor was unable to locate some of these streams on any of the maps available.

9. Maps dating from this period indicate this as Blue Water Creek. At the present time, however, it is Blue Creek.

we would get water went 4 mi but found no water had supper

crackers and milk for

9" Had to drive nearly a mi before we could get any water to cook breakfast came about 7 mi before we came to the river to water the stock ate dinner there drove 5 mi further and camped Geo roped a wild cow

10" Drove about mi to Cold Water Cr. watered came 4 mi through devil tongue cactus. old woman¹⁰ and burg amont.¹¹ drove 2 mi after dinner when upset the wagon came over bluff and camped on river

11" Sabbath a pretty bright day. We took a walk up the bluffs little Knats & Mosquito were very bad

12" Came by a herd of 600 horses and 300 little colts. stoped for dinner on river bank camped by a hotel drove between 12 & 14 mi

13" Arrived at Camp Clark drove 12 mi about. We met a very large herd of cattle & out fit. I got my first letter from home¹² since we started

14" Washed the white clothes in the morning. an awful hot day. & dark ones after it got cooler carried the water from a house well in the kitchen

15" In the morning the men branded all the colts, and after dinner fixed the stove, cooked beans and made pies

16" Laeft Camp Clark and drove 9 mi ate dinner and took the big horses to a carrol to brand drove 4 mi and camped Threatened rain

17" Took Mollie out to catch Daisey, she went to the river and Mollie stuck. drove through a little settlement called Tabor camped down by the river came 14 or 15 mi rained quite a heavy shower

* concrete houses 18" Such a pretty Sabbath not very hot, boys saw some antelope rained very heavy during the night camped opposite Scotch bluffs

19" Drove 7 mi and stoped for dinner by a nice clear creek¹³ after dinner drove 7 mi and stoped about 3 mi west of —T ranche drove in on account of rain, were about 1½ mi from water had some rain in night

10. Old Woman—a species of worm wood.

11. Bergamot—a camphor or mint oil plant.

12. Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania.

13. Possibly Spoon Hill Creek. See maps of State Historical Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

*"Concrete Houses." Mrs. Aber, an Easterner, possibly mistook the sod houses of the area for concrete houses. Concrete as a building material for houses was not used until 1875, and it is not probable that the material was found on the western plains of Nebraska at this time.

20" John went to the river for water to make breakfast
drove 7 mi and stoped by the river where were such nice
3 or 4 [mi]

trees. Geo saw 7 antelope camped just by the state line
21" Came through a pasture with the wagons into Wy
but drove the cattle around. One of the wagons stuck in the
ditch were about 2½ hr getting it out. drove out of pas-
ture and stoped for dinner Stuck again by the ditch only
drove about 5 mi

drove 6 mi rained quite heavy

22" Had a very hard ½ days drive through the sand 7
mi, yesterday and today cooked with water from ditch
drove 7 mi and camped on Rawhide cr it rained very
heavy last night and the cr. was very muddy had awful
hard pulling through the sand

23" Came about 8 mi this morning the roads were sandy
but the heavy rain washed them stoped for dinner on top
of a sand [hill] watered in a pasture in swamp broke a
in morning

short tongue¹⁴ coming over a deep place came 3 mi and
camped on a flat about 1½ mi East it

[Pages missing from July 24 to July 30 inclusive]

of a hill 5 mi long camped on R [right] la Bonte creek

31" Drove up on the hill and stoped about 2 hr to feed, and
had an early dinner drove a short distance through red
clay to a small creek Wagon hound and watered, saw a huge
round pile of stone different from those around¹⁵ had to
drive in on account of rain rained very heavy while at
supper there was no water handy by some mud holes.
drove between 7 and 8 miles

Aug 1" Lovely Sabbath morning an old man went by
with two saddle horses & two pack horses, he said there
was no water in the next cr. but we drove over about 1½
mi and found a nice spring by the crossing call [close] to cr
Bedtick [Redtick]

2" Drove to Fetterman about 12 mi and camped about 1
mi up R de [right side] la Prele creek. had a very heavy
rain during the night

3" Unloaded the trap wagon set up the stove and got

**The travelers were at the corrals of the Pratt & Ferris Ranch.
See map Wyoming, compiled by permission from official records in
the U. S. Land Office, published by George L. Holt, Cheyenne, Wyo-
ming, 1883. This map shows all the large cattle ranches and wagon
roads of the state. State Historical Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

14. The tongue which joined the two wagons together.

15. The "huge round pile of stone" may possibly be Moss Agate
Hill northwest of Wagon Hound Creek.

things ready to start to look up a location There is a
in

corral across the cr we put the horses

4" Geo & John started this morning.¹⁶ baked bread before breakfast Washed in afternoon carried water from a spring across the cr Ed¹⁷ let four of the horses stray

5" A quiet uneventful day in camp J & G came home at supper time saw nothing suitable

6" John started for Rock cr¹⁸ this afternoon all quiet in camp

13" Geo got word to go to meet John and look up a place

16" They came back at noon having found nothing

18" Started again on our Journey. one of John's calves got sick stoped early on account of it, at sage cr came about 8 mi had rain

19" Traveled about 8 mi before dinner, and 6 mi after, had a dry camp John left his calf and got oats for it

20" When ready to start found the calf's mother had gone back brought her back stoped at Brown sp R [Brown's Spring Creek] for dinner drove 10 or 11 mi camped at dry [fork of the] cheyenne

21" When we were ready to hitch up could not find the two white, [yearlings] but found them after a 10 minutes search drove 4 mi and stoped to water. got a keg of water for dinner here at a hole. Camped on sand cr.

22" Another bright Sabath Geo was sick all day

23" Drove 7½ mi and stoped on Wind R. for dinner no water only in holes made a can of tea and filled every thing with water that would hold drove out about 4 mi and camped

24" Started at half past 1 in the morning and drove 10 mi till 6 O.C. got breakfast and watered the horses at a spring, then drove 8 mi till dinner camped on Powder River, dry fork

25" Drove 11 mi and stoped at a spring for dinner, then drove to Powder R 6 mi it was dark when we camped came along the bed of the Dry fork all the way

26" Started from Powder R at noon and drove 11¼ mi the cattle were very tired

27" Had to stay here on account of stock

16. A side trip to look over a likely ranch site.

17. The hired man.

18. John went to Rock River, a station on the Union Pacific railroad, to pick up the farm machinery which they had shipped to that point.

28" Saturday morning drove 8 mi and went away off the
of day
road for water. stayed the rest

29" Sabbath

30" Thought we would get an early start, and found 4
horses were lost we re all now looking for them and
found them near the water did not get started until 3
P.M. and drove 9 mi to Crazy Woman Creek

31" From here drove about 4 mi and stoped to feed.
drove about 8 mi after an early dinner and camped on top
of a hill

Sept 1" Drove 7 or 8 mi and nooned north of 6 mi ranche.
saw a buffalo after dinner drove into Buffalo, [Wyoming]
camped 2 mi west of town on Clear cr.

2" In the morning fixed Johns wagon wheels John sold a
cow and two calves only drove about 2 mi and camped on
Rock creek

3" Came 5 or 6 mi and stoped for dinner by a ditch in
afternoon drove down 6 mi to Pinney [Big Piney]

4" Came over some awful hilly road and stoped for dinner
north of Jinks creek about 6 mi

[Thus the journal ends.]

The party pushed forward to Kearney on the Big Piney,
from there through Big Horn to the Goose Creek, to Soldier
Creek and arrived at Wolf Creek September 9, 1886.¹⁹ This
was exactly three months to the day since they had started
the Western Journey!

In the years that followed they acquired lands which
approximated 1,280 acres. William George Aber bought a
relinquishment of 160 acres from a man named Shields;
later the Millsan place of about 320 acres was added, and in
1903 they bought the Garrard and Snyder lands. Ira Almos
took up a desert claim. John Aber did not stay in Wyo-
ming. Ella, his wife, could not 'abide' the place and they
left before the winter of the same year. William George
and Ira Almos formed a partnership, were thereafter known
as the Aber Brothers, and transacted business under that
name. On this ranch their second child, a daughter, Mar-
garet Anderson Aber, (Mrs. Owen S. Hoge) was born.²⁰
During its heyday, the ranch grazed one of the finest herds
in the country. Later, in 1908-1911, they stocked sheep for

19. The place on which they arrived that day had a small one-
room cabin. William George later related to his children that it was
snowing hard and "one could throw a cat through the cracks of the
building, but it looked like heaven to us."

20. When Margaret was only four days old, Martha got up and
went out to drive a buck rake, for it was haying time. She said it
was imperative that the hay be stacked before the fall storms.

a short time, but soon restocked the ranch with cattle, Percherons, and some mules. Upon the death of William George, December 10, 1925 and Ira Almos in 1926, the direction of the ranch was in the hands of the son, Seth Perry Aber. Earlier unfortunate investments, about which his father was not enthusiastic, and the depression of 1929 brought the venture to an end. Mrs. William George Aber, the Martha Wilson McGregor of this journal, went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Owen S. Hoge on the Horseshoe Ranch, at the mouth of the canyon of the Little Tongue River.

Martha's dreams must have been partially fulfilled. She lived to see the railroad come to Sheridan, Wyoming; to see her husband, William George, become County Commissioner under whose supervision the court house now standing in Sheridan was constructed; and to see him as a Representative of Sheridan County in Cheyenne. Probably more important to her, she saw the construction of a ranch home, surrounded by a yard and flowers, and known throughout the country for its great beauty. She saw her son and daughter married and knew all her grandchildren, of whom William Douthett Aber²¹ was the oldest. Martha Wilson McGregor Aber died July 2, 1932.

21. Doff Aber, a nationally known rodeo cowboy—World Champion Saddle Bronc Rider, 1941, 1942. He was killed May 6, 1946. His son, Lynn Aber, a great grandchild of William George and Martha Aber, is the only remaining descendant to carry on the name.

Coutant's "History of Wyoming"

In 1899 Colonel Charles G. Coutant published volume 1 of the "History of Wyoming." It was his intention to publish three more volumes. The second volume was to have completed the historical text, and the third and fourth volumes would have consisted of biographical sketches and photographs of prominent men and women of the state. The first volume is among the most highly-prized Wyoming historical publications in existence. It is looked upon by historians as authentic. The author had the ability to write interestingly and was able to get information that no other man could have obtained. Even though he was suffering from palsy, which made it difficult for him to write, he worked hard and produced a book that will always stand out as a monument to his credit and untiring efforts. In a financial way, however, the publication was a complete failure, and it not only cost Colonel Coutant a great deal of time, hard work and money, but a number of his friends also suffered financial losses on account of his venture. After gathering data for several years and preparing the manuscript, Mr. Coutant, in 1897, made arrangements with the Laramie Republican company for the manufacture of 1,000 copies of his history. He had advance orders for his publication amounting to about \$400, but this was not a sufficient guarantee for the publishers to commence work. In addition to the advance orders, Mr. Otto Gramm of Laramie City signed a note with Mr. Coutant guaranteeing payment to the publishers for the manufacture of the first edition. Mr. H. G. Balch, president of the First National Bank of Laramie, agreed to accept the note at its face value. This was acceptable to the printers, and a "batch" of copy was turned in to the publishers. The type setting began, but the matter of furnishing copy to the compositors dragged along for a period of more than ten months. The publishers could easily have completed the job in two months if the author had furnished sufficient copy to have kept the type-setting machines in operation. The delay not only caused the publishers a great deal of lost time and inconvenience, but reduced the small profit they would have made to a loss. After more than a year of exasperating delays the job was completed, but Mr. Coutant gained possession of only a small number of the books. The First National Bank of Laramie had to pay the publishers for them, and naturally

the officers of that institution demanded that most of the books be delivered to them. The bank disposed of the books to the public, and Mr. Gramm paid to the bank the amount specified on the note he had signed with Mr. Coutant, but even with this, the bank lost some money. Mr. Coutant, together with his daughter, who had done all of the typing and a great deal of the stenographic work, lost their time and money it had cost them for traveling and other expenditures incident to collecting the data and other material for the publication. The author had collected a great deal of material that was to be included in the second volume, but because of the difficulties he had had with his first volume precluded all chances for the publication of the second, third and fourth volumes. After failing to find a publisher who would undertake the manufacture of the second volume, the author became discouraged, and early in the present century moved to Oregon where he engaged in the publication of a weekly newspaper. On January 17, 1913, the author and publisher died at Grants Pass. At the time of his death he was seventy-two years of age. Mrs. Coutant, the widow, later sold the accumulated manuscript her husband had prepared for the second volume to Dr. Grace R. Hebard. Dr. Hebard used some of the material in her publications and after several years sold the remainder to the Wyoming Historical department. The copy lay dormant in the state department until 1940, when a considerable amount of the manuscript was edited by Mrs. Inez Babb Taylor, assistant state historian, and has been and is yet being published in the "Annals of Wyoming." It was this writer's pleasure to know Mr. Coutant for a number of years. He was always an enthusiastic worker for the state, and he held a number of responsible public positions, among them being state librarian for a number of years and later secretary and manager for the Wyoming Industrial Conventions, which eventually merged into the Wyoming State Fair Association. Although the first and only volume of "Coutant's History of Wyoming" has long been out of print, a few copies are occasionally sold at \$25 per copy. The original price was \$5 per copy. If the author could have lived long enough to know that his labors were valued so

highly, no doubt it would have been a great deal of satisfaction to him, and even though his work resulted in a financial loss to him and his friends, it would have pleased him to know that his efforts resulted in preserving a creditable history of our state for others to enjoy.*

*This article was copied from **The Wyoming Pioneer**, volume 1 number 5, the July-August, 1941 issue. It was written by the editor, Mr. Alfred J. Mokler, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday May 21 this year. He came to Casper in 1897 and purchased the weekly newspaper which is now the **Casper Tribune-Herald**. Mr. Mokler is widely known as a historian and is the Grand Historian of Grand Lodge A.F. and A.M. of Wyoming. He has occupied the same chair for many years in the Casper lodge, and as a tribute to his continued faithfulness some of the members affixed a plate to this chair bearing the inscription, "A. J. Mokler Homestead."

Mr. Mokler is a prolific writer and is one author who has played an important part in preserving Wyoming's History. He has published: **History of Natrona County, Wyoming**, **Oregon Trail Markers and Memorials**, **History of Free Masonry in Wyoming**, **The Transition of the West**, **Old Fort Casper** and many short stories and articles.

Mr. Mokler, now retired, spends much of his time in his study surrounded by his wonderful collection of files on Wyoming History.

Grandma Schoolhouse *

Near the fort that once protected,
Stands a schoolhouse, old and small,
Almost ninety years she has weathered—
Great, great grandma of them all.

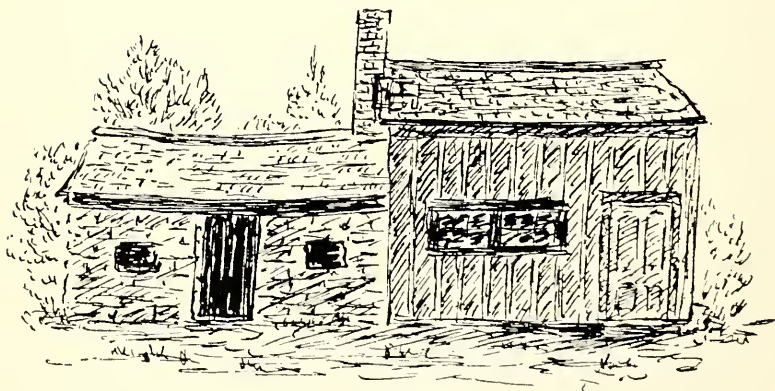
Grandma of the vast brick buildings
That now grace Wyoming's plains;
Grandma of the sand-stone structures
Where profoundest wisdom reigns.

Just one room, a pine board cabin,
Where the simple things were taught
To the first Wyoming children
While their dads explored and fought.

Braced against her stands the milk house,
Staunch companion through the years.
Grey and curling are her shingles;
In her ridge a curve appears.

Wrapped in shawl of russet color
(Once, they say, that it was red)
Grandma Schoolhouse sits a-dreaming
Of the trend that she has led.

Mae Urbanek
Lusk, Wyoming



*First school house in Wyoming, built at Fort Bridger, 1860.
Sketch by Norman Evans appearing in book of poems, "Wyoming
Winds," by Mae Urbanek.

Shoshonean Princess--Crimson Dawn

Some twenty thousand years ago her fathers came
Across the Bering Strait.
Pursued by Eskimos, they sought to claim
Western Plains of Paradise.
Then from the hills of Himalaya in the days
Of Jesus the savage Athapascans swept,
Exterminating and absorbing. Asian invasions, three,
Molded her lineage—Shoshonean Ancestry.

Then Pah-de-kunda, Chief of Tribal Fate,
Pitched camp along the timbered bend
Of River Green. Here, sojourning to await
The early flaming Wyoming sun
Proclaim a princess, newly born.
The mother christened her "Crimson Dawn."

The father brave was killed in war
Against the raiding Blackfoot band.
Her grandsire, Pah-de-kunda, guarded her,
Until young Washakie, rattler in hand,
In tortuous ritual to the Sun
Captured the love of Crimson Dawn.

The days of Crimson Dawn and Washakie
Were short. For Destiny ordained
An heir, Nanaggai, who was to be
His father's aid in stemming hated wars.
To bear this son, Shoshonean Princess, Crimson Dawn,
In Indian sacrifice, passed to Manitou's Beyond.

Mary Lou Pence
Laramie, Wyoming

Imprints on Pioneer Trails *

"Imprints on Pioneer Trails" is not a history; it is the actual experiences of pioneers who in working out their own destiny worked out the destiny of an empire. They were given directly to the author and all are historically accurate. At the beginning we meet the quiet-mannered Montana pioneer, Hugo Hoppe, uncle of the author's mother, and a direct descendant of the proud German House of Hans Carl Leopold Von der Gabelenz. Experiencing many of the vicissitudes of life, he had his days of discouragements and disappointments, but he was always jerked back into the ruts in life's road by the thoughts of his nobility and the great name he loved. The story of his trek to California in 1851 and the dangers encountered by the early settlers in their quest for rich ore and mines as Americans looked to new dominions is a fascinating story in all its details.

It was to the town he founded, Cinnabar, Montana, that the author, Ida Miller, came at the age of nine years. Cinnabar, where the East clashed in an amusing way with the West. Here, lighting the candle of memory for her, Hugo Hoppe, recalled his many years of pioneering and, together with her own memories of this rugged country, she portrays life as it was lived from the rise of the curtain in the West with the gold rush of '49 to the lowering of the shade with the iron rails, the incandescent light, and the horseless buggy. It is as if a wind blows through the pages stirring everything to life and action. A world of gayety and sparkle on the West Coast, richly-hued countrysides, savage Indians, mountain-men, fur traders, God-fearing Mormons, intrepid settlers, sturdy pioneers and soldiers of the old frontier forts are vividly portrayed. The humor of old prospectors' tales, good stories about well known characters she met at Cinnabar—Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill, Marcus Daly and others. There are pages of folklore and an insight into the disposition and customs of the Indian which the author learned while living in an Indian home on the Crow Reservation.

Flashing and powerful, tender, terrible, humorous and mordant, ever punctuated with drama, the rugged forces of frontier America have given us another zestful epic from out the splendid past of the colorful West. "Imprints on

*This is a preview of **Imprints on Pioneer Trails**, by Ida McPherrin, which is being published by The Christopher Publishing House of Boston, Massachusetts, to be released early this summer.

Pioneer Trails" is told in a light vein for it is meant to amuse as well as enlighten the lover of the old West. The author is well known for her accuracy in stories of an historical background. In this book she has given many unknown and hitherto unpublished anecdotes of a day that is no longer with us.

Ida McPherrren's (nee Miller) writings are well known throughout the West, and her gems of poetry are welcomed by numerous periodicals and newspapers. She has received the unique distinction of membership in the Eugene Field Society and the Mark Twain Society and the National Writers Club of Denver, for her excellent craftsmanship and her contribution to contemporary American literature. Some of her works are: "Trail's End," "Empire Builders," and the "Banditti of the Plains" (1930), which carried Mercer's story of the same name that had been suppressed for thirty-six years, along with her well-known poem, "The West," and her song "The Love of Ah-ho-appa."

In Memoriam

MINNIE ADALINE GRIFFIN RIETZ

Born October 17, 1875

Died January 14, 1950

Mrs. Rietz came to Wyoming in 1882. She was a graduate of the University of Wyoming, and taught school at Cottonwood prior to her marriage to Charles R. Rietz at Cheyenne, Wyoming on August 27, 1894.

After their marriage they moved to their homestead on the Laramie River, where they resided until they moved to Wheatland, Wyoming.

Mrs. Rietz was a charter member of the First Christian Church of Wheatland, founded in 1906. She was also a member of the Eastern Star, the D.A.R., the American Legion Auxiliary, the Grandmothers' Club and the Christian Women of the Christian Church.

Her enthusiasm for research and her knowledge of Wyoming history made her a valuable member of the State Historical Advisory Board of the Wyoming State Historical Department.

GEORGE O. HOUSER

Born July 19, 1887

Died May 23, 1950

The death of George O. Houser, editor and publisher of the **Guernsey Gazette** and proprietor of the Wyoming Printing Company of Cheyenne, has taken from Wyoming one of its greatest present-day historians.

In 1929 he served as representative from Platte County in the State Legislature, and for seven years was head of the State Commerce and Industry Commission. He selected the site of the Guernsey Dam and gave it its name. His name is so closely associated with the town of Guernsey it is almost impossible to think of one without the other.

His keen and scintillating mind plus his knowledge and love of Wyoming gave him an enviable position on the Wyoming State Historical Advisory Board. At the time of his passing he was preparing a manuscript for the **ANNALS OF WYOMING**. We regret his passing as do all of his friends. He was of the opinion that his life belonged to the community in which he lived and it was always his desire to do for that community whatever he could.

ACCESSIONS

to the

Wyoming State Historical Department

December 1949 to July 1950

Griggs, Burt, Buffalo, Wyoming: Donor of a KP Charm, which was presented to Dr. John C. Watkins by Johnathan E. Chapple in 1882. The charm was given to Mr. Burt Griggs by Faye Watkins, son of Dr. Watkins.

Hanson, Rodney T., Box 146, Fox Farm, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a skeleton of a smilodon or saber tooth cat, found in Lake Marie, Wyoming.

Boice, Mrs. Fred D., 2410 Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a flag decoration used at a dinner of the United Nations in New York City.

Rothwell, John, 2614 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of two shells taken from a tree on the property of Fort McKinney, which is now the Soldier's Home located three miles west of Buffalo. One cartridge made December 1886. One box of Richardson's Telegraph Matches made by the Diamond Match Company in 1880 and taken from the store at South Pass City. Three bullets unscrewed from the shells from the rifle range at Fort McKinney.

Ekdall, Dr. A. B., 516 West 28th Street, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of an iron weight used on the front step of old time delivery wagons.

Temple, C. M., 2114½ Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a shell found about one mile from Fort Laramie.

Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. J. William, 2310 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of a picture of the dedication of the Robert Burns Monument, which monument was donated by Mrs. Andrew (Mary) Gilchrist. This is the only monument in the world of Robert Burns, dedicated free of debt and given by a single donor.

Rymill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J., Fort Laramie, Wyoming: Donors of two Souvenir Programs of Old Fort Laramie Pageant given in 1949.

Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Inc., Main Street at Lakeside Avenue, West Orange, New Jersey. Vice Admiral Harold G. Bowen: Donor of a plaster of Paris replica of a bust of Thomas Alva Edison.

Meyer, Mrs. Ermel Fay, Wellington, Colorado: Donor of a framed painting of an old building at Round Top, Wyoming.

Delaney, William H., 5418 W. Monroe St., Chicago 44, Illinois: Donor of a pair of buffalo horns, Indian stone implement and one petrified bone segment.

Delzell, Ralph C., 2108 Central Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of thirty-six Wyoming stones mounted on cardboard in a gold frame.

Bishop, L. C., State Engineer, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a booklet on LaBonte.

Richardson, Warren, 2220 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a muzzle-loader given to him by his father in 1876.

Richardson, Laura and Valeria, 2220 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of jewel box with shells given to Mrs. Warren Richardson by her mother in 1841. Two hand made candles; one candle holder; four vases which were wedding presents given to the Richardsons in 1861; piccolo, flute and zither played by Arthur Richardson in 1880; hand made Mexican fan brought from México in 1909; fly chaser used by the tourists in Egypt, brought from Egypt in 1905; sugar bowl given to Mrs. Richardson by her husband when Clarence was born in 1868; coin purse—a souvenir of Columbus four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America; costume from Honolulu; patch work quilt made from scraps used in 1861; match box made by Warren for his mother in 1875.

Hofmann, Mr. R. J., 2803 Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of "Constitution and By-laws of the Frontier Association of Wyoming together with the Roll Call of Members." 1898.

Snyder, Marcus, Billings, Montana: Donor of "Snyder Brothers Trailed First Longhorns to the West"; some of the early history of the XIT ranch; letters from old friends and members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association; picture of D. H. Snyder; manuscripts and newspaper clippings on the Snyder Brothers.

Reckmeyer, Clarence, Black Hawk, Colorado: Donor of map of Wyoming in 1867; envelope addressed to Henry Reckmeyer, Cheyenne, Dakota, sent by his mother in Quincy, Illinois, June 25, 1868, arrived nine days later.

Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H., Laramie, Wyoming: Donors of a picture of the Flag Ranch, built in 1891—burned 1933.

Hamilton, William J., Librarian, Dayton Public Library, Dayton 2, Ohio: Donor of five pictures of Yellowstone National Park.

Books—Gifts

Kiskaddon, Bruce, **Rhymes of the Ranges and Other Poems.** Published by the author, 1947.

Westermeier, Clifford P., **Man, Beast, Dust.** Published by the author, 1947.

Lewis, Lloyd, **Granger Country.** Little Brown, 1947. Gift of the Burlington Lines.

Mattes, Merrill J., **Fort Laramie and the Forty-Niners.** Rocky Mountain Nature Association, 1949.

Alexander Ramsay's Gold Rush Diary, 1849. Reprint from the **Pacific Historical Review**, 1949.

Morgan, Dale Lowell, **Letters by Forty-Niners.** Reprint from **Western Humanities**, 1949.

Richardson, Warren, **Dr. Zell and the Princess Charlotte.** L. Kabis and Company, 1892.

Carter, Kate B., **Heart Throbs of the West** (ten volumes). Published by Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1947. Gift of Nicholas G. Morgan.

Books—Purchased

Gardiner, James F., **Indian Tribes and Trapper Trails**. Published by the author, 1949. \$3.50.

Wolle, Muriel Sibell, **Stampede to Timberline**. Published by the author, 1949. Price \$6.58.

Miscellaneous Purchases

Two cases for the display of saddles belonging to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association—Cost \$414.00.

Two glossy prints, Three Crossings Station and Old Platte Bridge, from the Hopwood Studio in Denver—Cost \$3.00 each.

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Write Ralph Green, 332 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill. with a brief description of the press. If available a picture would, of course, be preferred.

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